THE SATURDAY EVENING

Volume 200, Number 1

JULY 2, 1927

5c.

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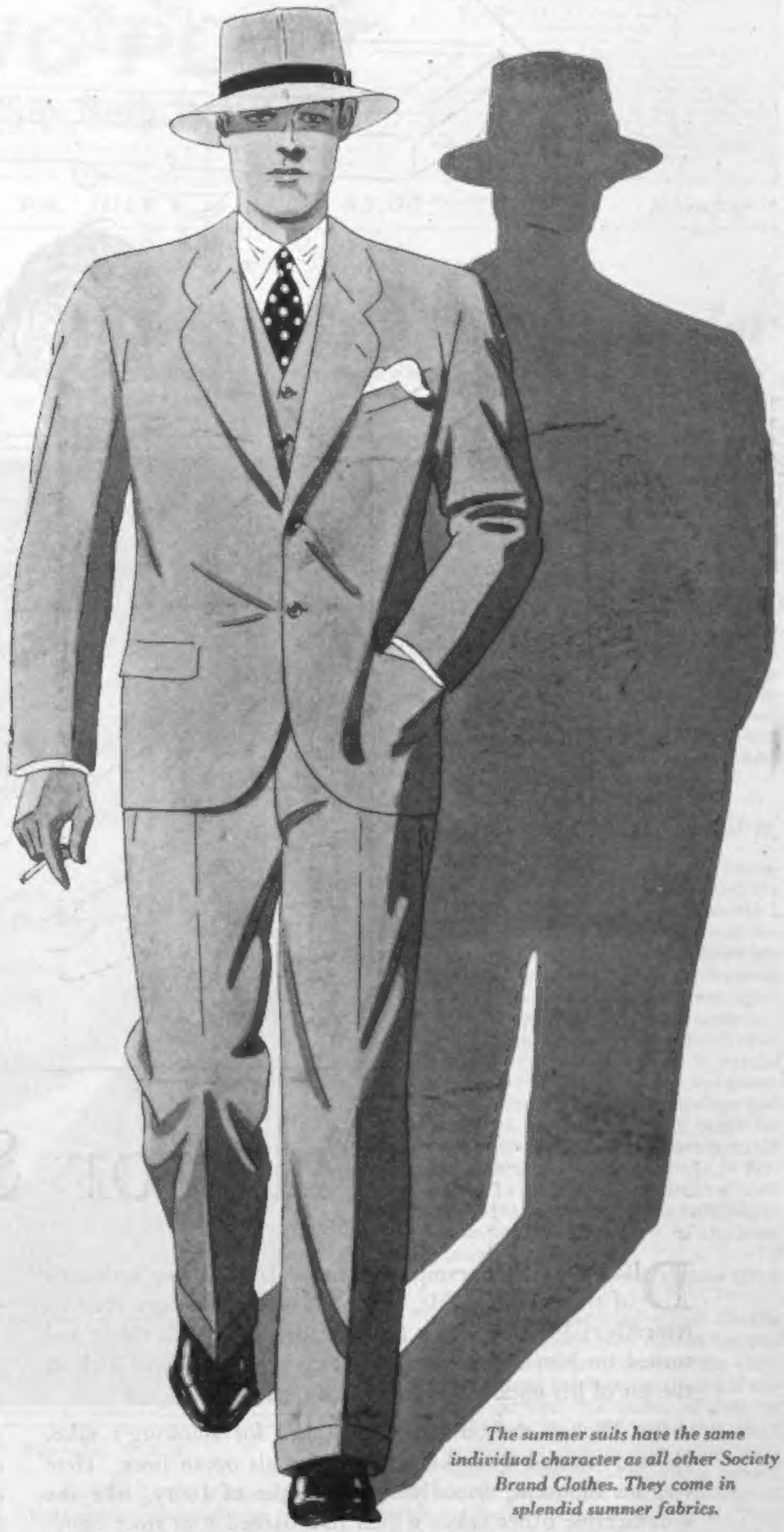

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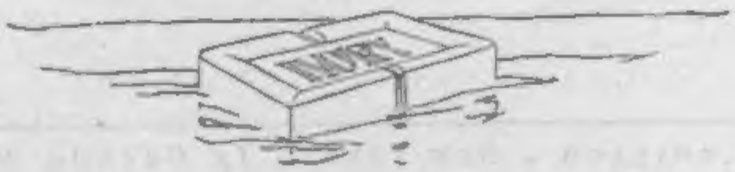

Always in sight

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LIGHT CRUISERS

By T. P. Magruder

REAR ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY

I AM distressed," once cried Lord Nelson to the Admiralty, "for frigates. They are the eyes of the fleet." Substitute the name "light cruiser" for "frigate" and one has the cry of great naval powers today. It would be an appropriate comparison, too, for the small swift-sailing frigates of Nelson's time aided and supplemented the two and three deck line-of-battle ships and convoyed the laden merchantmen exactly as the fast unarmored light cruisers supplement the dreadnought and guard the transport of the modern era.

It is largely because of the light cruiser that naval and diplomatic representatives of the United States, the British Empire and Japan are meeting in a tripartite Limitation of Armaments Conference at Geneva; that certain members of the Naval Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives charged other nations with violating the spirit of the Washington treaties; that the past Congress provided money for a naval building program over the objection of President Coolidge.

Why, I am often asked, have the light cruisers, which are small modern warships, thus assumed so important a place in the eyes of the world? Why should their presence or absence distress great nations that can place their trust in 32,000-ton armor-clad battleships, carrying batteries of sixteen-inch guns designed to sink an enemy fifteen miles away?

To answer these questions two things must be clearly understood: First, what light cruisers are and what part they play in warfare; and second, just what provision was made concerning them and certain other ships in the now famous Limitation of Armaments Conference held in Washington in 1921, which the present tripartite conference is presumed to supplement.

Rear Admiral T. P. Magruder, U. S. N.

The modern light cruiser is a compromise. In this it is not unique. Virtually all fighting craft in the Navy are compromises. The battleship is the largest and most powerful of such vessels. The others are, in a sense, simply smaller battleships. Let us define them:

Battleships, to begin, are naval vessels of the largest tonnage, carrying guns of the heaviest caliber, protected by the thickest armor, and, *a priori*, are held by these to a moderate speed—about twenty-four knots. In a fleet—which is a sea army—the battleships correspond to the infantry of a land army. Operating in a predetermined area, they deliver the crushing blows which spell victory.

The Raiding and Scouting Units of the Navy

BATTLE cruisers are fast battleships. They gain speed by sacrificing some of their guns and armor. Their speed may be about thirty knots. They correspond in the sea army to field artillery in the land army. There are, of course, other uses in which they may be employed prior to the "great day"—that is, fleet action to determine the mastery of the sea. This class appears to be now merging into the battleship type.

Light cruisers are warships still faster than the battle cruisers. They attain their speed of approximately thirty-three knots by sacrificing gun power and all armor. Their offensive power is augmented by torpedoes and mines, and recently by airplanes launched by catapults. In the sea army they correspond to raiding or scouting units of cavalry on land.

Destroyers are simply smaller light cruisers with a speed of about thirty-five knots. They sacrifice almost everything to speed and carry only torpedoes and a few five-inch guns.

In modern navies it is expected that the control of the sea will be decided by conflict between squadrons of the powerful battleships and battle cruisers, which rely largely on the swift light cruisers and destroyers for information of the enemy—denying that important factor to the enemy—and for protection against attacks by enemy destroyers and submarines. They will pursue and capture enemy auxiliary ships.

In Letter But Not in Spirit

NOW these facts—the major importance of the capital ships and the supplementary, though highly essential, rôle of the light cruisers—were in the minds of the public when diplomatists and naval experts representing five great naval powers met at the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference. And when the now famous 5–5–3 ratio was accepted to apply only to capital ships and aircraft carriers, it was generally believed that, as Earl Balfour had said, "A new era has really begun for the whole world," because the ships that did the actual fighting were to be limited. In other words, the dread of competitive naval building programs was in some quarters thought to be abolished forever.

But it wasn't—largely because of the light cruiser.

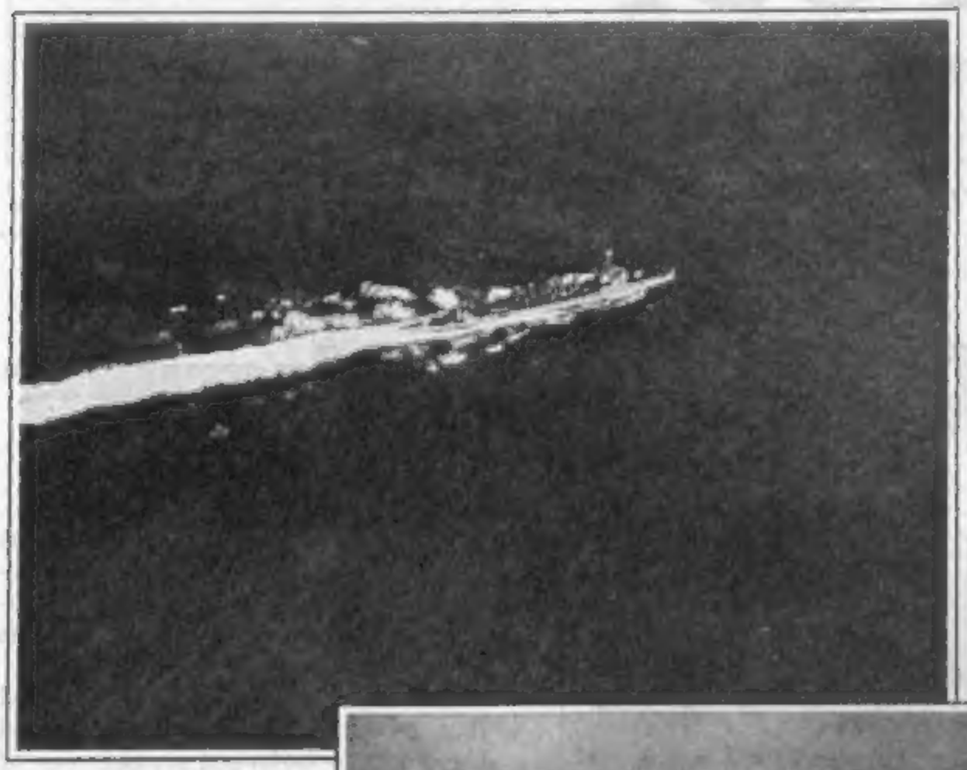
Briefly stated, the naval treaties signed at Washington limited the size and total tonnage of capital ships—battleships and battle cruisers—and of aircraft carriers; the caliber of guns on such ships; the modifications that might be made to existing ships; the naval bases and fortifications within certain areas—notably the Western Pacific—the size, but not the number or total tonnage of light cruisers; the maximum caliber, but not the number, of the light cruisers' guns. Thus was left the opportunity for further competitive building, but with different ships from theretofore—with light cruisers and other auxiliary vessels, instead of with capital ships.

The United States had initiated the conference, and, in the opinion of many students of naval affairs, had made great sacrifices to assure its success. This country, at the end of the World War, was strong in battleships, built and building, and was prepared to carry out the Naval Appropriation Act of 1916, which called for the construction of ten first-class battleships, six battle cruisers and many smaller vessels, at a cost of $514,700,000. The United States had announced its intention to build a navy "equal to the most powerful maintained by any nation in the world." None of the other great powers could have afforded to build so powerful and modern a navy. Great Britain had already spent some money on four of the latest-type ships, which would total 172,000 tons, but their keels had not been laid. Japan was building five ships and had authorized two more, totaling 289,100 tons. Naturally all those other powers were willing then, after not unexpected protests and maneuverings, to accept the 5–5–3 ratio of limitation on capital ships and aircraft carriers.

The result was that the United States, which had been strong in capital ships, was weakened therein. It was already weak in cruisers, and because the treaty limited neither the total tonnage nor the numbers of these important craft, it remained weak in comparison to the other powers, for there was always the hope that the spirit of the

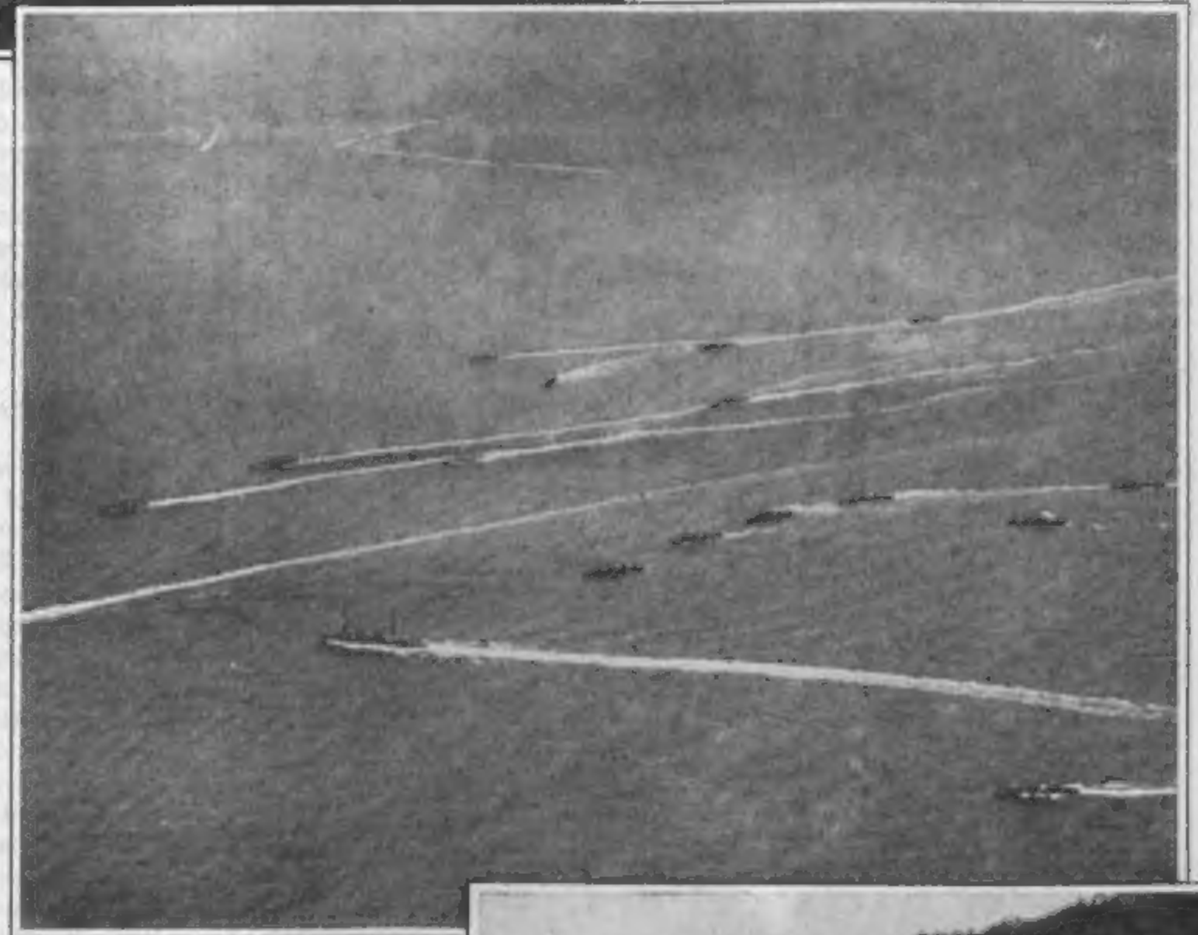
conference would result in a 5–5–3 ratio applicable to cruisers and other craft.

The other powers soon saw their advantage, and today the relative cruiser strength of the three nations is far from the hoped-for 5–5–3 ratio. The United States has, built and building, a total of eighteen cruisers with a tonnage of 155,000; Japan twenty-five cruisers with a tonnage of 156,205; and Great Britain fifty-one cruisers with a tonnage of 304,290. In addition, Great Britain has appropriated the money for building three more, of 28,000 tonnage.



Light Cruiser Scouting at 30 Knots Speed

It may be asked why, at the Washington Conference, the numbers and total tonnage of cruisers, as well as of destroyers and other auxiliary craft, were not limited as were those of capital ships. The answer is that treaties, like warships, are compromises. The great object of that conference was to attain some limitation of armaments and thus reduce the burden of taxation. In this it obtained a marked degree of success.



Destroyers Preparing to Attack. Light Cruisers in Foreground Clearing Way of Enemy Light Forces

The Sore Spot of the Powers

LIMITATION of cruiser strength was, of course, discussed at the sessions, but the subject became inextricably bound up with the problem of the submarine. France had objected to restricting the number of submarines. So had Italy. Both nations keenly felt their relegation to minor places when they accepted a ratio of 1.67 to England's and America's 5 and Japan's 3 in the matter of capital ships, and were unwilling to grant further concessions. With those two European powers potentially able to build large numbers of submarines, England insisted on her need of sufficient ships to combat a submarine menace. The light cruiser and the destroyer had proved themselves in the World War the sub's most effective enemy, and therefore neither England nor Japan would accede to limiting the number of these types of ships. Therefore, the treaty, which limited only the building of capital ships and aircraft carriers, left the door wide open for competition in light cruisers, destroyers, submarines and auxiliary vessels. This was envisaged by naval officers at the time. The General Board of the United States Navy advised the American delegates officially of this result and asserted that the treaties as finally adopted would impair the security of the United States. Particularly it had in mind the discrepancy in light cruisers, which now assumed importance because they were the largest, the most effective, of all naval craft in which unlimited building could continue—and because nations continued to build them until it became imperative again to call a halt to a senseless competition in naval building programs.

As President Harding had proposed the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference in 1921, so, early in 1927, did President Coolidge suggest the present conference. His original proposal was that the five great powers which had been represented at Washington—the United States, Great Britain, Japan, France and Italy—all of whom were represented at an armament conference meeting at Geneva under the auspices of the League of Nations, devote themselves to the problem of curtailing their navies.

This invitation France and Italy declined, as many familiar with their attitude in naval affairs expected they would. But Great Britain and Japan accepted with apparent cordiality, and the originally planned five-power conference developed into the present tripartite gathering. Italy later promised to send an official observer to the conference.

The essence of President Coolidge's proposal was that the 5–5–3 battleship ratio for America, England and Japan be extended to include other naval craft, and that special consideration be given to naval requirements of France and Italy.

In their replies both Great Britain and Japan showed the sensitiveness which the great powers always exhibit today whenever the subject of light cruisers is touched upon, be it done ever so delicately.

"The view of His Majesty's Government upon the special geographic position of the British Empire, the length of interimperial communications and the necessity of the protection of its food supplies are well known," ran the British reply in part, "and, together with the special conditions and requirements of the other countries invited to participate in the conversation, must be taken into account."

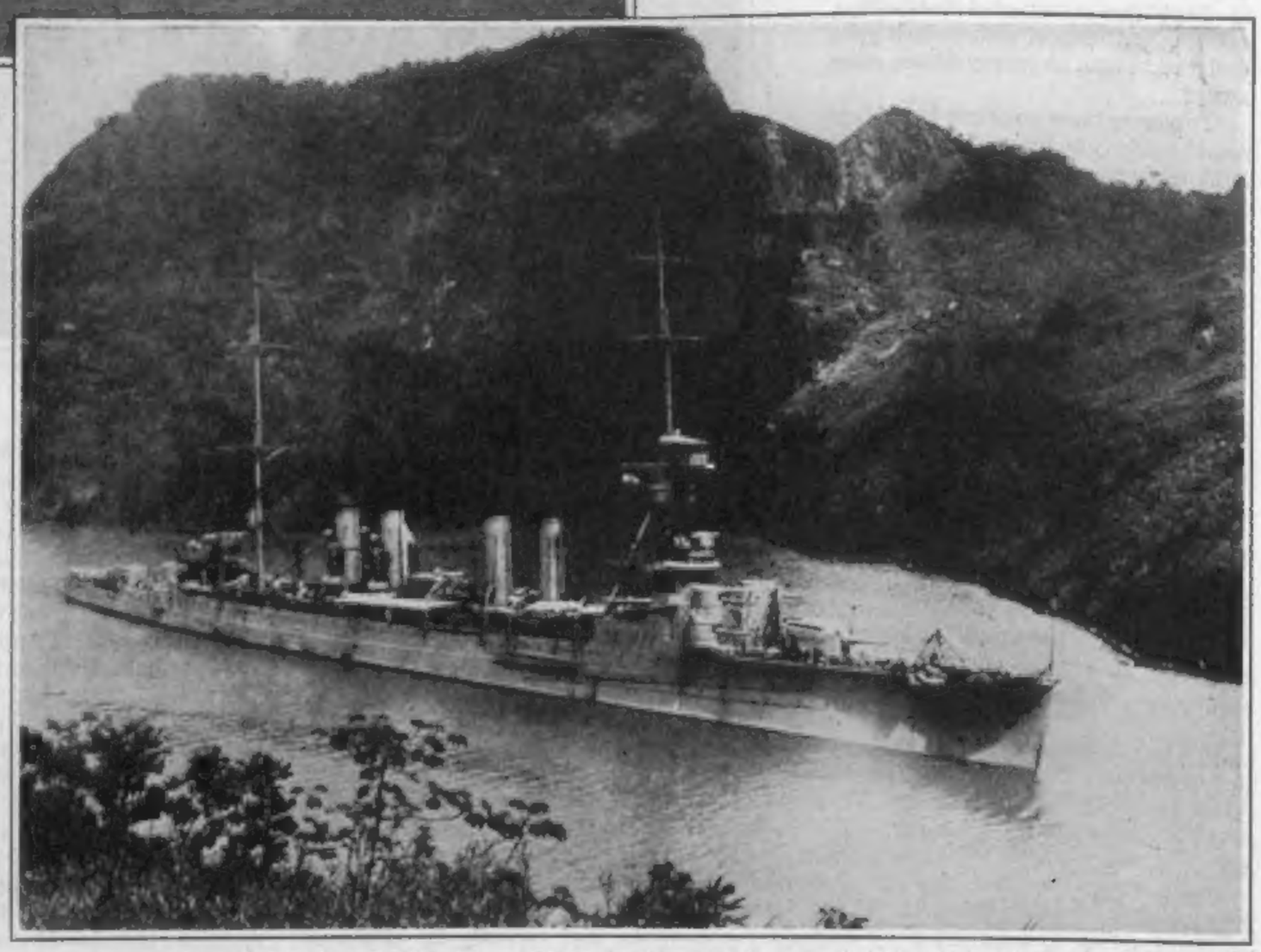
An Approach With Open Mind

"THE Japanese Government," contended the concluding paragraph of Japan's answer, "are further gratified to learn that it is not the intention of the American Government at this time to put forward rigid proposals on the ratios of naval strength to be maintained by the several powers in the classes of vessels not covered by the Washington Treaty. In order to insure the success of the proposed negotiations, it seems highly important that in the matter of these conditions of the limitation of armament all parties to the negotiations should approach the subject with an open mind, being always guided by the spirit of mutual accommodation and helpfulness consistent with the defensive requirements of each nation." Note well the phrase "approach the subject with an open mind."

The reason for this caution is obvious. In the Washington Conference, the United States, building the greatest navy in the world, had much to give and little to gain. In the present conference the United States, being behind in light cruisers, has nothing to give. The sacrifices, if the 5–5–3 ratio is applied to light cruisers, must be made by Great Britain and Japan. Naturally they find reasons to oppose any move which may put them in the position of having to relinquish their present superiority. They speak of trade routes to be protected. But, it should be remembered, the rôle of the light cruiser is primarily that of a weapon in war. Its other functions may readily be performed by a limited number of such craft if peace duty is the only activity in view.

The outcome of the conference cannot at the present time be known. However, it is reasonable to suppose that England and Japan will insist on retaining

(Continued on Page 148)



U. S. S. Richmond, Flagship of Light Cruiser Divisions, in Gaillard Cut, Formerly Called Culebra Cut, Panama Canal

HONEYMOON FLATS

"Don't Tell Me," Mrs. Twitchell Went On, "That Such Wide-Eyed Innocence is the Real Thing. She Was Faking"

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

ONE day Mike McGibbon, the builder whose houses were scattered profusely through the pleasant suburb of Wynnewood Hills, had an inspiration. Directly across the Mall from the railroad station in that little Jersey town, he put up a small apartment house; fifty apartments of four rooms each—not counting the bath, which was hardly large enough to count anyhow. The rent was surprisingly low for that locality—only sixty dollars a month. After long and painful study, he christened his rather flimsy structure the Wynnewood Arms.

It is doubtful whether Mr. McGibbon, when he built the Wynnewood Arms, had any idea of himself as a public benefactor. Such—as many who had bought his houses could testify—was not his accustomed rôle in life. Yet that was precisely what he turned out to be. Numerous young couples contemplating matrimony, but without justification in the weekly pay envelope for such a step, suddenly took heart when they heard of the modest rental charged at the Wynnewood Arms.

Here and there about the neighborhood wedding bells rang out, and unseen on the rope was the large red hand of Mike McGibbon.

From the day the Wynnewood Arms was completed, brides and bridegrooms began to move in. Girls and boys from the big houses farther back in the town, representatives of the supposedly jazz-mad generation from whom nothing good was expected, they turned serious and sensible and settled down, admitting Mr. McGibbon to an important place in their lives. The little apartment house took on the aspect of a college dormitory—with, of course, some differences. Each evening the songs of Harvard, Yale or Princeton could be heard by the passer-by; in tiny kitchens the graduates of the leading women's universities were discovering what could be done with a small gas range.

Mr. McGibbon need not have troubled to give the place a name, for his selection died a-borning. Hard-boiled delivery boys, gray-haired station agents, soiled taxi men—these christened the place anew. The little apartment by the railroad became known as Honeymoon Flats.

If you happened to be on the 7:21 or the 7:43 or the 8:02, or any other early morning train on a week day, and had a place on the station side as the train pulled out of Wynnewood Hills, you could witness a somewhat naïve but pleasant little drama. Numerous stalwart, good-looking young men swung aboard at that station, but they did not at once enter the cars in search of seats. Whatever the weather, they remained instead on the platforms, and as the train slowly pulled out, they waved their morning newspapers.

From the windows of Honeymoon Flats young women leaned, also waving, until the train passed from their sight. Then the young men would rather sheepishly go inside, to find all the best seats appropriated by older and less recently married commuters.

One breezy morning early in April Judge Barker watched this touching scene from his point of vantage inside the warm car. As he turned, smiling benevolently, back to his paper, he saw his old friend and golf opponent, Henry Garland, coming down the aisle. He hailed him. "'Morning, Henry," he said.

"Hello, Will." Garland dropped into the seat at the judge's side. He was stout, red-faced, a little pompous, the head of an enormously successful bond house in the city.

"I've just been watching the last lingering farewell of Honeymoon Flats," said the judge. "I tell you, it gives a man new faith in the future of our country. We had this young generation all wrong, Henry."

"Yeah, I suppose so," grunted Garland, spreading out his paper.

"I know it," Barker went on. "You take my daughter Mary. In the year and a half since she married and moved into that apartment, she's changed completely. I used to think she had no interest in life except a good time. She and Charlie had us down to dinner the other night. Cooked it all herself, Mary did, and I don't know as I ever tasted a better meal. I told my wife that. It didn't make much of a hit—Emily did her own housework when we were young. But it was the truth. It's a fine experience for these youngsters—on their own—no help from anybody. . . . By the way, I hear that Lila and Jim have taken one of those apartments."

"Yes," Garland nodded. "Moving in as soon as they get back from their wedding journey." He sighed. Lila was his only child and he missed her.

"Where did they go?" asked the judge.

"Atlantic City for a few days," Garland answered. "I wanted to send them to Bermuda, but Jim couldn't get more than a week away from that advertising job of his."

"You wanted ——" began the judge. He looked at Garland keenly. "Let me tell you something, Henry: There's only one thing wrong with this young generation."

"Yeah? What's that?"

"Their parents," said the judge. He was silent for a moment. "We ought to be able to get out on the golf links soon. I'm going to trim the daylights out of you this year."

"Is that so?" remarked Mr. Garland. Witty repartee was not his forte. One had no need of it in the bond business.

"Yes, that's so. You wait and see. I feel it coming."

"Deeds, not words," suggested Henry Garland, and held up his newspaper pointedly.

II

A FEW nights later Jim Clayton and his brand-new wife rode out to Wynnewood Hills. April was in the air and Clayton's heart was filled with a tender sentiment befitting the season. He pictured to himself the scene that was shortly to be enacted. In a few moments he would unlock a door, throw it open and he and Lila would enter paradise. A small flat, a simple one, but—their first home; the sacred spot where they were to be alone together, where they would begin the happy companionship that was to last so many years.

He glanced proudly at the girl beside him and his pride was justified. She was a lovely little thing, scarcely more than a child, appealingly—even appallingly—helpless. All her life her adoring parents had seen to it that she never had to do for herself—never had, even, to think for herself. She would need to be protected, to be taken care of; and he, Jim Clayton felt, was the lad to do it. Under cover of the evening paper, he seized her hand and held it fast.

"Wynnewood Hills!" called the brakeman, and helped them off with their luggage. As Jim Clayton stooped to grapple with the numerous suitcases, a boy came up. "Taxi, mister?"

"No, thanks—only going across the street," said Clayton.

"But, Jim, you'll need help with all that stuff," Lila protested. A trim figure in uniform appeared out of the dusk. "Hello, Patrick," said Lila. "What are you doing here?"

"Your mother sent me, miss," the chauffeur replied. "Excuse me, I mean Missus—Missus Clayton. I'm to take you over to—to Honeymoon Flats. They're over there now—your mother and father, I mean."

Jim Clayton's heart sank. Not to be as he had pictured it—their entrance into that first home. However, he said nothing, but helped Patrick pile baggage into the luxurious limousine. They rode in solemn state the brief distance to the apartment house, and Patrick accompanied them upstairs.

Mrs. Garland, large, commanding, a general without an army, was waiting at the door. She wept a little as she infolded her daughter in her arms. "I'm glad you're back," she announced. "I've missed you, Lila."

Henry Garland leaped from an overstuffed chair. More greetings, and Patrick trying to find a place for the baggage. This was difficult.

"Wonder if we could crowd just one more suitcase into this room," Jim Clayton said. He looked uncertainly about. His wife's people had insisted on furnishing the apartment during the honeymoon, and furnish it they certainly had.

"Space is a bit limited," Garland admitted. "Your mother would have been buying yet if I hadn't stopped her."

"Why, it's lovely!" Lila cried.

"Wonderful! You're awfully kind," added Clayton mechanically. He stared about him. A huge living room in some fifty-thousand-dollar house might have taken such furnishing and been none the worse. Why was it, he wondered, that the possession of money so often killed all sense of what was fitting?

"The flat's too small," said Mrs. Garland, in a tone that suggested she was going to do something about it; "altogether too small. . . . Now get ready and come home with us. Dinner is waiting."

"So sorry," smiled Clayton. "We had our dinner at the station in town."

Mrs. Garland's face registered displeasure. "Why, I thought of course you'd dine with us. You must come, anyhow."

"Well," said Lila, "if you want us, mamma."

Jim Clayton dropped into a chair. Outwardly, he was still smiling.

But Jim was a New Englander, a product of that stern-and-rock-bound coast, and at the tone of command in his mother-in-law's voice he had begun to feel rather stern-and-rock-bound himself. "I couldn't eat another thing," he announced firmly.

"Very well, if you don't care to come," said Mrs. Garland. They sat through a heavy silence.

Henry Garland stirred uneasily. "I hope—I hope you'll be very happy here," he ventured. He said it as though he had his doubts.

"There You are," Clayton Whispered. "Asleep, and on a Harvard Song. That Kid's No More Princeton Than I Am"

"It's altogether too small," began the mother-in-law again. "It's not the sort of thing Lila has been used to."

"It's the best we can afford," Jim Clayton told her, "on my salary."

"We were going to speak about that," the indomitable woman went on. "Henry!"

Henry cleared his throat. "Well, I intended to take the matter up at dinner," he said. "I could have done it less abruptly. But since you won't come with us—well, Jim, Lila's mother feels—we both feel—that you're not getting on very fast in that advertising agency."

"I've been there only a year," Clayton explained. "I've had one raise, and I expect another soon. I'm going ahead as fast as anybody."

"I know; but—well, it's rather slow. Now if you were with a firm that had some interest in you —— Why not come into my office as—as a bond salesman? Lila's mother feels ——"

"Good Lord!" laughed Clayton. "Aren't there enough bond salesmen in the world as it is? Too many, if you ask me. No, thank you. I've chosen advertising as my profession. I like it. I think I'll stick."

"I could start you at twice what you're getting now," persisted Garland. "There'd be a partnership waiting."

"You mustn't be selfish," Mrs. Garland reminded him. "You can't think only of yourself. Lila, what do you say?"

Lila looked helplessly from one to the other. "Why, I—I don't know. It's for Jim to decide, I guess."

Clayton took out a cigarette and stepped to the table for a match. "He's a good boy, Jim is," his father had often said, and he should know—that tired old man who had, at a pitiful salary, been principal of a boys' school so many years. Too good a boy to accept meekly the rôle of a rich man's son-in-law. He lighted his cigarette and turned.

"You're very kind, both of you," he said. "I appreciate it immensely. But it was understood that Lila and I would live on what I could make at my job—the job I've started at—the job I want to do. There's nothing more to be said."

Mrs. Garland rose majestically. "Very well," she remarked coldly. "We must be going on. The dinner will be waiting." She faced Jim Clayton; the look in her eyes said that she had just begun to fight. "Perhaps Jim will change his mind, in time. I hope so."

Clayton met her look firmly. "There's no chance of that," he assured her.

She kissed her daughter and took her rather stilted departure. Obediently, her husband trotted after her. He paused for a moment. "I hope you'll be happy," he repeated, and was gone.

They were alone; the moment Jim Clayton longed for had arrived, but it was marred by the feeling that he had been acting like a rather wayward child.

"Do you think I'm selfish, Lila?" he asked.

"I think you're a darling," she said. "Come on, let's explore."

The other rooms were furnished with that careless disregard of price which had marked Mrs. Garland ever since the day of the corner in obscure railroad stock that had made Henry Garland rich. When Lila had exclaimed over and Jim had fallen over most of their new possessions, they returned to the living room.

Through the flimsy partitions of Honeymoon Flats came the sounds of life going forward all about them. A faint odor of cooking, laughter, the clatter of dishes in various sinks; a door opening, a woman's voice calling, "Who's got a deck of cards? The baby seems to have eaten ours."

A man's answering hail: "Right here, lady. Three new decks from the five-and-ten. Come and get 'em."

Clayton smiled. "It seems a rather informal place. I hope you'll like it, Lila."

"Of course I shall."

"It's home—your home and mine."

"It's wonderful." She sat down at the grand piano that was responsible for so much of the congestion in the living room and began to play a song of the music halls. Presently there was a knock at the door. A worried-looking young man entered at Jim's invitation.

"Hello, Clayton," he said. "I met you once in Cambridge after a football game—Bob French, of Princeton. But maybe you don't remember me. The sun hadn't set in crimson, as the sun had set before. It wasn't Harvard's day."

"There were days like that," Clayton laughed. "I remember you perfectly. You won twenty dollars from me. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks," said French. "We live just under you, and I've dropped in with a rather important bit of news. The kid's asleep."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried Lila, rising from the piano.

"I'm sorry to break in on you like this," continued the young man. "When I say the kid's asleep, you don't get the full meaning of my words, but you'll understand after you've lived here awhile. We got him off early tonight. Some lungs, the kid's got. He's going to be a cheer leader at Princeton and he loves to practice. It's for your own sake as much as ours that I'm warning you."

"We're warned," Clayton assured him.

"That being attended to," said French, "permit me to welcome you to Honeymoon Flats. I hope you'll like it here. We're just one great big family, and you know what that means. Sometimes it's pleasant, but at others it's just plain hell. Kate will drop in on you tomorrow, Mrs. Clayton, and give you all the gossip. She'll have you down to dinner soon—loves to show off her cooking. Been to a

cooking school in town—she'll give you the address—whether you want it or not."

"That will be nice," Lila murmured.

"We're going to enjoy it here, I'm sure," Clayton said.

"Hope so," continued French. "Advantages and disadvantages, as I told you. If you've any goldfish in you, and never had any privacy anyhow, this is your meat." In the distance, several strong male voices began to sing Boola, Boola. "Good night!" cried French. "It's that Yale bunch on the first floor. When the kid hears 'em it will be all off. Yale songs infuriate him, and as for Harvard—well, say, he's pretty close to apoplexy when he hears anything from Cambridge. He's all Princeton, that kid." A long, lusty wail rent the night air. "There he goes," sighed Mr. French. "Well, I'll have to go down and throw a few cold hands of poker with him to take his mind off his troubles. Sorry I butted in. See you again—often—whether you like it or not."

He went hastily out. In a moment the Yale voices were suddenly stilled, but the future Princeton cheer leader continued his practice.

Jim Clayton glanced about the living room. "Don't you think it's a bit crowded here, honey? Perhaps we could store some of this stuff."

Lila shook her blond head. "Oh, no; mother wouldn't like it if we did."

"I suppose not. She wasn't particularly pleased—when I refused that job with your father."

"I'm afraid she wasn't. Mother's always had her own way, Jim."

He went close to his wife, took her in his arms. She was so young, so helpless—adorable. He kissed her. "It's our life, Lila. We'll live it as we please."

"Of course we will, Jim."

"You'll stick by me, won't you?"

"Always, Jim, always."

"All I want is to make you happy."

"You can do it—without half trying."

"Dearest!" He kissed her again, fiercely, as men from a rock-bound coast occasionally do kiss.

But he was thinking—if only Honeymoon Flats were far away—in some distant place where doting parents could not follow. Just where, he wondered, would that place be?

III

THE following morning Clayton was due at his office in New York at nine, which meant that he must rise at seven. Lila had never got up at that hour in her life. She looked so delightfully sleepy that Clayton was remorseful at waking her.

"Don't you stir, honey," he said. "My breakfast doesn't amount to anything. I can get it myself in a jiffy." She remonstrated feebly and ineffectually. While he shaved, he prepared coffee and toast. Then he kissed her a hasty good-by and ran for the station.

Bob French greeted him on the platform. "Hope the kid didn't annoy you much last night," he said.

"Not at all. We never noticed him."

"Guess he wasn't in his usual form," remarked French. "When he's going good, you won't need any radio. Let me know if he gets too noisy and I'll talk to him. Whatever you do, don't let him find out you're a Harvard man, or he'll never let up on you. He has a streak of cruelty in him—got it from Kate."

The 8:02 came in, and while Jim Clayton found a seat, French remained on the platform to wave.

As he came in and sat down beside Clayton, he was a bit apologetic.

"A little rite sacred to Honeymoon Flats," he explained. "Silly, but the girls expect it. I didn't see your wife armed with a bath towel."

"Still in bed," said Clayton.

"And married only a week?" French raised his eyebrows. "Well, such nonchalance is new out our way. However, I congratulate you. You'll grab off the best seat every morning. It will sort of make up to you for having to cook your own breakfast."

"Oh, I don't mind that," returned Clayton uncomfortably. "Don't eat much anyhow. In fact, it was my own suggestion."

"Really? Well, speaking as an old married man——"

"Yes?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. . . . It's a fine morning."

That afternoon Kate French called on Lila. With her came two other young women who lived in the apartment—Dell Twitchell, wife of the Yale man on the first floor, and Mary Whitman, the judge's daughter. Lila studied her callers with interest; she couldn't imagine herself getting chummy with them, they seemed so much older—married and settled somehow. Unquestionably the girl she had known as Mary Barker was allowing herself to get fat.

The talk was largely of babies, who sold the best milk, who was the ablest child specialist in the neighborhood. Lila felt decidedly out of it. She had never been known as a good mixer, but she gave them tea and tried to be cordial. Her success was not notable.

The three women stopped in Kate French's living room for the usual post-mortem. "More furniture than the Biltmore," shrugged Mrs. Twitchell.

"Garland money," said Mary Whitman. "They love to throw it around."

"Don't tell me," Mrs. Twitchell went on, "that such wide-eyed innocence is the real thing. She was faking, wasn't she?"

"Oh, I don't know," the judge's daughter replied. "Poor little Lila has never been very much on her own—just mother's girl."

"I think she's cunning," Kate French said.

"Tell that to the men," Dell Twitchell suggested. "She's the sort they don't forget. But as a wife, you mark my words, she'll be a complete washout."

That night Kate French told her husband of the call. "I'm afraid the princess of the Garland hacienda isn't going to fit very comfortably into the life of the tenements," she said.

"No? A spoiled darling, I guess. But cute—very cute."

"Oh, you noticed that?"

"Sure I did. I can understand why Clayton picked her—but I'm sorry for him. He got his own breakfast this

(Continued on Page 47)

In Tiny Kitchens the Graduates of the Leading Women's Universities Were Discovering What Could be Done With a Small Gas Range

AFTER THE FLOOD IS OVER

By Richard Washburn Child

IT WAS raining on the refugee camp and 3000 homeless were in gloom. A man in a cotton shirt, with a pair of muddy overalls, and shoes carrying six pounds of sticky gumbo, was digging a trench around his tent. His family sat inside on cots, shivering, the mother with a bundle of baby on her lap under her bony hands. An angular girl was on the next cot, staring out at a memory or two.

I said, "You've just come in?"

"Yeh. We stayed in too late. That's the kind of a fool I turned out to be. The flood nearly caught us."

"Tough."

"Yeh. Tough leavin' my place and home and stock. Home may be there yet if it hasn't jumped off the mound."

A high-pitched voice came from the mother of the family. "You think it's tough leavin'?" she said. "That ain't anything. What's tough is goin' back."

She stated the real relief problem which follows the flooding and ebbing of the Mississippi waters; she stated the major part of the Mississippi disaster. She sensed a fact that this nation does not sense—that the real hardship and pain do not occur to the desperate fugitive from the jaws of the crevasse waters when levees break, or from the slow torture of a yellow broth rising toward ridgepoles bearing its goulash of dead stock. The mass of hardship and pain in the Mississippi Valley is coming when men, women and children go wearily back to sun-caked silt and to mud gullies, to roadless and bridgeless and schoolless and storeless and churchless territories, to retake living on homeless, stockless, cropless, seedless acres, with all the hazards of the conditions left by polluted stagnant water.

An Empire Submerged

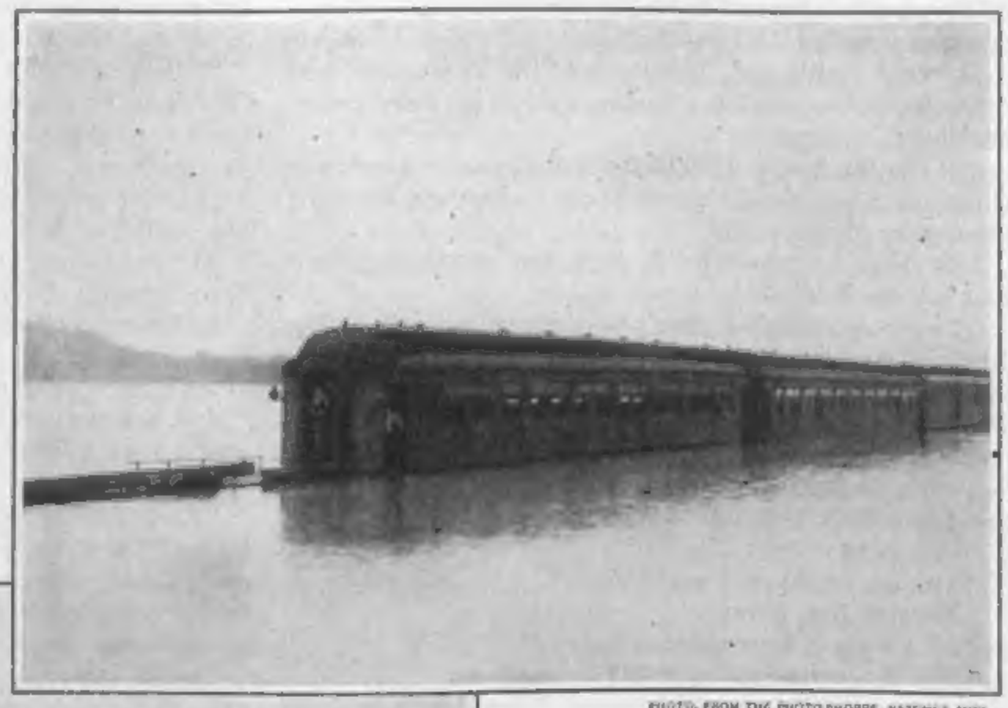
THE drama of the refugees is always found in the escape from death's maw, the rescue, the need of food and clothing, the anxiety of separated families. But the truth, contrary to the usual attitude of an unthinking mankind, is that little of the real tragedy of the world comes in the short stretches of crisis when excitement and change administer their anæsthetics; it comes in the life that must be led, day in and day out, month after month, in dull routine and dull pain, in unnoticed fortitude and suffering which are the aftermath of one's own folly or of the wrongs done by others or of a disaster like this.

My sympathy with the Mississippi refugee is not that he is a refugee, but that he now ceases to be one.

Somehow fire and earthquakes, volcanoes and tidal waves have a sensational violence which makes their victims more dramatic; this yellow soup, which in the main rises with a creeping silence rather than with a yell of fury, depends for its sensational quality less upon its appeal to the senses than to the doubtful ability of mankind to vision its extent.

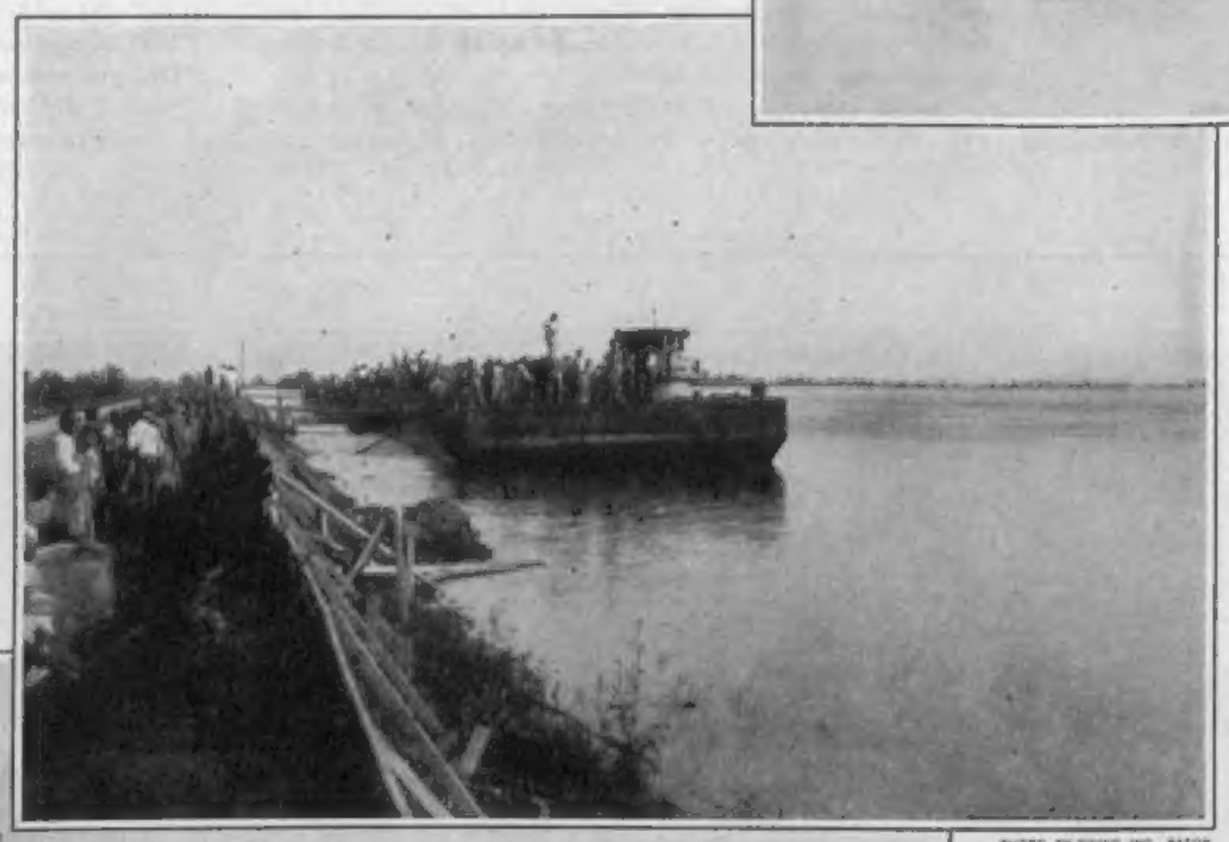
We have had the largest disaster in the history of our civilization. Unless one travels its distances, looks down upon it from an airplane as a migrant bird looks down, sees areas larger than some whole nations buried in the broth, and compares its toll of death and devastation with examples of the past, the truth about it, as one refugee said to me, fails to jell.

H. M. Baker, the disaster expert of the American Red Cross, who has fought more afflictions than any other man and now is director of the flood relief, comes back from a survey by hydroplane and shakes his head. He says with brevity: "It's an empire!"



PHOTO, FROM THE PHOTO SHOPPE, NATCHEZ, MISS.

Caught



PHOTO, BY EWING, INC., BATON ROUGE, LA.

PHOTO, BY EWING, INC., BATON ROUGE, LA.

Sea Planes Used for Scouting and Relief Work. Above—More Water Requires More Land. A Barge of Clay for Levee Topping in the Battle of the Levees

Anyone can turn back the pages in our book of national disasters for comparison. There was the Chicago fire of 1871, when the property loss was more than $150,000,000. The next year the Boston fire, which destroyed nearly 1000 buildings. There was the quake in Charleston in '86, and in '89 the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, washout which trapped and drowned more than 2000 persons in a narrow valley. Several hundred persons were lost in the St. Louis tornado in 1896, and four years later 6000 were wiped out in the Galveston disaster. Baltimore suffered a great fire in 1904, and two years later came the San Francisco earthquake and fire, with nearly 500 killed; in June, 1921, there was the Arkansas River flood which took 1500 in dead and missing persons, and last September the hurricane in Florida with some loss of life and more than $75,000,000 of property loss. Such have been the disasters retailed to us.

From Out the Waters

THE Mississippi, however, has become the wholesaler. No one even tries a guess at the final figures of loss of life. There are districts which, at this writing, are supposed to hold whole battalions of human beings, cut off and isolated from communication or immediate rescue. This water does not at once destroy its dead, but it washes them hundreds of miles away.

"Please, suh, yo ax me what yo kin do foh me," says an old colored woman. "You kin git me a little snuff, suh, an' please, suh, to find out whether mah husban' an chilluns is alive or daid. Dey was caht by de watah near Misser Herbut's place."

To the refugee camp at Natchez came a farmer out of the battle with the waters. He was six feet three and weighed 230 pounds. As he walked down the line of army tents suddenly there was a scream and a little scrawny woman threw herself in his arms.

"My husband! My husband!" came from the volcano of her emotion. "I thought I never would see you no more, little sugar plum!"

Col. Harry Hulen, a West Point graduate who administered a refugee camp of 3000 at Natchez with a combination of efficiency and human sympathy indicating that the

United States Army may serve in other ways than as a target for fanatic pacifists, told me of a mother who woke up in the night to find the water already above the bed spring. Her three-year-old little boy who had been asleep beside her had disappeared! There were no lights. Her husband came to her aid, and after a futile search of the rooms now filling with the rising water, and after a search when gray day had come, the waters drove them off their roof and a rescue boat picked them up. After two weeks of mourning for her only child, the mother was transferred to another refugee camp, and there in the milk line a child screamed at her. It was her own. No one will ever trace back over the trail of adventure which had brought the boy out of a bed a-wash in blackest night into his mother's arms 100 miles away.

Marooned

Missing relatives are the rule of the refugee story, not the exception. The examples given are enough to indicate that weeks and months may pass before the dead and missing can even be estimated with approach to accuracy of facts.

The region is too vast, the territory taken by the flood too extensive, for quick estimates of vital statistics or even of property damage. The telegraph and telephone wires still swaying over hundreds of miles of muddy waters, the service of airplanes and motorboats, and even the radio stations, all combined fail to reach some marooned communities. About these isolated districts—who knows? Who knows whether the man who was left behind to make a last attempt to drive the stock up to the hills ever got out or is rolling around in the débris that the river is taking slowly toward the sea? It will be some time, too, before isolation is relieved. Even in the valley there is an instinctive feeling that soon the water will drain off and marooned or flooded districts will be reachable. But in fact there will be a long interim of difficulty after the water begins to subside. Then washed-out roads and washed-out rails and damaged telephone lines, and above all the water, too deep for legs and too shallow for boats, will combine to isolate still more territory, making communication and delivery of food and stock feed almost impossible.

Government Forces Under the Red Cross

THE experts can tell anyone roughly of the extent of the water-covered districts. Probably more than 30,000 square miles were under the great lake. The number of persons still clinging to flooded homes was uncertain. But before the adventure was over, the water had dislocated from their homes probably more than 400,000 people. Some 280,000 had been fed by the Red Cross, which expected in one form or another to aid about 80 per cent of the total number of human beings who had been temporarily dislocated.

By the middle of May there were fifty-eight refugee camps in the flood district—and incidentally, as an indication of the unexpected assaults that the Mississippi and its tributaries can launch, several of these camps had to fall back to higher land because the rise of waters had been underestimated. Some of these camps contained 1000 souls, more or less, sheltered in army tents, with officers of the Regular Army often having charge of the administration, sanitation and feeding; but others, such as Forest City, had more than 14,000 persons; and Camp Louisiana, at Vicksburg, more than 6000 negroes.

For the first time in the history of relief organization, the Red Cross was put in charge of all the government services. These government services, rendered in large part by the Federal Government without consideration, constituted a tremendous contribution to relief. The services included about 75 to 80 per cent of the Coast Guard, men and equipment; from the Navy additional equipment and a part of the thirty-odd seaplanes being used in communication, transportation of serum and emergency supplies and in rescue work. All in all, during May the Red Cross, exclusive of its flocks of skiffs and of outboard motorboats, had a fleet of nearly 1000 craft.

I could not find that any realization of the contributions of the Federal Government had permeated the devastated region. There is no adequate realization that, though the Red Cross provided the food and animal feed and its staff of workers and the skilled generalship in relief strategy, the Army and Navy, the Coast Guard, the Farm Loan Board, the Department of Commerce, the time of Secretary Hoover—foremost relief engineer in the world—were given by the national Government, together with millions of dollars of Federal property.

Here I saw a detachment of one of the five army corps providing a camp site, tents, trucks, officers and men. They were clearing brush, digging sanitation cesspools, enforcing needed regulation. And there, at the river landing, a crew of Coast Guards from the salt water were coming in with a group of refugees, often their first Coast Guard experience with water which one of them says "hasn't any salt in it, runs like Hell Gate, is yellow enough to paint a fence and smells like wash day in Brooklyn."

"Do you see that feller standing there?" said one of the guards, pointing toward a dejected individual. "Now there's a guy who loves a little crossroads store better than he does himself. I've got that bird out four times, and four times he manages to get back to see if he can't haul his safe into the rafters or take out another armful of plated forks and wet gent's ties. I said to him, 'If I ever find you back here again, believe me, I'll work on you so you'll still be on the list of the missing when this flood is forgotten!'"

"Where are your womenfolks?" asks a Navy aviator of a refugee.

"Oh, the last time I saw 'em they were on the roof of the barn," he says, beaming. "I had to get my cows out. I couldn't make the cows sit on the roof."

Contributions From Everywhere

THE various states contribute, too—workers, funds, health officers, levee labor, volunteer nurses and doctors.

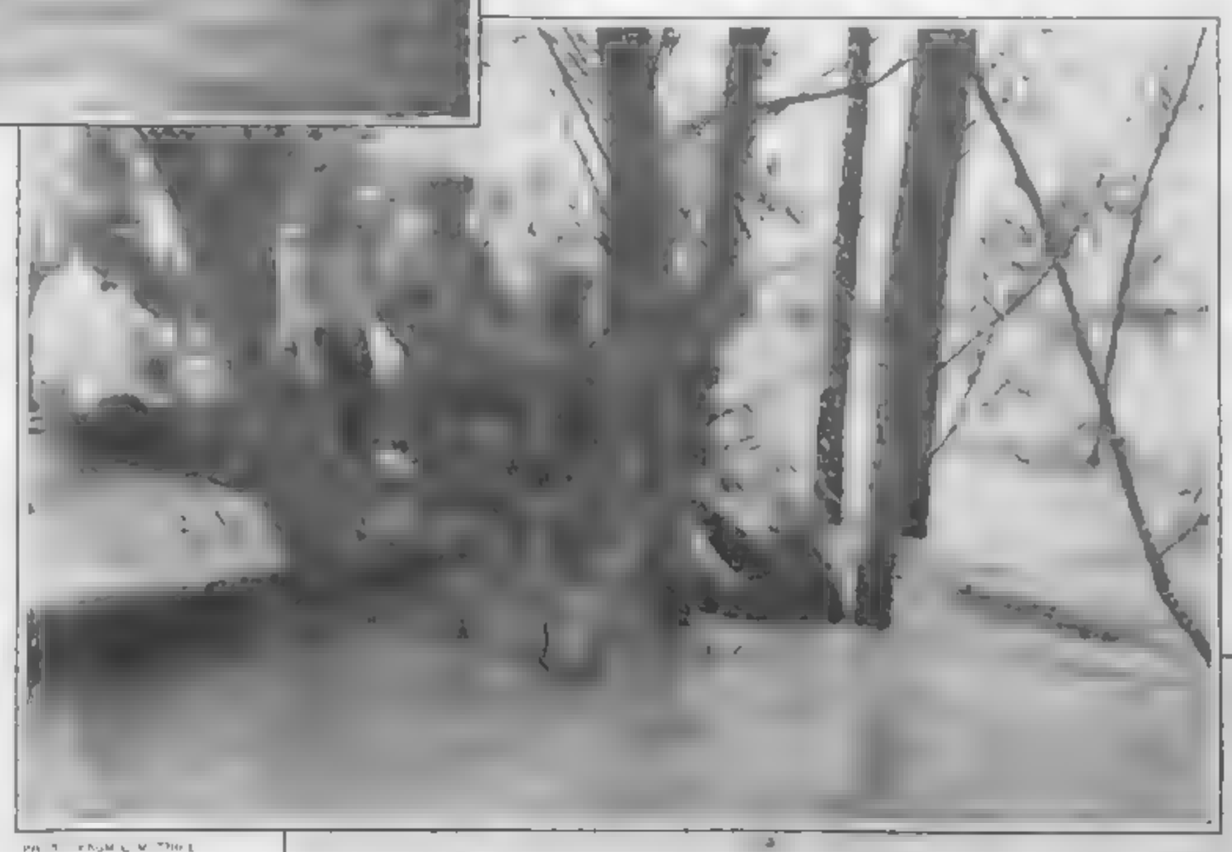
One of the last, who had come back from an isolated district in a speed boat, gave a grimace.

"Deaths?" asked somebody.

"No," he said; "I'm used to death. But I came to a bit of ground not over ten yards square. It had been occupied by two refugee pigs and several dogs. I suppose they had been a week or more without food. And the dogs had begun on the pigs, and when the pigs were gone they had started for the weakest dog, and so on. It kind of made me squirm!"

The contributions made by the railways of the valley should not be forgotten when the soulless corporation is mentioned again. They have given service of inestimable value in hauling material to patch threatened levees. Railways and express companies charge nothing for supplies, food and clothing sent into the district. They have moved refugee passengers out free and are prepared to ship them back to their homes free

(Continued on Page 132)



Topping a Levee. Boards are Put Up for Flashing and the Earth Filled in Made Behind Them Above—A Diver Going Down With Dynamite to Blast Out a Levee

SODA BICARB

By STRUTHERS BURT

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

FOR the five years that he had been living in Cannes, where he had come to rest more from laziness than good will, more because the sunshine was good for the rheumatism he had collected during the war than because of anything else, more because the franc was low than for any especial desire to settle down out of his own country, David Croft had been making, with the faint smile of the habitual observer, the following deduction:

That vice was the most arduous and dreary profession that any man or woman could undertake; but that even in this, as in everything else—as in golf or polo, for instance—the vigor of a young nation was inevitably assuming first place.

Some day, he reflected, someone would write the biographies of the magnificent adventuresses, born or become his countrywomen, beginning with Lola Montez, who, for the past eighty years or so, had been making colorful the map of Europe. It would surprise the stay-at-homes.

And then he was sorry, as he always was, for these adventuresses, and for their brothers, who spent their days in the dreary rounds of gambling or confidence work. Crime, professional adventure, seemed to him dull, as has been said. If you went in for such divagations at all it should be for personal and supposedly romantic reasons

Crime was dull, so was professional indecorum; but in both, the restless representatives of his restless one hundred and twenty million fellow citizens were beginning not merely to maintain the position they had won but to crowd out the eager competitors of other races.

"Good-By," She Said. "You Have Brr-oken Up the Best Frr-iendship I Have Had in Some Time"

This was true of the fringes of crime and indecorum as well. In Paris American dancers held the stage and American jazz players occupied the night clubs, and down here the cool-eyed, untroubled gentleman who at any given moment might be breaking the bank, if he wasn't a Greek, was almost certain to have come from New York or California.

The attitude of most Americans in Europe amused David Croft. They found there a glamour which, outside of the scenery and the historical associations and the strangeness, did not exist; and which, for the most part, they brought with them. Europe was not glamorous to Europeans; it was, as a rule, not so glamorous or exciting or pigmented as America. In short, here was a highly excitable, imaginative, chromatic race which denied its own character; and which, bringing that character to foreign shores, and finding it there largely at liberty and unsubjected to local rules, credited the freedom, the glamour undeservedly.

There had been, for example, the elderly lady who had said to David that she lived in Europe because—well, to use a symbol as a summation, one could smoke wherever and whenever one wanted and not be criticized. David had pointed out the obvious unfairness. Women could smoke in any large city now—New York, Chicago, Paris, anywhere. Where had the lady come from? Oswego, Illinois. Had she ever tried being born and living in a provincial French town? If she had she would find even Oswego, Illinois, less irksome, David thought. But the lady was unconvinced. The expatriate does not want to be convinced. That would disturb his or her sense of escape.

For five years David had been turning these opinions and observations over in his mind and strengthening his conviction of their truth; but until the spring, a year ago, when his young cousin, John Haight, suddenly appeared upon the scene, he had found no objective use for them. Then he found a great deal of objective use. . . . Johnny Haight, as young John Haight was called—a nice boy, as you will see.

A blond, blue-eyed, smiling boy, just out of his university and come to visit his supposedly invalid mother, who, for too many years to count, had been too ill to see either her husband or her home. She hadn't even laid eyes upon her son since he had left her at the age of five. Haight senior had seen to that.

"If my wife must live in hotels," he had said, "my boy won't. And if my wife insists upon being nothing at all, my son, at least, will be, like myself, an American." And his boy hadn't and was. That is, he hadn't lived in hotels and he was an American. Being an American and coming to Europe on what, spiritually, was his first visit—for his former visit, despite the Freudians, had left little impression on his mind—he was prepared to be turned immediately topsy-turvy by the well-known glamour, and within three weeks he had fallen desperately in love with Rita Thalberg—the Baroness von Thalberg, to use her official but by no means investigated title.

It was at this point that David's opinions and observations emerged into objective use, but as is usually the case he might just as well have kept silent so far as any good was accomplished. It is never possible to advise anybody unless that person has already advised himself.

David began by deprecating shady reputations and the romance attached to them. Not that he actually knew anything definite about Rita Thalberg, except that as far as he was concerned he found her charming and sympathetic and amusing—the latter two in a slow and secretive way. Not that anyone else, to his knowledge, knew anything either. But this was in itself bad—this was the departing point of suspicion. Cannes was like Des Moines or New York or Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, or any other village in that respect. And all congeries of human beings were villages, no matter how large, and all human beings essentially villagers. Reticence was always more dangerous than overt acts cleverly performed. Discretion, in reality, was never half so discreet as apparent frankness. Implicitness—here I stand, take me or leave me—was the most hazardous of poses. People everywhere demanded labels and arrows pointing and traffic signals.

Stupid no doubt, but true, and this was especially so where the victim was a woman. Especially so, perhaps, in Europe, where there were so many good-looking and idle women in competition. They fell upon any woman who was in the least defiant and made haste to slaughter her. That, as anyone could see, was merely a business axiom. The much heralded laissez-faire attitude of the French socially applied only to half-caste society, of course. Casualness existed no more among the French than it did among carefully bred people anywhere—less so, as a matter of fact. John bore a prominent name; it would be unpleasant to marry a woman whose reputation would follow her.

And who was Rita Thalberg? No one knew whether she was an Austrian or a Pole or a Russian. She spoke English with a facility but an accent that made the English suspect her, and French with a fluency but an accent equally debatable. Where was her husband? Nobody had ever heard of a Baron von Thalberg. Unaccompanied women should never use an Austrian minor title if they wished to be well received.

David was deliberately trying to destroy the glamour of Europe, to show its actual pettiness—a universal pettiness. He was trying to show that intrinsically Europe is as dry and acrid, where personal relationships are concerned, as civilizations not so boastfully old. He was also trying to show that deliberate impropriety, if that was what Rita von Thalberg was practicing, or even an appearance of deliberate impropriety, was unintelligent.

"The courtesans of the world are stupid women, my son," he said, "except in the rare instances when they make careers for themselves and run governments. They are stupid and weak and lazy women, and underneath you will find practically all of them, when they are not out and out morons, the most simple-minded of children. That may be very beautiful in the manner of Dostoyevsky's Idiot, or the publican of the Bible; but, as the world is still constituted, it is no basis for conventional marriage. And I blame Rita Thalberg more than most. She has less excuse. She is not a moron and she is not simple-minded. She is a cultivated and lovely woman; therefore she must be incredibly lazy, and that is being incredibly perverse and shortsighted. I think I would be more inclined to forgive her if I was sure of something clearly wrong. At all events, with her personality, no matter what she may be doing, there is not the slightest need for her to have created the impression she has. You think that hypocrisy? It is not; it is common sense. And laziness in itself is enough to condemn a woman as a wife."

It was true what he had been saying. You could not be notoriously good-looking and, appearing out of nowhere, come to a place like Cannes, and live in an expensive villa, and entertain only men, and men mostly of *chiaroscuro* histories, and expect to be generally respected. Nor did it do any good if these men afterward went about and spoke of you as the coldest woman they had ever met. You couldn't have Greeks and Rumanians and blackleg Englishmen wandering all over your gardens and house, and gambling in your drawing-rooms at night, and accompanying you when you appeared at the Casino or other public places, and hope to keep your character.

David chuckled. An idea absurd and fantastic had occurred to him, but he clutched at it as possibly a useful straw in the restrained flood of magic that threatened to engulf John Haight. John Haight had been talking a great deal and with much contempt about the hard-bitten American woman; he had been drawing comparisons, not at all favorable to the American woman, between American women and the women of Europe. The latter were so much wiser, in reality; so much kinder; their texture was thicker and at the same time more delicate. They smoothed you down and made you proud—and usually in a decent way—that you were a man. Having been three weeks in France John Haight knew all about European women.

"Women are either women or they're not," he said. "And if they're not women what are they?"

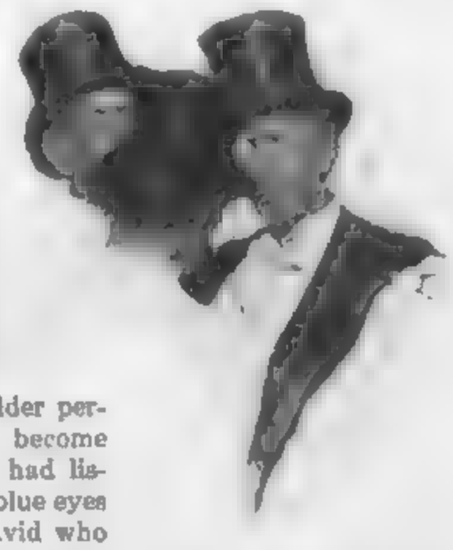
David was inclined to agree with these conclusions, but it was not his present policy to make such an admission. "Well," he said, "in a nation as large as ours there are likely to be a good many different kinds of women. If our men approached our women as they approach European women, they might find some of them equally bewitching. The European men find them bewitching enough. I do wish distance wouldn't lend such enchantment."

His eyelids crinkled into a smile. "I wonder," he asked, and as if he were asking the question of himself, "if Rita isn't, after all, an American? Whenever you can't tell a woman's nationality it's a safe bet she is either American or Austrian. And we're immensely clever, you know, and our women are chameleons. If they live over here long enough, they all get rolling *r*'s and sliding *s*'s like Rita's."

The idea pleased him, and he elaborated it.

"I'm convinced," he continued, "she's an American. No one could hate America quite so much as she does unless he or she were an American and had had a bad time of it over there. And she knows America, you know—she's been there, although she won't talk about it. Besides, it's an excellent plan not to admit you're an American, especially if you are a woman in Rita's position. Europeans are so much less likely to play you for a simpleton, and your own countrymen are so much more likely to adore you." He glanced sideways at John. "It would be funny, wouldn't it, if in finding all this glamour and texture of Europe you should discover that the owner of it was the daughter of some preacher in a small Ohio town? Did you ever hear of the so-called Principessa Pignerol of Rome? She comes from Mandan, North Dakota, although she won't admit it. Chameleons, our women, like women everywhere."

He had expected John Haight to become angry; in fact, he had said more than he intended to in order to make John Haight angry. The one thing that at the moment seemed necessary was to disturb in some way John's juvenile complacency, his assumption that knowledge and worldliness had begun in 1918. John was so utterly and calmly certain that, as a member of the younger generation, and a prominent member, his point of view was unassailable and that no one could get the better of him, especially no older person. John had not become angry, however; he had listened patiently, his blue eyes smiling. It was David who became angry—angry at himself. He felt like an elderly uncharitable aunt and not a vigorous man—save for his rheumatism—of thirty-eight.



Where Was Her Husband? Nobody Had Ever Heard of a Baron von Thalberg

Thirty-eight, however, was a bad age. You should either be younger or older. At thirty-eight you stood, philosophically, with one foot in the past and one in the present, and not altogether in sympathy with either.

John spread out his large, young, capable hands on his knees. "If wealth can do anything," he said, "it can lift you above all adventitious social bars and considerations, and enable you without further red tape to make happy anyone whom you love. Furthermore, it does away with backstair stuff. I've no doubt I could work up an intrigue with Rita if I wanted—you usually can if you have the patience—but why? It is simpler to marry. If we can't get along we'll get a divorce."

David gasped. There was a cold furor of modernity here difficult to combat. These young people were just as great doctrinaires as their ancestors had been. The latter had been doctrinaires of sentiment, the former were doctrinaires of supposed simplicity. Both made the mistake of imagining that they could bend subtle and slippery humanity to their own ends. John seemed to have no appreciation of the truth that marriage was a serious business and a social contract, immediately spinning delicate webs incredibly hard to break.

Also as David had perceived before, far from any real directness or common sense, there was the same old folly of youth merely given a new twist. What was this but a crusader doing the Charleston? Direct English, or reverse English, what difference did it make if the ball reached the same pocket?

John was just as sure that he could change this bland, lazy, secretive, lovely woman into a satisfactory wife of a New York banker as his father had been that he could change a small pretty neurotic into a capable companion. The only advance seemed to be that John talked more frankly than his father would have talked, and that he expressed his romanticism with some degree of starkness and occasional humor.

Intrinsically the fact remained that men couldn't be sensible about women, or the other way about. No, they couldn't!

To understand John completely you must understand a little more of his history. It was not solely that he represented the new dispensation but that he represented the acme of that dispensation. He had gone to the most sophisticated university in America, where he had belonged to the most sophisticated inner circle—all this despite the fact that he was born and remained a nice and simple boy—and as a result he was ripe for any sort of sophisticated sentimentality. At the moment he was engaged, as you have observed, in the sentimental and popular exploit of boxing the compass.

If you become too intricate you become, all of a sudden, curiously innocent. The small-town girl and the self-conscious great lady have uncounted reactions in common. John Haight, thinking nothing of marriage one way or another, after the fashion of his generation, unwittingly overemphasized it.

"I cannot see," he concluded, "why, if I love Rita Thalberg, I shouldn't marry her."

"Well, if you can't see," retorted David slowly, "it is difficult to explain it to you. How about your mother?"

(Continued on Page 73)

"As I Have Been Trying to Tell You, an Appearance of Evil is as Sure an Indication of Personality as Evil Itself. I Agree With You—You Marry a Woman's Personality"

THE MOTIVE

By GEORGE BROADHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES C. McKELL

He Pointed His Finger Dramatically at the Witness. Then He Asked, Slowly and Impressively: "You Swear on Your Oath That You Killed Richard Emmett?"

"DO YOU know the accused?"

"No."

"Ever spoken to him?"

"No."

"When was the first time that you saw him?"

"Today."

"Where?"

"Just where he is now."

"Do you know what he is charged with?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"He is charged with the murder of Richard Emmett on the night of February fourteenth."

"Did he murder Richard Emmett on that night?"

"No."

"How do you know?"

"Because I killed him."

"You swear under oath that on the night of February fourteenth you killed Richard Emmett?"

"Yes."

"And that the accused was not with you?"

"Yes."

"That's all."

The counsel for the defense sat down.

Until five minutes before, the judge, the jury and the spectators who half filled the court room had been witnessing a trial for murder which had been in no sense thrilling. Until then its outstanding feature had been the brutality of the deed. Richard Emmett, a generous, kindly and charitable old man, hearing a noise in his library, where he kept in his safe some bonds and a considerable sum of money, had left his bedroom and had gone downstairs to investigate. Next morning his body was found with the skull literally crushed. The door of the safe was open and the contents were gone.

The prisoner had been on trial for the past three days. The case against him had not been particularly strong. There were gaps in it which the district attorney had found difficulty in bridging. Nothing unusual or exciting had been brought to light. The jury was getting bored and impatient. The spectators, uninterested, had been quietly leaving the court room in twos and threes. The reporters, yawning, were predicting a disagreement and were wondering what peg they could find on which to hang an interesting story. Lassitude threw its shadow over the entire proceedings.

The counsel for the defense had been about to rest his case, when the man now in the witness box had come from the semidarkness in the rear of the room and had spoken to him. The coming of the man had caused the district attorney to rise from his seat with a smothered ejaculation, and then, astonished and puzzled, to sit again, watching eagerly. The prisoner wondered. The reporters whispered vividly.

Evidently surprised at what the man had said, the counsel for the defense secured the indulgence of the court and questioned him closely for a few minutes. Then he placed him on the stand and put to him the questions already quoted.

The result was sensation. The cloud of listlessness was blown swiftly from the room. Departing spectators returned to their seats, eager and alert. The jury was revivified. The prisoner was dumfounded, incredulous. The reporters knew that their stories were now destined to be front-page stuff with display headings. Here was drama!

The district attorney seemed in no hurry to get to his feet. Not being a novice at the game, he preferred a trailing sensation to an anticlimax. Experience had taught him that a storm is ridden more easily after it has passed its height. He let the buzz fill the court room without making any effort to suppress it. To the witness the time seemed much longer than it really was. To the prisoner it seemed almost endless.

In appearance, dress, manner and speech there was a wide difference between the witness and the accused. The former was above the average in height and was evidently of a nervous and emotional type. His bearing and his face, now quite pale, conveyed the impression that he was intelligent and that he was accustomed, at the least, to the average decencies of life. His hands were soft and his fingers long; his clothes were of good material and cut, and his shoes, dark brown in color, fitted his feet and were of decent make. The prisoner was short and squat; his clothes were of mediocre quality and it was apparent from the way in which they hung upon him that they had been purchased ready-made from a plausible and persuasive seller. What there was left of his red hair was thick and coarse. His eyes were restless and shifty and the teeth of his lower jaw, instead of fitting within those of the upper, protruded a little beyond them. His hands were broad, his fingers spatulate. His shoes were wrinkled and of a sickly yellow and the broad toe of each rose from its base like a small cliff.

Suddenly the district attorney got to his feet. The abruptness, the seeming unexpectedness of the movement, drew the attention of everyone to him and from the witness. The buzz died a quick and unnatural death. For the present at least he was the focus of interest. That was what he wanted. He pointed his finger dramatically at the witness. Knowing the value of a pause, he waited again. Then he asked, slowly and impressively: "You swear on your oath that you killed Richard Emmett?"

"Yes, I do."

"Less than six months ago you were tried for that crime, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"And acquitted?"

"Yes."

"You know that by the law of this country, a man having once been acquitted of committing a crime can never be tried for it again?"

"Yes."

"Even if he confesses that he is guilty of it?"

"Yes."

"And so you know that so far as the law is concerned you are perfectly safe in stating that you killed Richard Emmett? You know that the law cannot touch you for that?"

"Yes."

"And knowing it, you come here and perjure yourself in an effort to save this prisoner's life?"

"It isn't perjury. It's the truth."

"And simply because you want to have justice done to the prisoner, whom you have never seen before, you come here and proclaim to the world that you are the brutal murderer of an inoffensive old man into whose house you had broken and whom you intended to rob?"

"Yes. I didn't want to take the chance of having his death on my conscience."

"Your conscience is as tender as that?"

"Yes."

"Then how much are you troubled by the death of the gray-haired, kindly and charitable old man whose murder you have just confessed?"

The witness hesitated and the prisoner blinked uneasily.

Pressing the point, the district attorney continued, "How much are you troubled, if at all?"

The counsel for the defense objected. The objection was overruled and an exception taken.

The district attorney then said, "Answer the question! How much are you troubled? Well?"

The witness touched his lips with the tip of his tongue and replied, "I'm troubled a lot."

"How are you troubled? What form does it take?"

Again the witness paused before replying and again the district attorney pressed him: "Every trouble in the world takes some form or other. You have just testified that you are troubled by the murder you say you committed. So I ask you again, what form does it take?"

"I—I see him."

"Whom?"

"The old man."

"Do you mean Richard Emmett, whose skull you say you crushed in?"

"Yes."

"So you see him, do you? Before you go to sleep or after?"

"Both."

"He haunts you, does he?"

"Sometimes."

"And when you see him, does he appear as he was before you killed him, or as he was after you killed him? In other words, do you see him as a kindly, gentle living old man, or as a corpse, face down on the floor, with a head that has been smashed open?"

The witness opened and closed his mouth twice, but did not speak. The prisoner, with eyes half shut and with lower jaw pushed forward so that the lower lip partly covered the upper, was eager, but puzzled. The jurors, reporters and spectators waited breathless. There was an oppressive silence that, to the two women on the jury, seemed almost suffocating.

"Answer the question," demanded the district attorney.

Before the witness could frame a reply the counsel for the defense was on his feet. This time his objection was much more emphatic. When he had finished his protest the judge nodded to him affirmatively and then said to his

opponent, "I think you have pursued this line of investigation far enough."

"Very good, Your Honor," the district attorney answered. "We will now take another line."

A sigh of relief rose in the court room, followed by a general movement of relaxation. The witness braced himself for the coming attack. The prisoner leaned forward expectantly.

"How did you gain an entrance into Mr. Emmett's house?"

"Through a window in the basement."

"It was left open by a confederate?"

"No. It was closed."

"And you forced it?"

"Yes."

"With what?"

"A jimmy."

"Having forced the window, then what did you do?"

"I waited a little while, then I climbed through it into the house."

"But when you were on trial you swore that you had never been in the house. Didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Then one of the statements is a lie?"

"Yes."

"And when a man deliberately lies under oath in a court of justice, he commits perjury, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"And the punishment for perjury is a nice long term in a prison. Had you thought of that when you came here to help this man you had never seen before?"

The eyes of the witness closed and opened rapidly. Again the tip of his tongue was visible, feeling its way between his lips.

"Yes, I had thought of it," he said after a pause, but to a discerning ear the tone of the reply failed to bring conviction.

"I'm glad of that. I should hate to have an unpleasant surprise awaiting a man who had been prompted by such an altruistic motive."

The teeth of the witness clicked and his lips compressed so tightly that no red of them was visible. Then, in spite of all his efforts, he gulped.

"When you climbed through the window and entered the house, where did you find yourself?" the district attorney asked

"In the kitchen."

"Describe it."

"I can't."

"Why?"

"It was dark."

"How did you see your way about?"

"I had a flash light."

"That lighted up the room, didn't it?"

"Yes. But I wasn't concerned with the kitchen. My business was in the room upstairs."

"Do you mean to say that burglary is your business?"

"It was that night."

"Had it ever been your business before that night?"

"Object," snapped the counsel for the defense. "The witness cannot be compelled to answer a question that may incriminate or degrade him."

"Your Honor," replied the district attorney, "I am trying to impeach the credibility of this witness. When he was on trial for this murder one of the strong points in his favor was that at the time it occurred he was not and never had been a cracksman. He admitted that he was a professional criminal, but it was shown that he belonged to the aristocracy of crime. He was a penman, a forger, and had never associated with members of what is considered a lower stratum of criminality—burglary. He now swears that on February fourteenth he was a burglar. If that is true I do not see how it can degrade him if he admits that he was a burglar before that day. Nor can I see how it can incriminate him in a crime which he has already confessed that he committed. I therefore ask Your Honor to overrule the objection."

"Holding the Candle Up in the Air, He Stepped Into the Room"

"Objection overruled. Answer the question."

"Were you ever a burglar before the night of February fourteenth?"

"Before I do answer," interposed the witness, and indicating the district attorney, "I object to that man saying I admitted I was a professional criminal. I never admitted anything of the kind, because I am not and I never have been a criminal. And he knows it, and when he said it he knew he wasn't telling the truth."

"Are you accusing me of deliberately making a misstatement to this court?"

"Yes, I am. Get the records of my trial and prove that I ever admitted it. I dare you."

The district attorney reflected for a moment and then said, "I may have been mistaken and perhaps you are right."

"There's no perhaps about it."

"In any case, I wish to assure the court that if there has been any misstatement on my part it was not made with intention to deceive."

The judge nodded and the district attorney continued: "You say that you are not now and never have been a criminal?"

"Yes."

"Had you ever been arrested before?"

"Yes."

"And tried?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"Three."

"And you still say that you are not a criminal?"

"I do. A man has to be convicted before he is a criminal, and I have never been convicted."

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"He Listened for a Second and Said, 'I Think There's Somebody Coming Down the Stairs From Up There!'"

Man o' War

Upset

THE GOLDEN

By W. O.

ALL infants look alike at birth—princes of the blood and peasants of the field. Similarly all foals look alike. But shortly after even the most obscure births there is always one present who will see something remarkable about the little stranger and who will predict that it will come to no good or possibly to no bad end. There are hundreds of foals born in the blue grass country every year, all of them spindle-legged little creatures. The foal born to the brood mare Mahuba at the nursery farm on March 29, 1917, looked no more impressive than any of the foals born about the same time to any of the brood mares on the adjoining stock farms.

Pedigree

THERE was something to guide a horseman or a horsewoman though. This particular foal was the son of Fair Play, and Mrs. Elizabeth Kane, who bred him for Maj. August Belmont, knew at first glance that he was no ordinary foal. Even in that shapeless and helpless little lump of horseflesh Mrs. Kane could recognize the Fair Play strain. No layman would, even if he had before him the pedigree containing the names of equine ancestors going back to English sires of the day when Albert Edward was the dashing Prince of Wales watching the forefathers of that strain run at Epsom Downs.

The breeding of horses is not so haphazard as the breeding of the human race. You have little upon which you may speculate as to what sort of king the new-born prince will be, and nothing upon which to forecast what sort of man the new-born peasant may grow into. But with a thoroughbred foal you really have something upon which you may work. You know that a colt of a certain strain will have tender feet, of another that he may be troubled with indigestion. Of another you can predict that he will have speed without stamina; of others, still, that they will have stamina, but not speed.

Whom Does the Baby Take After?

OF THE human infant as he develops, it will be detected that he may have the mother's eyes and the father's nose and something of both sets of grandparents. Later something will develop that will make all concerned wonder where that infant got its disposition; and it will remain a mystery, because it probably came from an ancestor uncharted. The pedigree does not go back far enough.

In judging the human infant I believe that they consider the maternal side. I have heard that in tracing the ancestry of our successful prize fighters they have discovered that the fathers were nothing much physically, but that the great prize fighters from John L. Sullivan down inherited the physical characteristics that made them prize fighters from their mothers, and some of the mental characteristics besides.

With the thoroughbred foals the sire is the important factor. There is the case of Sarazen, the "horse with the golden bridle," Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's prize gelding. They say of Sarazen that his mother was plebeian, that actually she had been between the shafts. That is to say, she was in trade and had been harnessed to a wagon. Of course, she was of Thoroughbred stock, but she had been destined for a work mare when she was acquired by Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield and became the mother of the horse with the golden bridle. It was not, then, because she was particularly impressed by the dam of the foal born that day at the nursery farm that Mrs. Elizabeth Kane was so excited by the arrival of the little stranger. Her feeling was that a great colt was born that day, and a champion whose name would be as great as that of Sysonby.

The foal was a red-golden chestnut, the color of the Fair Plays, with a white star on the forehead and a faint line of white running down the nose. It was not a rare color, but to Mrs. Kane the horsewoman it was a rich and prophetic gold. "The golden colt," she called it. When it was time for the fastening of a name upon the

Captain Alcock

Cleopatra and Her Foal by Man o' War

STALLION

McGeehan

golden foal, his owner, August Belmont, was already a major in the United States Army. The foal was a war baby, and Major Belmont chose for him the name of Man o' War.

Good sportsmen were occupied with a bigger game in those days, and Major Belmont, preparing for anything that might happen, determined to sell all his stable. He could not race his own horses and he was one of those sportsmen who could not be interested in racing in a vicarious fashion. He ordered them all sold to the highest bidders, with just one reservation. The golden colt, Man o' War, was not to be sold.

If there was a chance of his being able to race his horses again, if the war should be over sooner than anybody believed at the time, he would start his new stable with the son of Fair Play. Like the woman who bred him, the owner, too, had a hunch as to the future of this colt. The breeding promised much, for this was a true Fair Play. There was a full sister before him, Mazda, who had shown so much speed at the start that the timers refused to believe their watches. She might have been heard of later, but she broke down and passed out of the picture suddenly, as Thoroughbreds will.

Mrs. Kane, the breeder, was worried about the weanling. It seemed that he had one crooked leg—a slight twist, but apparent enough to an expert. It may have been this defect that prevented Man o' War's attracting the attention of the trainers who visited the nursery farm to look over the Belmont stock for their owners. Then, too, the Fair Play-Mahuba colt was not listed in any of the catalogues. Louis Feustel, trainer for Samuel Riddle, noticed what he thought was the defect in the leg, but in spite of it he was impressed by the size and the conformation of the colt that was not for sale.

A Great Bargain in Horseflesh

IN AUGUST of 1918, Major Belmont was ordered to France. In the press of his preparations for leaving he ordered all his yearlings to be offered on sale at the public auction at Saratoga. The news that the Belmont yearlings were on sale brought plenty of bidders. James Johnson, owner of the Quincy Stables, had ordered his trainer, the sage old Jim Fitzsimmons, to buy the Fair Play colt at any reasonable figure. Johnson's interest was roused because he had heard that Major Belmont was trying to hold this one out.

Samuel Riddle was interested for the same reason. His order to his trainer, Louis Feustel—and Feustel knew the colt, having worked for Major Belmont—was to get this one at any price. For that reason, after Fitzsimmons had reached what he felt was a reasonable bid, Man o' War went to Samuel Riddle for $5000, the greatest bargain in horseflesh the turf has ever known, for Man o' War since has brought more than his weight in gold, and he is no tiny stallion.

A Young Rebel

FROM Saratoga, Man o' War was shipped to the Riddle Farm, near Berlin, Maryland. He was a rebellious youngster. Louis Feustel, the trainer, has handled hundreds of them, but he insists that of all the colts he ever handled this one was the hardest to break. He fought against it for weeks. He reared, he kicked, and he screamed like a wild horse of the prairies. It seemed that he never could be tamed. But Feustel had known his sire and all the character of that Fair Play strain. He was patient with him for that reason, for he, too, felt that this was no ordinary Thoroughbred. Finally the colt seemed to understand, and once he was broken he was one of the most tractable of the race horses. All great Thoroughbreds—at least those that have been made to show great results—have been tractable. They save their energy for the race and do not waste it in useless revolt. When they had trouble with Man o' War at the barrier there always was a reason.

The influence of heredity is so strong in Thoroughbreds that they inherit the

(Continued on Page 64)

Donnacona

Golden Broom

Mazda

Playfellow

THE CALKER

By ROBERT EDGREN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK L. SPRADLING

I'LL tell you one. Did you ever hear of Lucien Aloysius Milligan? No? Well, it may be you've heard of a guy called Crasher Kiley? That stirs something, does it? Away back—fifteen years back—before Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson. White Hope time; when they were combing the sticks for some big fellow to lay the dinge champion in the dust and reassert the primal superiority of the Caucasian race, if you get what I mean.

Crasher Kiley—that was Lucien Aloysius Milligan, or Lucien Aloysius was Crasher Kiley. Put it either way and suit yourself.

This Lucien Aloysius Milligan was a young man who had very superior educational advantages. He went through a grade school down near the gas-house district, where only the fit survived and it took a lad with a good right hand to fight his way through the legions of the Greeks and the Jews and the Poles and the Germans that had driven the Irish up to Harlem and put Tammany Hall in the middle of a foreign country. Down where Willie Lewis was regarded as greater than George Washington because of his one-two punch.

Lucien Aloysius never missed a day in school. It was his pride that nothing along the Avenue could stop him when he was on his way to be educated, or when he was going anywhere, for that matter.

Sometimes Lucien Aloysius reached school with a black eye or a lump on his chin, but it was wreckage he left in his wake. By the time he was ready to graduate he had such a reputation up and down the East Side that he could walk from the Bronx River to the Bridge and not a finger raised except to point him out as a lad who might be somebody if he ever thought of putting five-ounce gloves on his hands. Lucien was eighteen, and six feet tall. He weighed about a hundred and seventy—all wild cat.

Blindly Staggering, Acting Purely by Instinct, Lucien Struck Out With Left and Right, at Close Range

Having completed his education in the schools, Lucien began to think seriously of post-graduating into something that would bring him sudden wealth without all the handicaps that go with driving a truck. Truck driving at bootlegger wages hadn't been invented then, of course, and the industries that came under Lucien's observation and paid important money were few. He had no inclination toward picking pockets, like some of his casual acquaintances on the corner. Besides, his hands were too big. The modern sport of sticking guys up and riding off in borrowed limousines was unknown, being a postwar development, and nobody had thought of the simple notion of walking into a bank and walking out again with the bank's loose change in a gripsack.

There seemed to be no great demand for a lad to use his hard hands rubbing Aladdin's lamp, and Lucien was about to give up and go to work, when he met Dan Hogan.

He never would have met Dan if he hadn't strayed into the Coal Dock Athletic Club one evening when the doorkeeper wasn't looking. He might not have met Dan, at that, if he hadn't wandered down to the ringside and plumped himself into a two-dollar seat not occupied at the moment.

Lucien Aloysius was sitting in that seat half an hour afterward, and had enjoyed a couple of quick knock-outs and razzed a referee's decision in chorus with others around, when he noticed that a chunky, cocky, alert individual was pushing along the crowded row toward him. The newcomer stopped squarely in front of Lucien, shutting off his view of the ring, leaned over and put one hand softly on Lucien's knee.

"Sorry, kid, you're in the wrong stall," said the intruder.

"What's the idea?" queried Lucien.

"My seat, kid. You'll have to get out."

"Put me out," snorted Lucien indignantly.

"Well, I might do that," said the chunky individual. "But you don't want any trouble, do you? Be good, kid. There's plenty of seats back along the wall."

"I'll knock you for a loop," said Lucien, that anachronism being current and up-to-date slang of the moment.

"You might do that too," said the chunky man, leaning over and looking searchingly at Lucien. "You might do that, but I don't think you will."

Lucien noticed that the chunky man had queer eyes—sharp, three-cornered eyes, light blue, piercing. He felt a little bit uncomfortable, but he didn't move.

The chunky man put his hand on Lucien's shoulder, but not with any evident intention of propelling him from the seat—apparently not even with any hostile intent at all. The chunky man's fingers dug in, shifted from the collar bone outward and downward, closed on the stringy, bunchy deltoid and stayed there. The chunky man's face came down close to Lucien's face; the three-cornered eyes peered sharply into Lucien's eyes. Lucien, having nothing else to do and nowhere to go but out if he moved at all, sat perfectly still and stared back, unblinking, for a full minute. Subconsciously he felt that everyone around was looking at the chunky man and at him, and that it was very quiet along that side of the ring. He heard the clang of a bell and a shuffling of feet, but he saw only those three-cornered, light-blue eyes staring into his. He felt the crowd stirring uneasily and turning toward the ring, where another fight was starting.

In the momentary confusion the chunky man leaned over and whispered into Lucien's ear:

"Kid, do you want to make forty dollars dead easy?"

Did he want to make forty dollars! Lucien's mind flittered away from all thoughts of hostility toward the man who wanted his seat. The chunky man stood up, glanced back sharply and said, "Come with me then."

Lucien rose and walked behind the chunky man. He wasn't sure but that he was being tricked out of the seat, that the chunky man would not slip back past him in some way and sit down, leaving him standing like a fool. But he followed the chunky man down the crowded aisle through a doorway, down a short flight of narrow stairs to a dark hallway that smelled of sweat and blood and bandages, of dust and dirt and decay. Under a gaslight that flickered there, the chunky man stopped suddenly and faced him.

"Not scared, are you?" he inquired pleasantly.

"I ain't scared of nothin'," said Lucien, in the stress of the strange surroundings forgetting the nice points of grammar that had been drilled into him.

"Can you fight?" asked the chunky man.

"You ask 'em," said Lucien. "I ain't goin' to tell you."

"I haven't seen you here before," suggested the chunky man.

"I ain't been here before."

"I haven't seen you at any of the other clubs—not even at the amateurs. Where you been—Philadelphia? In the sticks?"

"I ain't been in any club before."

Lucien thought that a shade of disappointment crossed the chunky man's face and that the sharp triangular eyes looked at him disapprovingly.

"No scars," mused the chunky man, "good ears, thin lips. I thought that was because you could fight. They don't get marked up if they can fight. You got the eyes too. Those three-cornered eyes like a cat's. That kind can

always fight and they never quit. You got the build. Weigh a hundred-seventy, I guess—maybe two pounds over. You've got it where you need it. Look in shape too—trained. You fooled me, kid. Took you for a fighter. I guess you can go back to that seat."

"How about the forty dollars?" queried Lucien.

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the chunky man. "You want it, do you?"

"I come out here to get it," said Lucien, grimly closing his fist.

The chunky man looked at Lucien Aloysius and began to chuckle. "All right, kid," he said. "Maybe you'll do after all. I've seen 'em start that way. I'll give you a chance. You see that door on the left?" went on the chunky man, pointing down the dingy hallway.

Lucien imagined that in the darkness he saw a door.

"That's the door to a dressing room. Inside is a fighter I matched for the semifinal tonight. He's ten pounds bigger than you, and he's experienced. He's had maybe twenty fights, and he won most of 'em with knock-outs. But he's a bum. The first money he got he began to hang around dance halls and lap up the suds. He came down here tonight hog fat when I expected him to be in shape. He was out sporting last night and he doesn't feel good, so he wants to quit. He tells me he won't fight this guy I matched him with unless he gets fifty iron men for his bit. I signed him for forty, and half of that's mine. I always suspected he was yellow. Now I know it. He can use his hands, and when he's winning he's a 100 per cent murderer, but he has those round eyes that pop out when he feels his back against the ropes. If you can't lick him I'm no judge. Now, kid, here's your chance.

"You go down the hall and open that door. You'll find one man inside, probably sitting on the rubbing cot. He'll have his tights on—no gloves yet. He'll be alone. Go in and lick him. Make him quit or knock him out—I don't care what happens. Only use your hands and nothing else, mind you. Give him warning or not. Suit yourself. But lick him, whether it takes you two seconds or an hour. You've got just an hour for the job. If you lick him I'll toss you in the ring with the guy he was going to fight, and if you can lick this bird the other one will be duck soup. Then you get the forty dollars. I won't take out my bit."

Lucien grinned. "Yeah, and where'll you be?" he bantered. "I go in and lick this friend of yours you don't like, and when I come out you're somewhere else. Forty dollars! Say, I'm in there fighting and by the time I'm through you're downtown laughing at me. Maybe I'd better take a slap at you before I go in, so you'll be here when I come out."

The chunky man's three-cornered eyes wrinkled. He laughed silently and clapped his hand on Lucien Aloysius' shoulder. "Knew you'd say that, kid," he chuckled. "I don't pick 'em wrong. Something besides red hair under your hat, huh? Did you ever hear of Dan Hogan?"

Lucien's mind flashed back to a night when the East Side moved bodily over to the West Side to parade jubilantly around the hall in which an East Side newsboy was battering a world's lightweight champion to a red pulp. Socko Brown, that was, and Dan Hogan, the newsboy's manager, in his corner.

"You don't mean the Dan Hogan who ——" began Lucien.

"That's me," said the chunky man crisply. "Don't waste no more time. I'll be here."

Lucien Aloysius blithely, as one going to a wedding, tripped down the dingy passageway to the last door on the left, grasped the door knob, twisted and pushed suddenly, was inside. He closed the door behind him and threw a bolt that he felt without looking for it. Eighteen, and with the world of adventure and fortune opening before him, Lucien Aloysius glanced past the flickering gaslight on the wall, the chair with the loud-checked suit thrown carelessly over it, sprawling lemon-yellow shoes, water bucket, sponge, towels, bottles, rubbing cot covered with a dirty blanket that was veteran of a hundred fight nights like this. All he saw was a man sitting on the cot in tights and boxing shoes, naked above the waist—an old, old man, perhaps as old as twenty-one. A man with a thick neck, crumpled ears, scarred eyebrows that seemed to have been split and carelessly stuck together again, so that they were all crisscrossed with thin white lines. A man with a startled grin showing a gap where one yellow upper fang was missing. Lucien was vaguely conscious, being used to the clean air of outdoors, or at least such clean air as the Avenue could offer, that the atmosphere closing him in was stifling, hot and heavy with the smell of rubdowns and liniments; that it was like a hospital, or a sewer, or both, because there was no window for ventilation and no open transom over the door.

"Hey!" exclaimed the scarred old man of twenty-one. "Get th' hell out of here!"

"Stand up and put up your hands," retaliated Lucien, his heart beating so that he could feel it pounding on his ribs.

"What th' ——" began the fighter, but as Lucien moved he rolled swiftly over to the other side of the rubbing cot and, catching it with both hands, heaved it up and hurled it so violently at Lucien that if Lucien hadn't tripped on the lemon-yellow shoes and stumbled headlong his fighting career might have ended before it began. Lucien Aloysius scrambled to his feet, conscious of a crash behind him as the cot caromed from the wall and clattered to the floor. Lucien was outraged. In the gas-house district there was a code that demanded clean fighting, fist against fist. The sporting code was liberal as far as the use of head and elbow went, but it barred kicking and it barred weapons. Here he had given fair notice to a professional fighter, and the fighter was throwing the furniture at him. Rage flared in Lucien. He felt his heart leap and for a moment a red haze hung before his eyes—a curious red haze, in the middle of which he saw in blurred distortion a sneering, broken-toothed grin.

Lucien lunged forward with all his might to drive a punishing fist into that grin. Something thudded on him somewhere and he felt himself crashing against the floor at full length.

Instantly he was up again, and now the red haze was gone and his vision clear. Again he charged at the fighter in front of him, hammering furiously. The man seemed to sag under that attack. Lucien saw blood smearing across the fighter's cheek bone, sensed that he was trying to slip away along the wall.

"You nut!" cried the man.

Lucien leaped after him, fists swinging wildly. Again from somewhere a crushing blow hurled him to the floor. Again Lucien rolled over, but before he could rebound the fighter was over him, kicking savagely at his stomach, trying to stamp on his face. Then Lucien was up again, plunging, hitting, vibrating with fury, strength redoubled, berserk rage shaking him. Being hit, even being knocked down, was nothing new in his experience. But being kicked! That wasn't in the code. He felt his fists landing. He felt the jar of his own blows clear to the elbow, the shoulder.

(Continued on Page 110)

"The Kid Gets Your Tights and Your Shoes and Your Job. Move Now Before I Finish You Myself"

PERFECTION—LIMITED

By
Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY
R. M. BRINKERHOFF

"No, Elaine, There is Nothing to Suggest That Hank is Buried Under the Wreckage"

AFTER the mysterious millionaire found dead in New York had turned out to be my long-lost uncle; and after his money, left to my deceased father, had been inherited by me; and after I had enjoyed some of the pleasures of being wealthy, I decided that I had ought to get married. And as I had passed some years repainting automobiles in Pearl City, I thought it suitable to go back there and ask for my old job once more. Thus, I felt, I could look around a little and find a life partner who would not be marrying me for my money, because she would not know anything about same.

It was a little hard to settle down to work after the long vacation, but pretty soon I had slipped back into the old life. There was the same gang that played poker Saturday nights; another movie and vaudeville house had opened; and the duck-hunting crowd was still going strong. I cut out expensive cigarettes and rolled my own, and instead of going to night clubs or anything like that, I took books out of the library.

Thus the time passed painlessly. Moreover, one load that had always been on my mind was now absent; always before, and particularly after conversations with my friend Geoffrey Fairfax, I had worried about the future and whether I had ought to study drafting or salesmanship or what in order to better my financial condition. Now that this was no longer necessary and with my conscience at ease, I found life in Pearl City much more agreeable than formerly.

But in another way things did not go so good. After some weeks of Pearl City dances and similar gatherings, I was obliged to admit that I was as far as ever from finding the ideal girl I wished to win for a life partner. And it was with the idea that as a systematic person he might give me some hints on looking for her systematically that I dropped in on Geoff Fairfax.

"What are you doing back here in the old town?" he asked.

Without revealing my new financial situation, I told Geoff my intentions as to matrimony.

"I congratulate you on your decision, Hank, old man, because every young fellow should marry if he feels he can afford it and if there is perfect harmony between the two parties." He stopped for a moment while a peculiar expression played about his face. "Though I would not feel justified in advising you, I think I know the very person who can put you in the way of meeting the desirable young ladies of Pearl City."

"Who is that, Geoff?"

"She is a Mrs. Leathers, a widow, who came to town a couple of years ago and who earns her living by acting as professional secretary for a half dozen women's organizations. I met her when she was managing the Know-Pearl-City Week, and I will give you a note of introduction."

Thus it was that twenty-four hours later I found myself in a small efficiency flat, talking to a lady about twenty-nine years of age and with a very businesslike appearance, except that she was making fudge.

"I am sorry to add to your many duties, Mrs. Leathers, but I have an important mission which I wish to confide to you."

"Important missions are my meat and drink, Mr. Barker. When I am not getting up a Chinese Evening with refreshments for the Woman's Political Association, then I am arranging a Contract Bridge for the French Club or trying to collect dues from the Society to Abolish Poverty. And the worst of it is I was born lazy and detest work of all kinds, which is why I am obliged to be a hypocrite about sixteen hours a day. Now just what is this mission?"

After pledging her to secrecy, I recounted the change in my circumstances and the resulting ambition to raise a family.

"So you want to raise a family, Mr. Barker. Whose family are you going to raise, or are you thinking of going into the family-raising business on your own hook?"

"The latter," I replied.

Mrs. Leathers played with her notebook as she said, "It is a lucky thing for you I am not the kind of girl some of the old cats in this city think I am. If I were I would immediately muss up my hair, throw my arms around your neck, call in witnesses, and before you knew what you were doing, the fatal words would have been spoken and you would be all set to raise a family in a hurry. But as I am a square shooter I am going to assume that you are not thinking of getting married to me, but to somebody else."

My embarrassment was such I could hardly speak and, probably noticing this, she went on:

"I am no clairvoyant, but something tells me, Mr. Barker, that I see your ideal. She is beautiful and blond."

"Yes, yes," I said eagerly, "go on."

"Not too old—perhaps twenty-two—she comes of a poor family and thus has learned the value of money, but she has risen above her environment.

"Always sweet and gracious and smiling, she is like a ray of sunshine in the house. When you enter, the first thing you hear is her silvery laughter or some familiar melody sung in her sweet, clear voice."

"Yes, I have always pictured her like that."

"Though lacking opportunity, she has made the most of her cultural chances. Thanks to her resolute desire to improve herself, she would not be out of place in marble halls. Brilliant and beautiful, young and kind, true-hearted and poor, she is capable of loving you for yourself alone. In a word, she is perfection itself. Have I described her?"

"Yes, Mrs. Leathers," I said, hardly able to contain myself. "Where is she to be found?"

"That is a hard question, Mr. Barker, because I don't think she exists outside of your imagination. But I am in touch with most of Pearl City, and if she is really in this town perhaps I can locate her. No, put away that check book. I am not a professional matchmaker. I am doing this just for fun, the same way I would like to drop a cake of soap into a geyser. My motto is 'Try everything once,' which is responsible for a lot of grass widows."

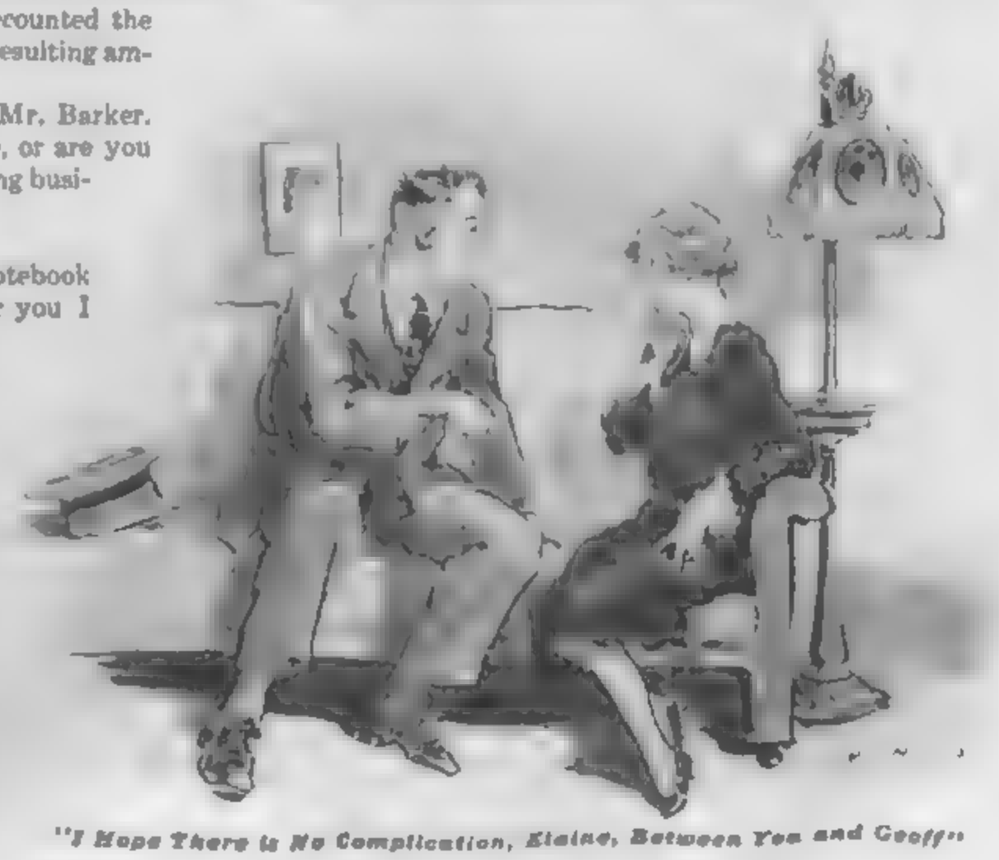
"What kind are you?" I asked with a merry smile.

"Tra-la-la," was her answer, so I did not press the inquiry.

Though I had not expected to give any such specific directions to Mrs. Leathers, I thought afterward maybe it was all for the best, as it gave her something to aim at.

From time to time during the week we had various telephone conversations which would run something like this:

"How would you like to meet an ideal bride with red hair, but otherwise similar to order?"



"I Hope There is No Complication, Elaine, Between You and Geoff"

"I am No Clairvoyant, But Something Tells Me, Mr. Barker, That I See Your Ideal. She is Beautiful and Blond"

"How about her disposition, Mrs. Leathers?"

"There are no red-haired angels, Mr. Barker."

"Well, I guess I know what you mean, Mrs. Leathers, so I will ask you to look a little farther."

Or like this:

"Hello, Mr. Barker. The ideal bride has been found at last. She has black hair, but aside from that she is all that could be desired—practically."

"What do you mean by 'practically,' Mrs. Leathers?"

"Well, I may as well admit that she has an ingrowing mamma, and the two of them have decided she is as good as the best in Hollywood and they are moving heaven and earth to get her there." Then, when I did not say anything: "All right, Mr. Barker; silence speaks louder than words. The long agonizing struggle will begin again."

Ten days had passed and I had begun to think either that Mrs. Leathers had forgotten about her mission or else that my ideal bride did not exist in Pearl City, when she left a call for me to see her at her home.

"Mr. Barker, I have found the lady of your dreams. Personally I can answer for her good looks, and in other respects, according to those who know, she measures up even better than specifications. She is not engaged to anybody and in every way is worthy of you. So you can look up your favorite organist and tell him to begin practicing on 'Here Comes the Perfect Bride.'"

II

I WILL omit the details of courtship and how I wooed and won Elaine Van Struyver. Let me remark, however, here at the beginning, that she was all Mrs. Leathers had said and more.

The first time I saw her I had my breath taken away because she was so beautiful. And that was not all. Though dressed simply and inexpensively, she had shown such good taste that not all the wealth in the world could have improved her appearance.

But what interested me even more was her character and disposition. Anybody might have thought that with all her natural advantages she would have been spoiled and frivolous, but such was far from the case. In spite of being a general favorite and having many invitations, she accepted no masculine attentions whatever except that now and then she let one of the serious-minded boys from the office accompany her home.

Seven hours a day she spent running a typewriter for a box factory, though this represented only a small part of her daily duties. Before she left home she aided her widowed mother in the household duties and particularly in the care of her many younger brothers and sisters. And after her regular work was finished she not only helped around the house but was also leader of the Girls' Club at the factory. Twice a week she taught in the factory's Americanization classes; she was prominent in Sunday-school work, and she was always going out of her way to teach arithmetic, and so on, to the little boy from next door who was not very bright.

With all these tasks she was ever light-hearted and merry, nor was this attitude one adopted for show. Investigation revealed that she was just as pleasant and agreeable with her own family as with outsiders. And never did I enter the house without hearing her sing, to a sweet melody:

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha;
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha."

And this laughing song rippled along till it made you think of a pure mountain brook. And when she had to wipe her little brother's nose it was invariably with a smile.

She seemed to take her greatest pleasure not in showing off but in helping others to reveal their possibilities. When the little boy from next door who was not very bright had no regular school work to be done, she was always offering to help him study Nature or drawing or similar branches. This characteristic touched me more than I could express.

"Mrs. Leathers," I said after the engagement, "never will I be able to thank you enough."

"Tra-la-la! You asked for perfection and you got it."

"Is there anything wrong with wanting perfection?" I ventured, being puzzled by the expression on her face.

"Not so long as you don't get it," she said with a peculiar smile.

As I got to know Elaine better I admired her even more. And this admiration was increased when, little by little, I learned about her various splendid qualities and accomplishments.

One evening when I was calling and after she had put her little brothers and sisters to bed, she observed, "I hope you don't mind, Henry, if I play them a little something on the piano, because I want to cultivate their taste for music."

"Go ahead," I rejoined, prepared to hear her pick out some of the simpler melodies of the day. To my surprise she immediately began to execute a composition by a party named Chopin, and which she played with both hands in a way leaving nothing to be desired.

"Your parents must have spent a good deal of money on your education," was my remark when she had finished.

"No, Henry; all I know about music I gained by exchanging lessons in English conversation with a foreign music teacher who did not know our language."

"I don't see how you had the time to practice, Elaine."

"That was not difficult. If you really wish to learn something so as to be worthy of your opportunity when it comes, time for study can always be arranged. Why, I hope, Henry, you don't think I'm lazy. If I were the lazy type I should never have learned French and German."

"Do you know French and German, Elaine?"

"Yes, I read and write both these languages, though I fear I speak them with an accent, as I have had to depend on books rather than on native teachers. But I have always tried to learn what I could, and I improve my grasp of what I know by teaching my little brothers and sisters and the little boy next door, who is not very bright."

Never was I happier than at this moment, when I perceived so clearly that, no matter how highbrow the pleasures or palaces 'mid which we might roam, Elaine would never be out of place.

"Henry," she said to me after a short silence, "I hope you will not think me too curious, but how did you get those stains on the fingers and thumb of your right hand?"

"Those come from cigarettes, Elaine."

"Have you never noticed, Henry, that the use of tobacco tends to make one waste the precious minutes, and there are only 1440 minutes in the day?"

"No," I said, "I had not noticed it. I have always worked faithful and seem to be giving satisfaction in my present job and am well liked by the boss." I had said nothing about my wealth, keeping this as a wedding surprise.

"Do you feel that is enough, Henry?"

I had started to say "yes," when the expression on her face showed that this was not the right answer. "Well," I stated, "maybe not."

"If you will stop to think, Henry, you will see that when you make use of the word 'maybe' you understate the case. A man must always demand more of himself than any employer can possibly demand of him. There is no such thing in our intellectual life as standing still. Either we advance or we go back."

"Yes, Elaine."

"Take, for instance, your daily task. You are painting automobiles. Now what do you know, Henry, of the chemistry of paint?"

"Not much," I answered truthfully.

"Then don't you think, Henry, it would be a good idea to learn something of this important subject?"

"Yes," I said, because I wanted to please Elaine in every way, "and I have noticed that there is a chemistry course being given at the night high school."

"That will be just the thing for you, Henry, and you must enroll at once. Meanwhile I want you to occupy

(Continued on Page 107)

"If Your Job Interferes With an All-Night Poker Party, All You Have to Do is to Give Up Your Job"

THE COLLECTOR'S BEST BET

By Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, as Told to Avery Strakosch

Captain John Smith Being Rescued by Pocahontas

I DON'T give a tinker's dam about the money value!" We were working, my uncle Moses Polock and I, in his crowded bookshop on the second floor of the ancient red-brick building on Commerce Street in old Philadelphia. Uncle Moses sat on top of a ladder before some shelves, arranging his volumes, while I endeavored to find an important document in his paper-stuffed desk. An old colored man—a messenger—had just staggered up the stairs to deliver an enormous package. It proved to be, as usual, a lot of crusty old books, and the last straw for me. I looked despairingly at my uncle. Where were these to find room? Each corner of the place—the chairs, tables and his desk—was already filled; and the shelves, of course, were laden. I sighed. Why was Uncle Moses forever buying, buying, buying, and never—hardly ever—selling? And what was all this newly arrived lot worth? It didn't look like much to me. It was then that he caught the trend of my thought and boomed at me from the other end of the room. I was, you must remember, only sixteen at the time, and had yet to learn that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Uncle Moses quickly came down from his ladder and gloated proudly over the newly arrived pile of books. Then he fairly beamed as he turned to me.

"My boy," he exclaimed, "Americana! That's the stuff to collect!" He picked up a volume, opened to the yellowed title page and read aloud. "Here is a Discovery of the Barmudus otherwise called the Isle of Devils," he said. "It is the work of Silvester Jourdain, 1610. Americana! Why, even Shakespeare knew the fascination of it. It was this little book which in part inspired him to write The Tempest!" He turned to light his old meerschaum pipe, and as he did so, his battered picturesque top hat, which had stood crowded between a row of books and the wall, fell to the floor. I felt a savage glow of delight at this mishap. But Uncle Moses ignored it. He was on a favorite subject, and he had his most appreciative audience—me. Although I had not been born with a caul over my face, he felt I had second sight—for books. And he delighted to catch my imagination as a fair wind takes a sail, filling it now this way, now that. It was something of a relaxation for him.

History and Romance at Home

"HEAPS of people," he continued, "can't seem to get it into their heads that there is just as much drama in the history of our own country as in any of the Old World empires. Hasn't my friend Prescott made the conquerors of Mexico and Peru live before our eyes? Talk about William the Conqueror. What is the matter with Columbus, Cortés and Pizarro?" I was thrilled now—thrilled to the marrow when he talked like that. And with gratification he watched me as I stood there transfixed.

"Think of the capture of the last Inca! Why, it is far more exciting than the Battle of Agincourt. It outweighs even Shakespeare's graphic description in King Henry V." He stopped for a moment, his penetrating dark eyes sparkling with excitement. "But it is not only the battles, the political intrigues," he went on; "the early history of our great industries is just as important. For instance, the old Forty-Niners, records of the first discovery of gold in California, the beginning of the steel mills, the first railroad prospectuses, all this country's gigantic domestic activities! My boy, I envy you the years ahead in which you will discover for yourself the color, the romance, the mystery of your country's history!"

Time has proved to me that my uncle prophesied well when he said that Americana would have a unique and splendid place in the book world. And although his prophecies were made many years ago, it is not too late today to start collecting Americana. But, of course, tomorrow may be. It gets scarcer every day, it will never be any cheaper, and of one thing you may be sure: Its value will increase with the rising fortunes of America.

So many of the books and documents on which history is based have been absorbed by public libraries and by historical societies that the available source material itself has dwindled. In the old days, when such friends of Moses Polock as James Lenox, Doctor Brinley, old Menzies, John Carter Brown, Brayton Ives, Henry C. Murphy, James Carson Brevoort, and countless others were enslaved by an inordinate passion for books, they did not have to go far afield to find the things that delighted their souls. The most precious relics were to be found almost at their doorsteps. If they were in Philadelphia it was to the bookstalls along Second Street they went; in New York, to the drowsy old shops of lower Broadway. In these and other places serious-minded young collectors—can't you see them in their stove-pipe hats, their high, tight collars, and enormous black satin cravats?—searched in leisurely mood through the untouched treasure hordes of Americana. Indeed, those were the days when you could pick up Smith's History of Virginia for fifty dollars, almost as easily as you can secure today the latest novel of a popular writer.

Indians Playing With Rattles, 1590

The Way of the Bibliofiend

BUT, budding collectors, do not despair. Who knows but that there are nuggets hidden this very minute, at your hand? Hidden only because you do not realize their potential value! Things which are considered valueless today may soar high in favor in the near future. You know that our grandfathers—not to mention their sisters and their cousins and their aunts—could have bought the autograph letters of such historical figures as Lincoln, Grant, Lee and Jeff Davis for a few dollars during the years that immediately followed the Civil War. And it was not until twenty years later that collectors began to gather together everything they could find concerning Lincoln, for it was not until then that he became a figure permanently great in the thought of the people. His merest pen scratch took on a definite value, which has increased steadily since then.

The World War has now been over for nearly nine years. Mementos of the conflict which are today tolerated merely for their sentimental value will be highly esteemed twenty years from now. They will be coveted objects not only in the eyes of the collector but to the perhaps more discerning ones of the historian as well.

The way of the transgressor is not much harder than that of the enthusiastic bibliofiend. The only difference is that the latter is sure of his eventual reward. Not a day passes

that some man or woman does not appear in my library, either in Philadelphia or in New York, to offer me some curious and interesting book, tract or letter relating to the history of this country. Very often I have to pay heavily for certain desirable documents. But, like my Uncle Moses, I don't give a tinker's dam about the money value. I hope I am a cheerful giver when, as a result of my purchase, I can discover material hitherto unknown to the historians of our country.

When my brother Philip was in Spain last year he spent several weeks touring through the picturesque towns and villages of Granada. Can you imagine his surprise and joy when one day he stopped at an ancient monastery and bought a bundle of old papers which contained a most valuable and interesting document. It was the original manuscript signed by the Emperor Charles V, wherein Hernando Cortés, Adelantado of the Indies, was appointed Knight of the Order of Santiago.

A Tankard Presented to George Washington by the Reverend Doctor Green, Feb. 22, 1763, at Truro, Virginia

Columbus' Story

AS THIS Order was an honor considered at that time the most distinguished and aristocratic in all Castile, it naturally showed Cortés in a light hitherto unnoted by historians. Today this magnificent document is in the collection of my dear friend, Mr. H. V. Jones, in Minneapolis. Mr. Jones in a surprisingly short time has formed one of the finest libraries of books relating to this country.

From the very day that Christopher Columbus discussed his great project with Queen Isabella, the stream of American history has at all times flowed tumultuously, and never without color and romance.

When Columbus returned to Spain from the New World, he stopped on February 14, 1493, at Santa Maria, one of the islands of the Azores, probably to take water. Four days before this he had encountered the most terrific storm of his great adventure, and was convinced that he, his men and his vessels must perish. Now Columbus realized in his heart that he was going back to Spain with news of a discovery second in importance to no other. And when it seemed that his ship would sink at any moment he set to work to make a record of his mighty undertaking, hoping that by some will of the Fates it would not be lost to posterity. So he carefully prepared as complete an account of his marvelous voyage as was possible under the circumstances. He wrote the details of his journey on a stout piece of parchment, wrapped it carefully in a piece of waterproof cloth, then placed it in an iron-bound barrel and threw it into the raging ocean. But the Fates were kinder to Columbus than to this account made in a time of stress.

Certainly this, the first record of America, written by the brave hand of Columbus, would be the most precious relic in all the chronicles of our country. Alas, that it never has been found! And if I thought there were one chance in a million of finding it I would take my power boat, the First Folio, and cruise in the neighborhood of the Azores forever!

It is also curious that another letter which Columbus wrote the day after he arrived at Santa Maria, to his friend Luis de Santangel, has never been found; nor has another and more concise account of his experiences, which he wrote in an exultant vein to the Reyes Catolicos, Ferdinand and Isabella, immediately upon landing in Lisbon.

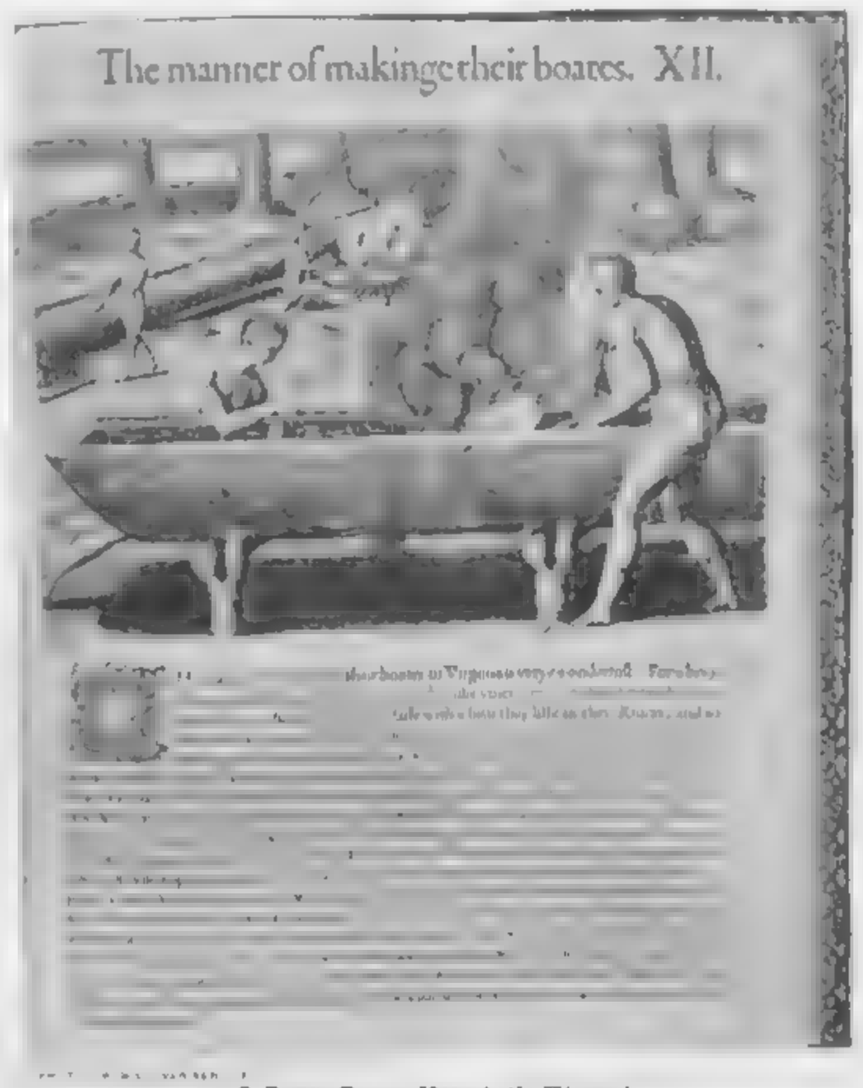
The News Broadcast

EVERY school child is taught the date of Columbus' arrival at Palos, March 15, 1493. On that very same day he dispatched two letters to the Court, then sitting at Barcelona. Another, much briefer and more to the point, he sent to another friend, Gabriel Sanchez, then the royal treasurer.

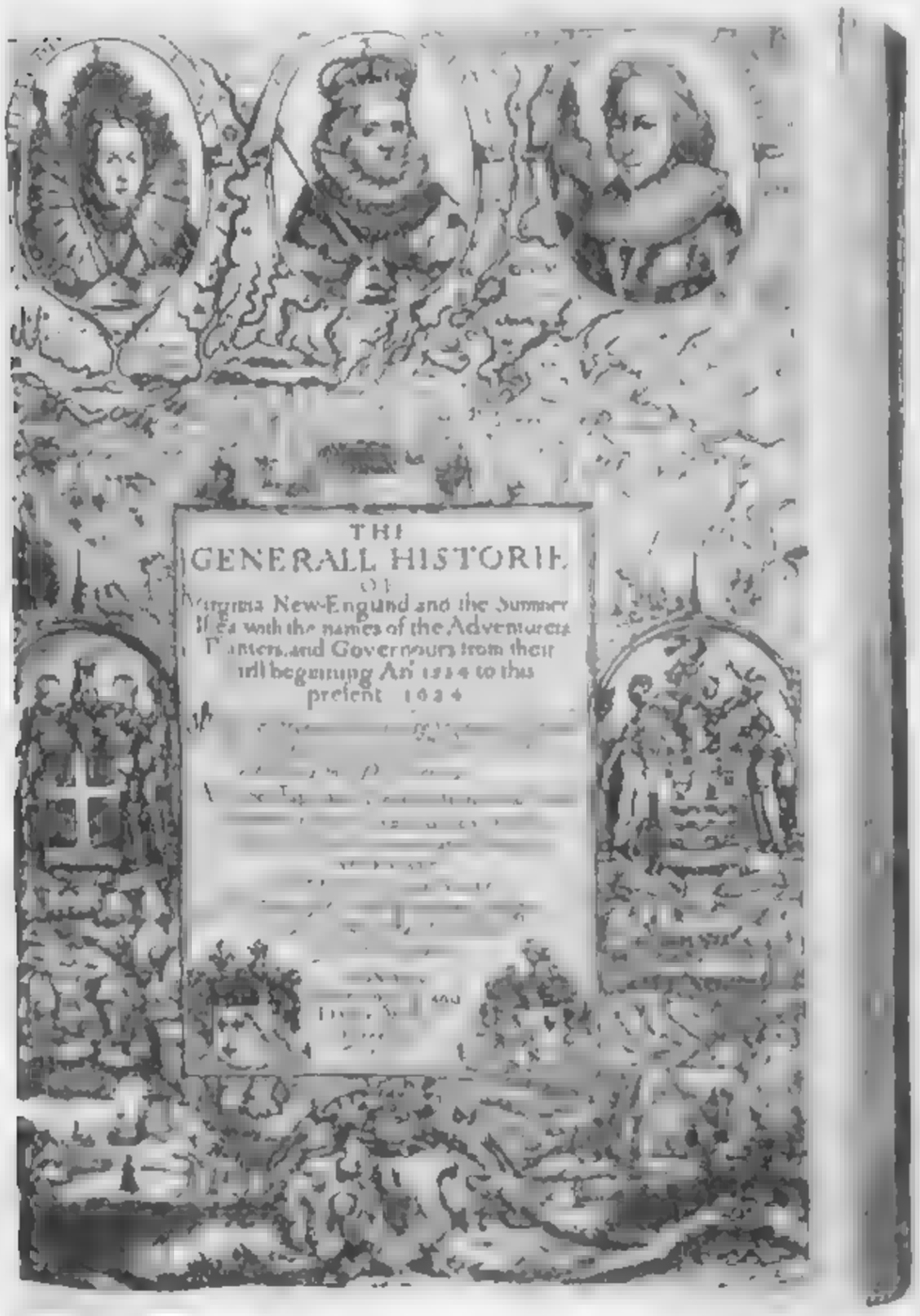
About one month after Columbus returned to Spain, a second letter which he indited to Luis de Santangel was printed on two leaves, folio size. Evidently these were sent out in all directions and must have been in great demand. You can well realize that the excitement created by the publication of his stupendous discovery was tremendous. And yet it is very strange that but one copy of the entire edition has survived. These two leaves are the actual cornerstone of American history. They are worth not only their weight in radium many times over but, to the book lover, his very chances of Paradise! They are now, I am proud to state, not in some musty old castle of Spain but in the Lenox Foundation, a part of the New York Public Library, in the heart of New York City. There, if you show the appropriate desire, you may see them any day. Some authorities think this letter was printed by Rosenbach, one of the earliest Spanish printers, and probably one of my forbears. The old fool! Why didn't he save at least one of them for his descendants?

Of the second edition of this letter, with the Fates still pursuing, there is likewise but one remaining copy. Today it reposes in a very safe place—the Ambrosian Library in Milan. The present Pope, Pius XI, who should be the patron saint of all modern book collectors, was first the assistant in this library, and finally the librarian. In bygone years his knowledge of books and his infectious enthusiasm inspired many a bookman. How it must have delighted him to have this great letter of Columbus in his care!

Edition after edition of the first Columbus letter soon appeared. The news was so astounding that all who could read wanted to see for themselves the discoverer's own description of this amazing new land. Four editions appeared in Rome, two in Basle, three in Paris and one in Antwerp. These were all published in Latin or Italian. Florence printed the news four separate times, but strange to relate, the first edition in German did not appear until 1497. But the Germans enhanced their edition with one of the most amusing woodcuts I have ever seen. It is a picture of the King of Spain and Columbus, who seem to be explaining their great achievement, doubtless as an offering, to Jesus Christ. There were six copies of it known until recently, three of which are in this country—one in the Lenox Library, one in the John Carter Brown collection, in Providence, Rhode Island, and one in the collection of the late Mr. Henry E. Huntington. But only last year, when I visited an old library in the western part of England, the private collection of a friend of mine, I had a very curious experience.



A Page From Harriot's Virginia



The Engraved Title to Captain John Smith's History of Virginia, 1624

With Womanly Intuition

IT WAS at that hour which is neither day nor night, and the dressing gong for dinner had sounded. I put my hand out in the half light and touched—not the *fille de chambre*, as Sterne relates in his Sentimental Journey, but the edges of something projecting from a shelf of an old bookcase. I had the strange feeling of an omen about to be realized, one of those peculiar premonitions women are always boasting of. I loosened the books on either side, drew out the object and went soberly to the nearest window, to find that I had not one but two copies of this German Columbus letter! That was enough to stagger anyone. One is in the collection of that great lover and connoisseur of books, Mr. Grenville Kane, of Tuxedo Park, New York, who is now the *doyen* of American collectors; the other is cherished by my old friend, Mr. H. V. Jones.

The story of this country unfolds itself like some gorgeous panorama as you look through the books which chronicle the stirring times of the early adventurers. Who wouldn't choose to hear tales from actual eyewitnesses, rather than read them rehashed in a fusty history book? The principal performers in the great historical dramas have themselves told for us stories of daring, of bravery, of great disasters and victories. Such men were Amerigo Vespucci, and Waldseemüller, the famous geographer, whose Cosmographiæ Introductio, published at St. Die in 1507, was the first book which gave the name, America, to the New World; Peter Martyr, the first historian of the Indies, who described the voyages of his friends and

Continued on Page 87)

BLAH! BLAH! BLACK SHEEP

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

THE Grand Assembly Room of Atlanta Lodge Number 26, The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, was crowded with excited colored humanity. The air was heavy with cigar smoke and pungent with the odor of liniment and smelling salts.

In the ring which had been roped off in the center of the hall, a large pugilistic gentleman of chrysanthemum hue was engaged in the task of annihilating a colored person of darker shade and less ability. The potential victor paid little heed to the wild cries of encouragement, nor did the imminent loser appear to give enthusiastic ear to the shouts of "Knock 'im out!" and "Kill the big bum!" which reverberated through the hall.

Close against the ropes sat two rapt spectators. One of these was excessively tall and loose-jointed, and he stared pop-eyed at the shambles. This man, Jasper De Void—once of Dothan, Alabama, but now an affluent and proud citizen of Birmingham—was witnessing his first prize fight and he found it an awe-inspiring and nerve-racking spectacle. Mr. De Void's companion was also tall and slender, but he gazed upon the spectacle with a coldly critical eye. Mr. Anopheles Ricketts considered himself a connoisseur of pugilism. He stared with a coldly critical and somewhat fishlike eye, and only when he felt the gaze of Jasper De Void turned upon him did he smile.

The fighter with the very light complexion planted two straight lefts on the countenance of his opponent. Immediately after blinding him with the second jab, Mr. Knock-out Bitts shot over a short, powerful right across. This hook, with Mr. Bitts' one hundred and seventy pounds of solid muscle behind it, landed on that portion of the darker man's jaw which is known to the *cognoscenti* as "the button," and the unfortunate recipient of the punch collided violently with the floor. The referee bent over the prostrate figure and proceeded to toll the fatal ten. Jasper De Void covered horrified eyes with shaking hands.

"Oh, golly!" he murmured. "That man ain't got no heart. Think of him standin' up there doin' 'rithmetic while the other feller is sufferin'!"

The crowd surged into the ring and gave first aid to the obliterated fighter. Enthusiastic friends gathered about the quietly triumphant Knock-out Bitts and informed him that he was the best in the world. Knock-out modestly waved aside the congratulations.

"Shuh!" he announced, "I could of done a heap better if I had of been in condition."

Jasper turned popping eyes upon Anopheles Ricketts. "Listen at that man, Anopheles! I reckon if he had of been in shape the other fighter would of been dead an' buried by now."

"Reckon so," agreed Anopheles. "This heah Knock-out Bitts is one of the greatest fighters in the world."

They stood aside and permitted the crowd to surge past them. The fighters and their handlers went to their dressing rooms, the spectators streamed down the steps and out into the glare of Decatur Street. Mr. Ricketts surveyed his impressed companion with a critical eye.

"How'd you like it, Jasper?"

"Now I Asks You Finah: Does You Th'ow This Fight, or Don't You?"

"Wonderful!" breathed Mr. De Void. "It was terrible!"

The eyes of the other man narrowed speculatively. "How would you like to meet Knock-out Bitts?"

"Me?"

"Uh-huh, you."

"Him?"

"Yeh, him."

"That would be the most thing I'd love."

"Come along then." Anopheles Ricketts shouldered a masterful way through the morbid spectators who remained in the hall. He entered the dressing room of the victorious warrior without so much as a by-your-leave. Jasper De Void, impressed to the point of hysteria, followed.

Knock-out Bitts, none the worse for wear, was completing a rubdown. His bronze flesh gleamed in the pale yellow light. His eyes widened as he visioned one of his visitors. He came forward with hand outstretched.

"Hot ziggity dam!" exclaimed the pugilistic gentleman. "If it ain't my ol' buddy Anopheles Ricketts fum Bumminham!"

Jasper De Void felt that his knees would no longer support him. All of his uneventful existence on the outskirts of a little town in South Alabama, Mr. De Void had yearned to mix with persons of consequence—dignitaries whose names carried sufficient weight to appear in the news columns of the daily press. And now he stood in the presence of the man who he was quite certain was the greatest colored fighter the world had ever produced. Not only that, but his friend and companion, Anopheles Ricketts, was conversing with this personage on terms of friendly equality. Jasper was stunned. He felt that life had extended its ultimate gift.

Then a still more amazing thing happened. He saw the eyes of both men turned in his direction and he heard the voice of Mr. Ricketts as though from a great distance: "Jasper, I craves to 'traduce you to my frien', Mistuh Knock-out Bitts."

Jasper's hand was imprisoned in five hooks of steel. He heard the hearty voice of the fighter expressing his happiness at being made acquainted with Mr. De Void. As for the lanky rustic, he was too overcome for mere speech.

He stared and gasped, and his jaw sagged. He, Jasper De Void, follower of the plow, tiller of the soil, battler of the boll weevil, was actually shaking hands with a famous prize fighter in the great and glorious city of Atlanta, Georgia!

It was astounding! Staggering! Unbelievable! Jasper waited for the alarum of his ninety-eight-cent clock which would notify him that this was all a figment of his dreamful imagination. But no clock sounded. And then Jasper heard Anopheles suggest that Knock-out Bitts join himself and his friend for a bit of barbecue and a bowl of Brunswick stew. He heard Mr. Bitts' enthusiastic acceptance, and a half hour later found himself walking through the crowds which congested the inconsiderable breadth of Decatur Street, toward a lunch counter which was reputed to be the very best in the Darktown district of Atlanta.

Not until Mr. De Void had partaken heartily of the luscious food did he return to consciousness. Until that time he continued to doubt the reality of the situation. He could not believe that so inconsequential a person as himself had been suddenly flung into the glare of the spotlight; and as he commenced to grasp the true magnificence of the situation, his already exalted opinion of Mr. Anopheles Ricketts commenced to mount.

Until this Atlanta trip, Mr. De Void had not thought very highly of Mr. Ricketts. That person impressed him as being a somewhat negative quantity—a man of no particular importance in the social or commercial scheme of things in Birmingham. It had been with considerable reluctance that Jasper accompanied Anopheles to Atlanta. Only the desire to see the city induced him to undertake the rather arduous six-hour journey. And now ——

His cup of bliss was fairly overflowing. He wished that some of his old friends in Dothan could see him at the moment. He shook himself together and tried to take part in the conversation—being somewhat handicapped by a hesitancy in speech which invariably became pronounced when he was highly excited.

Through all this Mr. Ricketts kept Mr. De Void under critical, low-lidded surveillance. There was more than a trifle of method in the apparent madness of Anopheles, and things seemed to be working out marvelously well. Ever since the advent of Jasper De Void to Birmingham some three months previously, Mr. Ricketts had been

interested. Arriving in the Alabama metropolis fresh from his farm, Jasper had announced that he possessed a cash capital of two thousand dollars—proceeds from the sale of a small and fertile farm. He also brought with him to Birmingham a pervading desire to carve for himself a modest niche in the dusky social and civic world.

His appearance in Birmingham under those conditions was a challenge to all who fancied themselves possessed of nimble wit and business acumen. Thrice attacks had been launched upon Jasper's bank roll and precisely three times the attackers had come off dolorously second best. Three of Birmingham's keenest groaned under the discomfiture of defeat at Mr. De Void's hands. Florian Slappey, Acey Upshaw and Semore Mashby had tried their luck with rather disastrous results. At the present moment Jasper possessed nearly three thousand dollars in cash, had lived luxuriously for a quarter year at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, and had come into sole and exclusive ownership of a magnificent drill uniform for his lodge work, a decrepit but hopeful taxi business and the finest solitaire diamond ring in dusky Birmingham.

Yet despite this series of triumphs, no member of the dusky fraternity could quite convince himself that Jasper was other than inordinately lucky. He was so gangling, so credulous, that it seemed the Fates had been kind to him in steering him away from the shoals of disaster. True, such approaches as were made upon his bank roll now were negotiated with greater circumspection, but Jasper had rendered himself doubly attractive as a prize. Not alone would the successful raider on his money reap financial reward; there would also accrue to him the vast prestige of having accomplished what the three cleverest money manipulators in Birmingham had failed to do

It was because of this that Anopheles Ricketts had associated himself with Mr. De Void. Anopheles was tired of daily labor and yearned for the softer things of life. For a long time he watched Jasper from the sidelines, appraising his strength and his weakness; and he had finally ridden to the attack along a new route.

That Jasper was possessed of a humility complex was an open secret. It was equally well known that he craved anything which was calculated to set him in a place a trifle above his fellows. Jasper himself admitted that all his adult life he had avidly perused Birmingham newspapers, and was thoroughly dazzled by the glories of the city he had selected as a permanent home. Hence the trip to Atlanta with Anopheles Ricketts. And now Mr. Ricketts gazed into the awed and shining eyes of Jasper and saw that he had worked well indeed. He gave ear to a bit of conversation then being indulged in by Jasper and Knock-out Bitts.

"Y-y-y-you sho fit elegant tonight, Mistuh Knock-out."

The pugilist was modest. "Shuh! 'Tain't nothin' to lick a bum like that Kid Blossom. An' besides, I wasn't in no condition."

"Wh-what you mean—condition?"

"I wasn't in shape. I was hawg fat an' heavy. I coul'n't punch n'r nothin'."

"Good golly! I reckon it's lucky you coul'n't. Else Kid Blossom would be countin' roots right now."

"Right you is, tall boy. When I hits 'em they stay hit. But I always hates to fight when I ain't in shape."

"H-h-how come you wasn't ready?"

A lavender blush stained Mr. Knock-out's bronze cheeks. "I reckon jail ain't no place to train, is it?"

"Jail? You was in jail?"

"Uh-huh."

Jasper blinked. He wanted to ask questions but was too polite. It seemed to him that one's prison record was a personal affair. Anopheles Ricketts hastened to relieve an embarrassing situation.

"Don't git no wrong idea, Jasper. Mistuh Bitts has been in jail, but he di'n't do nothin' wrong."

"Yeh?"

"It was thisaway," explained Knock-out Bitts savagely: "I was just dumb, tha's all. Somebody gits into trouble heah, not me. Only I seen the trouble when it happened. So they sent me a suppeena to be a witness an' I never paid no 'tention to that paper fum the co't! B'lieve me, tha's twice I gotten into trouble fo' not payin' 'tention to co't papers, an' I sholy never will again."

"Wh-what happened?" queried Mr. De Void.

"Well, that suppeena demanded me to be a witness an' I never paid it no heed. An' next thing I knowed they come an' grabbed me, an' the judge said he'd show me. So he give me a jail sentence fo' attempt of co't. He said he guessed that'd teach me to pay 'tention to legal papers after this."

"I—I guess it will, won't it?"

"Tha's the one thing it won't do nothin' else but, Mistuh De Void. Twice I been stung by not noticin' things Tother time was when I an' my wife 'greed to git a divorce fum each other. It was all fixed up that she was gwine sue me an' I wan't gwine protest. Nor neither she wan't to git no alimoneys. So when they gimme the divorce papers I just th'owed 'em in the fire—figgerin' that the sooner she gotten that divorce the happier I was gwine be. Next thing I heard she not on'y had the divorce but also I was boun' to pay a heap of alimoneys. An' it all come 'cause I di'n't pay no 'tention to that paper. If I had of read it, I'd of knowed she was doin' me dirt an' things could of been fixed." Mr. Bitts fixed a moody eye on the opposite wall. Anopheles turned to Jasper.

"So you see, Brother De Void, they ain't nothin' wrong with Mistuh Bitts. He pays his wife alimoneys which he ain't due to be payin', an' he goes to jail on account of not readin' a suppeena 'bout a case he di'n't have nothin' to do with. Hard luck just walloped him in the eye."

"You said it," mourned the fistic gentleman. "An' fum now on I goes my way clam an' peaceful—fightin' fo' whatever money I can git."

Jasper was excessively impressed. He longed to express his deep sympathy but could not find the proper phrases. He listened to Anopheles, who was addressing the disconsolate fighter:

"You got a manager, Knock-out?"

"Nope. I ain't got nothin'."

"Ain't you aimin' to git one?"

Mr. Bitts spread his hand hopelessly. "Who can I git?" he inquired moodily. "I would take a feller which could advance me about a hund'ed dollars an' also pay my trainin' espenses an' keep me in clothes an' food until I started gittin' regular fights. But I can't find ——"

"How would you split with him?"

"Fifty-fifty," came the prompt answer, "previded he paid all my espenses."

Anopheles whistled. "Ginrous man what you is." He turned to Jasper. "Yonder's yo' chance, Brother De Void!" he announced enthusiastically.

"Wh-wh-what is which chance?"

"Why don't you manage Knock-out Bitts?"

Jasper's heart missed a beat. His Adam's apple leaped frantically up and down. He stared unbelievingly.

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Shortly After One o'Clock the Front Door of the Richetts Home Opened. Five Persons Emerged

MY DEAR

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"What are You Thinking of, Jack?" Said Jenny, Stopping Her Machine a Moment. "Me? Nothing. Only How to Fix These Two Sides Together"

IV

NEVER had Jenny Croft been kissed like this; and Danby also thought, all the triumphant strength back in him, if but momentarily, "No girl has ever been like this one!"

In his way, he had far more of the world's wisdom than had she; in her way, her worldly wisdom surpassed his, was ages older and subtler, sadder and gladder. It was the wisdom of different worlds, unblending, apart. That kiss seemed to bridge all; it was flung like a little ship upon a vast ocean between two stranger continents.

"I adore you, Jenny, darling," said the young man Danby; and she put her arms around him—her thin strong arms that had lifted his aching body so often and so tenderly to an easier position upon its bed in this past surprising week.

"You locked the door, dear!" he cried, bright with triumph; and glancing from her dream at the key she had just turned in the lock, she murmured, amazed, "Now why did I do that? It wasn't likely Heiner would come back, with you here."

She looked, thrilled, at his big gaunt frame now held taut, and ran her fingers up the muscles of his arms.

"You locked it because this is our room, our world."

Feeling the muscles that had sprung so suddenly from their indolent rest, she sighed, "You're strong."

"I was runner-up for the lightweight championship for Oxford University."

"I'll bet Heiner knows more than he knew before!"

"That soft pig! He's just butter."

"Sit down and rest."

"I don't want to rest. I want to kiss Jenny."

He put up his hand and turned off the glimmer of gas by which she had been working. The curtains were not drawn yet. He walked Jenny over, his arm about her, to the open window to breathe in the warm spring night.

"What does it matter any more if anyone sees us looking out together, dear?"

But with the dusky room behind them, it was unlikely that the face beside Jenny's would be recognized. It might even—a pale blur—pass for the large and bony countenance of Mrs. Leave.

"I'm quite absolutely happy," murmured Danby, sinking his cheek against hers.

All the wisdom and the learning of the rash young world he knew reminded him of the raptures of such times as these; with a slender girl in his arms, kissing her, love-making, chaffing her, and again kissing. There had been girls—the one at the Oxford bookseller's, the wild-blooded, demure-mannered parlor maid at his Uncle Lucas' house one summer vacation, the subtle young wife of one of the dry dons, and some innocent plump girls who came up with one's relations for Eights week, and whom one took on the river and kissed from sheer courtesy—they expected it so! Not but that he knew that this was different; that in Jenny Croft he held the strangest, fiercest thing in his arms.

All the wisdom and learning of the old and sharp world that she knew told Jenny that it was for her to adjust their affairs; to preserve them both from the slough into which those like them sank so easily. In her heart she always kept a candle burning at the altar of a beautiful marriage; an ecstatic conquest; the splendid spoils of a stern fight.

"This won't do."

"To love you—won't do?"

"We can't stay on like this, here, now."

"But it seems to me, Jenny, as if we can and must stay here like this forever—most especially and particularly now. You're mine, aren't you?"

"Yes."

He began to proclaim, with soft passion: "And I'm yours." Something stopped him. A stupid shocked pride held his tongue silent. Was he hers—Jenny Croft's? And while they stayed cheek to cheek, the kindly dusk veiling the housetops of the alley so that its discordance did not intrude upon the pictures in his mind, he saw sleepily—for he was tired with his exertion, and exaltation had but tired him the more—proud old gray walls, proud old green trees and lawns; and then he could see men sitting in rooms round polished mahogany or oak blackened by centuries of time; men talking easily; a port glass refilled here and there; proper men in their proper setting. Was he Jenny Croft's?

He was hers, and sinking his cheek dumbly against her cheek, he knew it. He had failed. He was lost. She had found him. His stomach had been hungry. His heart was hungry, and his soul.

"Well then, Jenny—dear little Jenny, what else'll we do?"

Like a man, that! She knew men—the easiest way and the pleasantest way all the time! How she loved him! How her heart soared and her throat could have burst into song! And yet, when Heiner had crept in, so short a while ago, she had known herself weary; she had been drooping and sagging over her work.

"You'll have to have another room till we're married, if we're going to marry."

How softly she said it. Her thoughts of marriage radiated and spread over him. It was almost as though there were a candle in his heart, too, lighted before a secret altar. He seemed to himself to be a new man. The pictures that teased his mind a moment before passed out, and his mind was a blank screen for the reception of Jenny. What had he to do with lordly dining tables, proud gray houses? As they repudiated him, so he repudiated them. He felt strong and gay, with his cheek against Jenny's.

"So you'd marry me, Jenny?"

And his mind harked back again—but humbly now—to show him that not one girl in that proud old world he had left would take him as he was.

"You'd marry me—me, out of work and down at heel, and without a ha'penny, dear?"

"I would, my dear."

"Oh, Jenny!"

"You'll get work. You'll work. Work's all you want now to make you fine and independent again."

"Where'll I get work?"

"Where have you tried, dear?"

He began to tell her of his few attempts—with no hope in his heart—to get employment from various labor bureaus.

"No good. You see, I haven't a trade."

"Nor any references?"

The word surprised him. "References? N-n-no."

"You're hardly ever taken without references."

"No."

He realized it suddenly. His Uncle Lucas was always particular about characters. He could recall the old boy now. And even his mother, too, when engaging menials laid emphasis upon this necessity.

"There's somewhere I can get you taken on—a job I know of—if I recommend you as my friend."

Oh, heaven, he thought, what a queer world! Recommended by Jenny, poor little sewing girl—the only way by which he could earn his bread!

He took her face, so thin, and yet, he noted afresh, almost the shape of a heart, between his hands.

"Thank you, my dear."

"'My dear,'" she said. "Beautiful name to call anyone, I always think."

A knock fell sharply on the locked door. Danby remembered all at once. The curate was calling for him at eight, to take him to the vicarage, to a roof of charity. A gay, laughing fury rose pleasantly in him. He would not go! And he would like to see Hamilton's face when —— Almost simultaneously with Hamilton's imperative knock Danby lighted the gas.

"I ought not to have turned it out. I am sorry, Jenny. I suppose he's too holy to believe in innocent love-making in the dark."

"He?"

"That's Hamilton."

Her unlocking of the door was as quick and silent as his lighting of the gas. She felt slightly confused that the door should have been locked at all.

Matthew Hamilton came in. He knew at once and irrefutably that something had happened. His heart sickened within him. There was no mistaking the young man's insolent and mischievous triumph, the shining of his eyes. The curate looked at Jenny and saw the shining in her eyes, too, and her mouth curled and red in her heart-shaped face.

He knew he saw happiness; but, oh, he'd seen it before—transitory happiness, happiness of the flesh, blind, dumb, uncaring happiness. Did he see now only such happiness as that?

She spoke. "Glad to see you, Mr. Hamilton. We've news for you, haven't we, John? We're going to be married."

The curate in charge stood looking from one to the other. His gaze sank to the hat that he turned and turned in his hands. This bald news was not enough for him.

She went on: "John's going to work for Mr. Simmons, the greengrocer, just round in Whitechapel Road. He wants a strong young fellow and'll take any friend I recommend. He'll trust me. Will you call our banns next Sunday, Mr. Hamilton?" She looked at Danby. "It will be three Sundays before we can be married, my dear. Three callings of the banns, you know."

"Too long!" he answered promptly.

"And meanwhile?" said the curate at last, in a tightened voice. "Meanwhile you'd better come along with me, hadn't you, Danby?"

"No, Hamilton."

Jenny started a little at this. But then she knew—everyone knew in the alley—that her lover was a gentleman, the social equal of the parson. A queer little thrill ran over her, because, really, it was rather wonderful.

"Thanks, Hamilton, but I'll get a room."

The curate's eyes were on him, asking plainly and simply: "With whose money? Hers?" He turned from the curate's eyes in anger.

"Thank you, Mr. Hamilton," said Jenny, "but as he says, he's getting a room. The one opposite this one, across the landing, has been empty some time. The landlord'll let him have it on my recommendation. The landlord knows me. Mrs. Leave has the key, you see, because she washes rooms out when tenants go. I'll get it from her, and we can see the agent in the morning. Won't it be fine? Won't it be convenient? I'll be able to settle him in and start making the curtains, and then in three weeks we can have the two rooms." She was smiling. "It's providential about that room, Mr. Hamilton."

He could not see Providence anywhere in this. All he could see were his fears. He saw Jenny—like a flower, like fire, as he always thought her—treading old sad roads, at the old sad mission of reclaiming the irreclaimable. And he thought that there was more hope for a woman in an out-of-luck young workman than in a wastrel gentleman.

"I'll put the banns up on Sunday," he said, putting his hat down on the table and taking out a notebook. "Let me just take your full names. Jane Croft, spinster; John—any other name but John? No? John Danby, bachelor ——"

"'If anyone knows just cause or impediment,'" he thought. "But what is justice?"

He shook hands with Jenny. He held her thin young hand some time, gazing steadfastly at her. He loved the brave feel of that work-wise hand. He didn't want to see it swollen in the suds of a family washtub; he didn't want to see her courage assailed by the bitter hurts of marriage. He wanted her, impossibly, to go timeless and untouched. He shook hands rigidly with Danby.

"I wish you both all happiness and success," he assured them faintly. "If there is anything I can do for either of you, let me know. Will you come to the vicarage and have a talk one night—a friendly talk, eh, Danby?"

"I'd rather talk to Jenny; thanks all the same, Hamilton." The curate looked at him rigidly for a moment, nodded and went out.

(Continued on Page 96)

"You Don't Understand, Dear. She is the Earth." "Well, What am I?" "A Cultivated Orchid From the Hothouse of the Town"

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 2, 1927

The American Cruiser Status

CERTAIN London editors are much exercised over any agreement which might result in cutting down the cruiser strength of the British Navy, and some even go as far as to declare that America is trying to accomplish by diplomatic means what it could not hope to effect by force of arms.

The same editors try to make their readers believe that the friendly coöperation of Secretary Mellon with the British Government for the restoration of sterling to its gold parity was in fact a self-seeking scramble for trade advantage cynically accomplished by some mysterious form of coercion. The utterances of our own yellow press give us so much to blush for, that similar inanities which come to us from across the Atlantic should be regarded as subjects of condolence rather than of irritation.

Every American should have a clear understanding of our cruiser situation and he should fully realize the extraordinary lengths to which we have gone, either wisely or unwisely, in our efforts to stop the race for excessive naval armament.

It will be recalled that when the Washington Disarmament Conference met in 1921 the United States had under construction nine battleships of an aggregate displacement of 357,000 tons, and six battle cruisers amounting to 261,000 tons. The battleships were 43 per cent completed and the battle cruisers 16 per cent completed. About $150,000,000 had been spent on these ships.

The British had no battleships or battle cruisers under construction. The Japanese had a program of 161,958 tons of new construction, but it was largely on paper. Our conferees proposed a definite tonnage limitation on every class of naval ships on a 5-5-3-1.7-1.7 basis as follows:

	U. S. AND BRITAIN	JAPAN	FRANCE AND ITALY
Capital ships	500,000	300,000	170,000
Aircraft carriers	80,000	48,000	27,200
Cruisers and destroyers	450,000	270,000	153,000
Submarines	90,000	54,000	30,600

The French protested the small submarine tonnage suggested for them, and during the discussion the British proposed the abolition of all submarines. The British proposal met a sharp refusal by the French and Japanese, whereupon the British refused to consider any tonnage limitation on cruisers, destroyers or submarines. As a consequence, the agreement reached was as follows:

	U. S.	BRITAIN	JAPAN	FRANCE AND ITALY
Capital ships	525,000	558,000	315,000	175,000
Aircraft carriers	135,000	135,000	81,000	60,000

There was also an understanding that no single cruiser should be built of a greater displacement than 10,000 tons or to carry guns of a greater caliber than eight inches.

The good faith of the United States was abundantly demonstrated when it came to the scrapping of capital ships. We destroyed a total of 841,580 tons against 447,750 scrapped by Great Britain. In doing so we deliberately junked 552,000 tons of new ships. Those scrapped by Britain were old ships.

The naval unit next in importance after the battleship is the cruiser. Considering only modern ships completed since 1917, having a speed of twenty-nine knots or better, displacement in excess of 4000 tons, and armed with guns of 6.5 inches or heavier, we have eighteen cruisers either built, building or appropriated for. Britain has fifty. Japan has twenty-six. Only eight of our cruisers were started or appropriated for since the Washington Conference ended. Britain's figure is twenty-three. Japan's is sixteen. To put us on an equality with Britain as to cruiser tonnage we should have to lay down and complete within three years no fewer than twenty ships of 10,000 tons in addition to the eight we now have under construction.

Mere figures do not tell the whole story. They must be studied against the background of naval practice, political geography and international law. The following tabulation is a striking example of this fact. Three years from now the ratio of battleships and cruisers for the Big Three will be:

United States	18 Battleships	18 Cruisers
Britain	20 Battleships	50 Cruisers
Japan	10 Battleships	25 Cruisers

Consider these figures in the light of the following facts: First, in time of war fast cruisers of great steaming radius are essential for the protection of merchant shipping and for the safeguarding of trade routes. Second, a properly balanced fleet requires one cruiser for every battleship. Thus it is seen from the foregoing figures that the United States would not have a single free cruiser available for such duty. Britain would have thirty. Japan would have fifteen.

Belligerent ships of war which have taken fuel in a port of a neutral may not within the succeeding three months replenish their supply in any port of the same power. This means that if the United States were at war with another power and Britain were neutral, any ship of ours which had taken fuel at Singapore, for instance, could not, until three months had elapsed, again take fuel either at Singapore or at any other port in the British Empire in any part of the world. From this it may be seen what an enormous advantage is possessed by nations having well-distributed fueling stations.

The situation of our merchant marine is even more pitiable than that of our Navy. Two-thirds of our ocean freight is carried in foreign bottoms. In 1925 we paid foreign shipowners more than $400,000,000 for transportation charges. Our shipping laws make our vessels the most costly in the world to operate. We have denied our shipowners a square deal until we have forced most of them out of business. We have treated our once splendid merchant marine like a cross-eyed, red-headed stepchild. We have starved it and abused it and almost killed it.

Concentrates of altruism and of selfishness are both deadly poisons. Our Navy has had a dangerous dose of the former, and our merchant marine quite too much of the latter. Neither is thriving.

Every Man His Own Shylock

THERE may be technical distinctions between the old and the new methods of the loan shark, but the net result—that is to say, interest charges running from one hundred to three hundred per cent a year—is precisely the same for the distressed borrower. In several cities conditions are worse than ever before.

It was to lessen such distress that Mr. Edward A. Filene, merchant and philanthropist, undertook to finance out of his own pocket a systematic movement for the spread of coöperative banks of the type known as credit unions. These are mutual banking societies with memberships commonly limited to employes of a certain railroad or municipality or large corporation.

They are operated in a manner very similar to building-and-loan associations and are conducted along routine lines which have been so carefully worked out that loss and disaster are highly improbable. In some states they are further safeguarded by being put under the direct supervision of the commissioner of banking.

These credit unions are admirably calculated to accomplish three ends: They offer a profitable channel for the funds of small investors; they afford borrowing facilities to their members, and by inculcating regular habits of saving they minimize the necessity for borrowing. Incidentally, they whittle away the business of the professional usurers, for when every man is his own Shylock there is no reason why he should fall into the clutches of money lenders.

Massachusetts and New York are two states in which these mutual lending societies have notably flourished and multiplied. In the former commonwealth the unions have a membership of seventy-odd thousand with assets of ten million dollars and outstanding loans of eight millions. In New York the membership is about the same, but the assets are three or four millions greater. Twenty-odd other states have passed laws favorable to credit unions, but in several commonwealths they are so imperfect as to have little constructive value.

Model bills are now before other legislatures, but in order to win through to a place on the statute books they must overcome not only legislative inertia but the hostile influence of private money lenders who have no relish for coöperative competition.

Habits of thrift are probably easier of attainment in America than in any other nation. To begin with, we have what the economists call a "social surplus" amounting to many billions a year. Our admirably protected system of savings banks has penetrated to all but the most thinly settled rural districts. Postal-savings accounts are open to all. Banking by mail grows in volume from year to year. Building-and-loan associations have increased in wealth and numbers until they now have ten million members with aggregate assets running well over five and one-half billions. The figures for credit unions are microscopic by comparison, but they are growing at such an amazing rate that there is no saying what dimensions they may not attain in a decade or two.

On the face of it, amateur banking seems like a perilous venture, but in the case of building-and-loan associations there is such a vast body of experience available for the guidance of financial greenhorns that these organizations rarely come to grief except through rank fraud or reckless operation. The conduct of these societies has a formidable literature of its own and it is even possible to buy books of account so ruled and arranged as to make operation almost automatic. The customary inclusion among the managers of two or three practical bankers, usually officers of local trust companies, and a differing amount of state supervision, are further assurances of sound procedure.

The credit union, old in Europe and middle-aged in Canada, is still too young in the United States to boast any very extensive literature, but Mr. Roy F. Bergengren's work on coöperative banking contains an exhaustive history of these societies and tells in the clearest manner how they should be organized and conducted. The Credit Union National Extension Bureau, the organization supported by Mr. Filene, is glad to give assistance in the formation of such groups, and it has done much to secure permissive legislation of enlightened character.

The most striking features of these financial coöperatives are the smallness of the initial savings demanded and the rapidity with which they grow in membership and assets. They offer to corporation executives and personnel managers an excellent means of protecting their working forces from the morale-shattering effects of peonage to salary buyers.

THE NEW COMPETITION

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

AN INCREASINGLY frequent phenomenon of the past few years is the presence in the United States of observers from Europe, come to learn the secrets of our business prosperity. They are of all classes—economists, factory owners, labor-union delegations, groups of retail merchants. Being human beings, their reports reflect considerably their preconceived notions. The economists generally attribute our prosperity to our mass production and our willingness to scrap expensive equipment if a newer type promises more efficient operation. Labor unionists go home firmly convinced that our well-being hinges on the readiness of American employers to pay high wages. Factory owners believe it is because American mechanics are not afraid to work themselves out of jobs by producing to the limit of their ability. But practically all these foreign observers are in astonished agreement on one thing—namely, the tremendous competition that takes place in American selling.

We do sell more intensively than any other race; far more intensively than we did twenty-odd years ago. It is, indeed, in the intensity of our selling that we have departed most radically from European tradition. If an American wants to reconstruct the good old days of the 1890's he has only to go abroad and study conditions in the industrial centers of Great Britain and the Continent. There he will find about the same selling efforts in vogue that we were using at the time of the Spanish War.

No wonder the European observers are astonished, for our energetic ways are upsetting to all accepted theories of human nature. It has always been believed that when a man becomes rich he takes things more or less easy. In comparison with Europe, we are tremendously rich. We are richer than we ourselves ever dreamed we could be at the time we fought the Spanish War. Yet the richer we have become, the harder we fight for business. It doesn't seem natural.

When we discuss the anomaly it is usual to conclude that mass production is responsible. We say our factories are equipped to turn out such huge quantities that we are forced to sell at high pressure in order to dispose of the output.

Mass production doubtless has inspired a great deal of our intensive salesmanship, but there must be other reasons. In a limited way, England and France have mass production in many industries; yet in activity of salesmanship these countries are at least thirty years behind us. No people have more desperate need of stimulated business today than the British, yet there is no high-pressure salesmanship. The British commercial plods about on his territory, calling on the same firms year after year and in the same manner. He sends his card in to the managing director and receives back word whether or not he is to be accorded an interview. Either way, the verdict is final and subject to no argument. Business in France is carried on with similar restraint. The average French *voyageur de commerce* is so little of a go-getter in salesmanship that he insists upon a letter of introduction before he will attempt to sell a firm with which he is unacquainted.

We must go deeper than the incentive of mass production to learn the reason for our tremendous American sales activity. Let us see if a delve into American business history will not somewhat clear up the question.

We may be said to have become an industrial nation along about the beginning of the 1880's. By that time the country was fairly organized. Several transcontinental railway lines were in operation. Half a dozen cities had passed the 500,000 mark and were pressing on toward 1,000,000. The little rural factories strung along the watercourses had largely disappeared, unable to compete with the better equipped manufacturing plants in the industrial towns. With the growing population and more general transportation facilities, the more astutely managed manufacturing plants tremendously expanded. Many manufacturers outgrew local markets and began to sell their products in all parts of the country.

In a word, we had big business. But our big business of the 80's and 90's was not like American big business of today. Rather, it was like the present-day European big

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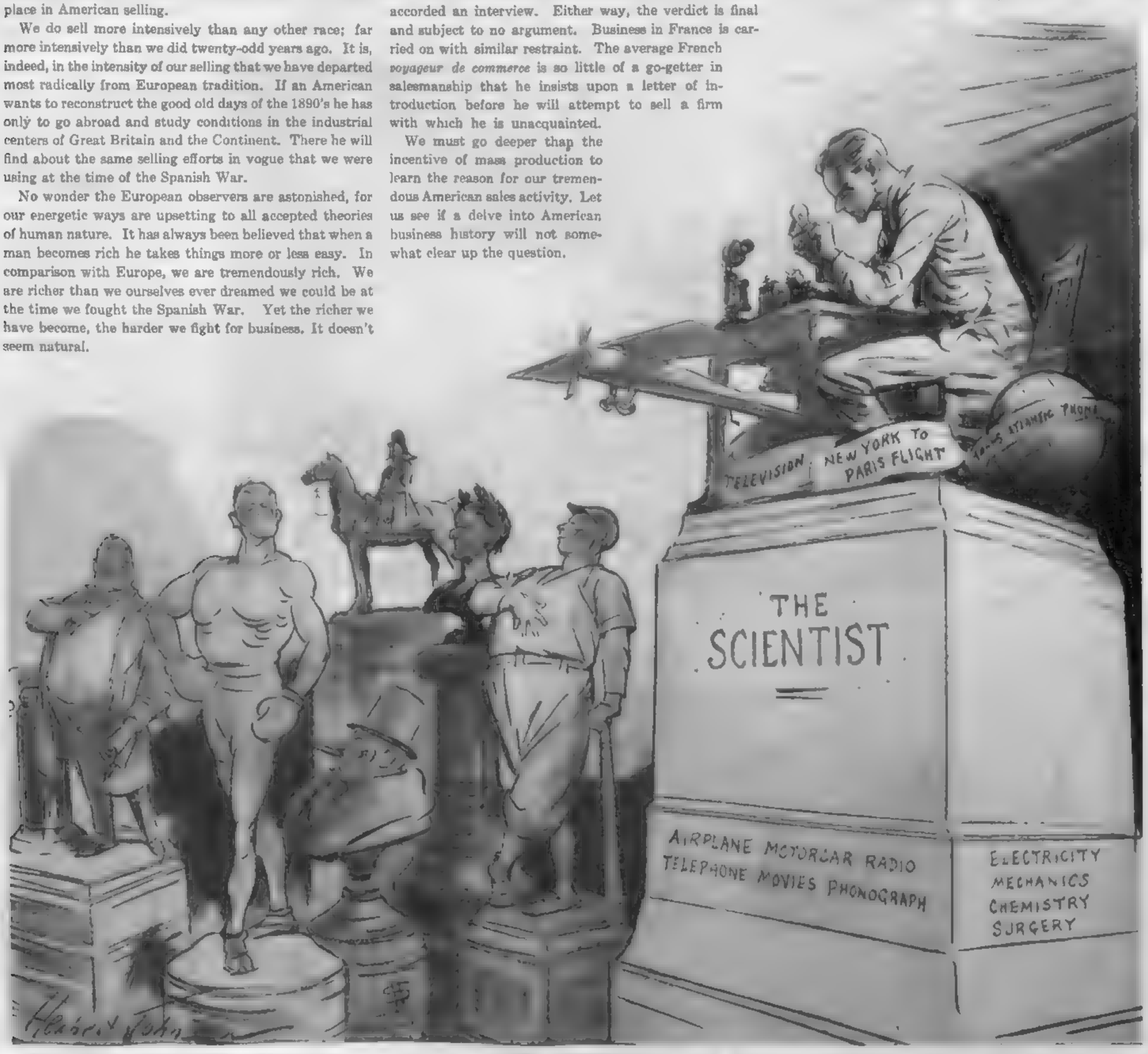

THE CONQUERORS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Eminent Geologist: "Hang it! Nothing But Gold Quartz Here! No Fossil Strata in the Whole Mountain!"

Conservative Proverbs

A NEW broom sweeps clean, provided the person who propels it has reasonably good eyesight, careful habits and an abundance of time.

Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise, if he is not troubled with insomnia, eats what is good for him, has himself examined by a physician regularly and invests his money both prudently and fortunately.

Strike while the iron is hot, if there is no more scientific or efficient method recommended.

Time and tide wait for no man, but no man need wait for them if his judgment is sound enough to lead him to book passage on a fast boat.

Two heads are better than one if a sufficient number of alienists have testified that the two heads are normal.

Beggars should not be choosers, but they should at least use discrimination relative to those from whom they ask alms.

Where there is so much smoke there should be some smoke prevention.

Make hay while the sun shines, unless there is more money in soy beans.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, except in such cases as the two in the bush are worth twice as much as the one in the hand.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but the economic value of moss is low and the rolling stone is more easily moved than one having become settled in life.

Haste makes waste, except where the speeding-up process is under the direction of an efficiency expert.

Time is money, but no bank will accept it for deposit.

Better late than never, unless judgment dictates cancellation of the engagement altogether.

—*Tom S. Elrod.*

The Charleston Retaliation

Owner (to City Cabaret Crowd): "There'll be a Cover Charge of a Dollar a Head for Eatin' on My Property"

Carrying Oranges to California

THE man who had spent his vacation on a fishing trip was returning home. He strolled into the club car of the train and seated himself alongside the car's only occupant.

"Howdy," he said, and by way of introduction: "Warm, isn't it?"

"Yes, quite warm."

"Great fishing weather though. I've been up to Lake Lollwagnioke, and they certainly were biting. The black bass were kind of finicky, though; first day I tried live frogs and didn't get a strike all day. Then I tried pork rind—say, the bass up there have about as much use for pork rind as a kosher delicatessen. But, believe me, when I started using

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"Talk About the Inconsistency of Women! When That Big Life Guard Ducked Her She Just Laughed; When I Ducked Her I'oughta Heard What She Said to Me!"

Young Woman (Arrested): "How Does My Costume Differ From the Others?" Officer: "Lady! You've Got a Figure—I'm Not Sure That It Ain't a Felony"

PAINT YOUR CHEEKS FROM THE INSIDE!

Beauty is more than skin deep. If you doubt that, read the life-story of any famous beauty of the stage or the screen. From those intimate pictures she gives you of her daily life, you will find that she has been as careful of her health and her diet as the most ambitious athlete.

Soup and health. They go hand in hand. Once you make up your mind to win the glow and radiance of perfect health, soup will naturally become a part of your daily diet. For it is a wholesome, invigorating food that aids in keeping the appetite and the digestion in smooth working order.

Soup is tempting, beneficial food in liquid form. It has its own special appeal to the appetite As blended by the master soup-chef, its savors and its flavors arouse instant response, quicken the flow of the digestive juices, and awaken new enjoyment in the meal.

People take such a whole-souled pleasure in eating soup that they seldom stop to think why it does them so much good. Here is one of the good health rules which is never bothersome to follow. Enjoy soup

to your heart's content. Do it regularly every day. It is so easy and so sensible.

Today let it be Campbell's Tomato Soup. How refreshing it is! It comes right from the heart of luscious, full-ripe tomatoes, strained to a smooth puree—none of the tomato except the rich "meat" and the tonic juices, all other portions being discarded. Golden country butter is blended in. And the seasoning is deft, finished—the touch of the skilled French chef.

Often you will prefer to serve it as a Cream of Tomato Soup. (See the simple directions on the label.) It is a special delight which the use of Campbell's makes it so easy for you to enjoy! 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

MOTIVE POWER

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

VII

A FLARE of color swept up the sides of Beatrice's face and seemed to pour its heat into her eyes. Marcus would never have thought of violet as a hot color, but he now discovered that such could be the case. "Just what are you trying to say, Mr. True?" she demanded.

Marcus felt the necessity of consuming time if he were to escape a scene that he earnestly desired to avoid. He thought that he had read Beatrice's motive in opening the window. The train was due shortly to cross the trestle of a waterway, and Marcus believed that it had been the girl's intention, when they were halfway over, to grab the brief case and cast it out, trusting that its weight might sink it before there was any chance of its recovery, after which the current would drift it along on the bottom an indefinite distance. It was, he thought, with such a design that she had first closed the door, then opened the inner window.

He desired now to get out of that drawing-room at the train's next stop, say that he must get to town, and to beat a retreat as orderly as possible. He was convinced that he had to deal with a very strong and reckless and determined personality. For the moment, Marcus' single object was to gain time.

He answered, therefore, in a pleasant and discursive voice, "Suppose you let me attempt a reconstruction of what I think to have been your movements of the past twelve hours. If I am wrong I shall offer all due apologies."

Marcus Heard the Click of the Lock. Beatrice Stared Down at Him With Eyes That Burned. "I Want That Will," She Said

It looked as if his strategy was a success. It excited the girl's curiosity. She gave a short mocking laugh. The very note of this laugh helped Marcus to carry on, because he was convinced he had heard its duplicate not so very long before.

"Fire away," Beatrice said. "I knew you were considered a sound lawyer, but I hadn't heard that you were also a detective, or, let's say, a criminologist."

"I'll go back a little further, just for the start," Marcus said. "It was a difficult moment for you to leave college, what with your academic and athletic events pending. The reports on your father's condition did not seem to make it incumbent on you to disrupt all your activities. Then you learned that your father had sent for Mary Brown. You were already wondering about Mary Brown and just what her hold on your father might amount to. So you decided to run out unannounced and reconnoiter the situation."

"Splendid," said Beatrice.

"You arrived on the same train with Mary Brown, whom you probably had located aboard. You whisked out of the train and crossed to the garage opposite, which is run by one Sam Cummins, the local shifty character whom you had known from childhood as one of your brother's tough hangers-on. You told Sam that you wanted to drive out the car that took Mary Brown to Lake End and you made it worth his while to keep his mouth shut. He loaned you a long coat and a pair of overalls. Then you slipped back to the platform, and got behind the wheel when Sam got out to get Mary Brown's bags."

"Wonderful," Beatrice breathed. Her face was hard as marble, the high color gone.

"Arriving at the house," Marcus continued, "Vogel opened the door for Mary Brown. She asked if the lawyer had gone and he told her that he had just put him on the lane, as he wished to walk to the station. Vogel may or may not have recognized you then and there, but kept his mouth shut, of course. From the moment of your father's death you or your brother were the ones from whom a faithful servant would take his orders, with no reference at all to lawyers or policemen. You desired, if possible, to discover just what Mary Brown's position with your father might be not that you thought for a moment that he had more than a friendly interest in her, but that she might have the designs of a scheming adventuress and opportunist on him. Possibly you may have suspected her of some such plans, but much more ambitious, on your brother Gregory."

Beatrice moistened her lips. "It moves like a movie, doesn't it?"

"You have a strong dramatic sense and a relish for sensation of a melodramatic sort," Marcus said evenly. "The spirit of the age. As soon as Mary Brown went in, you got out, telling Sam Cummins to beat it and keep mum. The dog had either scented you or recognized the car as one you used to drive, and was baying a welcome, protesting at being restrained from greeting you. Vogel had taken Mary Brown's luggage and showed her upstairs. You followed and you were incensed to discover that Vogel had put her in the room next to Mr. Orrin. Whether or not Vogel was aware of your presence, I don't know. It doesn't matter. He's a faithful servant and would not have given you away. He might even have mistaken you for your brother in the dark, as I understand there is a strong family resemblance and you are about of a size."

"At least," said Beatrice, "you are not dull, Mr. True. I want to study law myself and you make me all the keener. Pray go on."

"You went upstairs, passed by your father's door, glanced in and thought him to be asleep. His passing was absolutely peaceful—actually a falling to sleep. Later, Doctor Miles commented on the serenity of his expression and the absence of the usual post-mortem signs. It should be a comfort to know that there was no death struggle."

Beatrice's eyes filled. She bit her red lip, swallowed once or twice, but retained her composure. Marcus went on hurriedly:

"It is probable, then, that you meant to give up your covert espionage and announce yourself. But it occurred to you that the will might be in the safe and that you would like to discover just what its contents were. That would tell you more definitely than anything else, the status of Mary Brown. You tied a muffler over your face, standing in front of the door of Mary Brown's room to do so, and you had just managed it when she opened the door. Acting on impulse and already angry and resentful at her being there, you grabbed her by the shoulders, thrust her violently back into the room, snatched the key from inside, locked the door and put the key in your pocket. Then locked Mr. Orrin's hall door and took the key. You went down the stairs and into the library. Mary Brown was raising an alarm, and Vogel came from the end of the hall, then called the chauffeur. In the noise and excitement that followed, you failed to understand the primary cause of the dismay, which was the discovery of your father's death. You had probably stepped into a closet and you were rather amused when everybody trooped out and tried to lay the bloodhound on the scent of the masked person, which proved actually to be the scent of a fox.

"You came out then and went to the safe behind the gun case. That was a logical place to look for a copy of the will. Failing to find it you were about to make some other move when you heard somebody outside approaching the front door. You slipped into a fold of the heavy portières, or possibly behind the Spanish-leather screen, and from this observation post saw me come in with my brief case and go upstairs.

"You realized that the will must be in the brief case, and waited, possibly to hold me up and get possession of it. This attempt, which I think you are quite daring enough to have managed, proved unnecessary, as you saw me get a rifle from the gun case, then slip the brief case in the drawer. I hurried out, and you forced the drawer, prying the lock with a screw driver that you found in the gun case."

He paused. Beatrice was silent. Her face was very white, with a drawn look about the mouth and eyes. Marcus thought he could read her mind. The girl was realizing bitterly that while she had been performing the spectacular tactics he described, no doubt thrilling with amusement and elation at her success, the kindly father whom she really loved and whom she had so neglected, was lying overhead in the first sacred stillness of death. He had been alone, with no loved one to pour out tenderness and prayer at this moment of the flitting of his clean and gracious soul. Worse than that, she, his daughter, had been engaged in something not far removed from a motion-picture comedy of the sensational sort.

Marcus went on a little hurriedly, now absolutely sure of his ground. Everything dovetailed, checked. The baying of the hound, Mary Brown's suspicion that it might be Gregory who had driven the car; she having possibly got a glimpse of a facial contour that was similar, or that subtle suggestion that radiates from a close blood relationship—a sort of racial emanation.

(Continued on Page 32)

S W I F T

In hot weather, the savory slices of cold Premium Ham are especially prized; and few dishes are more refreshing to the eye than the whole baked ham served with cool vegetables. For this reason and in order to have a supply always on hand, many careful housewives regularly buy *whole* Premium Hams during the summer.

Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for this blue identification tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice.

Summer-Baked Ham

Cover a Premium Ham with boiling water, add 12 cloves, 2 bay leaves, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ½ tsp. celery seed, 10 pepper-corns. One quart fresh currants crushed and a sprig of mint may be added if desired. Simmer, allowing about 25 minutes per pound of ham. Pare off skin, sprinkle ham with brown sugar. Brush over with beaten egg. Cover with bread crumbs. Stick in cloves at even intervals, alternating with rows of green olives halved lengthwise. Bake in a moderate oven (375 -400 F.) about forty-five minutes. Serve cold with sliced tomatoes.

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"You went out then and down to the boathouse. Perhaps you saw Mary Brown enter the lane and guessed her to be following me. You wanted first to discover the contents of the will before taking any action, and you thought of your little log cabin. The door of the boathouse was unlocked. McNeil or somebody had started to paint the boats and canoes. The one you took was not entirely dry. You launched it, paddled down to the log cabin, lighted a fire and probably turned on a light, then read the will. It told you precisely what you wanted to learn, though whether or not you read the real intention of it I do not know. I am under the impression, however, that you did, but believed it to be entirely wrong in concept and the result of undue influence."

"When," asked Beatrice, "did you build up all this amusing card house?"

"To be perfectly honest, since I got aboard this train with you."

She looked, he thought, relieved. "I see. A rush of inspiration."

"No. The offering of evidence that nobody but a sheer fool could possibly mistake. You are a tremendously strong girl. Your grip on my shoulders last night, when you pitched me over the rail into the lake, and your grip on my forearm a few minutes ago, had the same quick nervous force. There is a smear of green paint on the inside of your coat sleeve, where you would scarcely notice it, and it matches this little green smudge on my brief case. It came from the canoe, which I noticed to be freshly painted when I slid alongside it against the ledge. The short low-pitched laugh you gave just now was an echo of the one you gave last night when you watched me floundering in my cold plunge. Your gloves are soiled with burned oil from some dirty part of Sam Cummins' car. Mary Brown noticed your tan sport shoes that might be boy's style. I don't know whether you came into Portland just now on the same train with myself, or took a night one; but I should say the former, because you paid your Pullman chair, instead of having a ticket."

"You seem to have overlooked one bet," Beatrice said. "Why should I have bolted off and left the will?"

"There are three reasons for that, if you stop to think," Marcus said. "You did not know that your father was not still alive, and so reasoned that he had only to make another. My writing at the top, 'two copies,' indicated that to destroy this one copy would not accomplish anything. Last and least, you wanted to get away with your identity undiscovered, and if I had not been so slow on the uptake, you could scarcely have managed that."

Beatrice gave him an appraising look. It made Marcus uncomfortable. There was something ruthless, almost cruel, in her gaze.

She glanced at the brief case and said, "I think I understand it better now. Mary Brown persuaded father that Gregory ought by all rights to marry her. No doubt that part of it is right."

"You ought," said Marcus, "to know your father better than that."

"Well, what's your finding?"

"That your father was convinced that Gregory would go through his fortune like a circus rider through a hoop, if given full possession of it, and that a trust fund by which he got the income only would make him angry and reckless—a sort of richly endowed remittance man. But your father admired and esteemed Mary Brown, whom he believed to be deeply in love with Gregory and him with her."

Beatrice's red lip curled. "He wouldn't marry her now if he starved."

"How do you know?"

"I know my brother."

"You don't know Mary Brown. She is not unlike yourself, though better governed."

"If she wasn't a cheap gold digger she wouldn't consent to any such arrangement as this," Beatrice said hotly.

"I am fairly well convinced," Marcus said, "that if Gregory takes your attitude about it, Mary Brown will hand him back his fortune and tell him to go to the devil in any way that suits him best. In fact I'm inclined to think she will do that anyway."

"Then you're another easy mark," Beatrice said. "Besides, Gregory wouldn't take it from her any more than I would take the same, if, for instance, father had seen fit to appoint you as my husband and trustee."

She rose, opened the door, looked out, then swung it shut again. Marcus heard the click of the lock. Beatrice stared down at him with eyes that burned.

"I want that will," she said.

VIII

A WAVE of horror surged through the well-ordered young lawyer. Never in his adventurous fantasies of mind could he have imagined any such appalling situation as this. It was not that he was afraid of this super-girl or in dread of the outcome of a struggle with her for the possession of the will. It was merely that he was aghast at the prospect of such violence with a young lady of Beatrice's position. Also, it flashed through his mind that he must be under a dreadful handicap in such a tussle. The girl was phenomenally strong, a trained athlete, and now relentlessly determined. She believed herself justified in destroying at all costs a document to disinherit of his just patrimony the brother whom she adored.

Worst of all, Marcus felt himself to be outclassed because, though he as a man could not strike or strangle or otherwise attempt to put Beatrice hors de combat, she would have no such scruples about incapacitating himself. There rushed through Marcus' mind an instantaneous and horrid picture of the scandal, the notoriety, the blatant illustrations and descriptive matter of such a struggle to be broadcast in Sunday supplements, the wreck of his professional position—the shame, the ridicule, the humiliation, no matter how it might turn out.

Beatrice, he felt convinced, had counted on all this. Her attitude was in the nature of a blackmail, a bluff, but at the same time a bluff that she would make every effort to put across. Her reputation also would be shattered as the result of a criminal effort to destroy her father's will. Gregory's reputation must likewise be destroyed; Mary Brown's utterly annihilated. All concerned now faced ruin. Marcus perceived that his late client, Mr. Orrin, whose wishes he was bound to carry out, must be writhing in agony of spirit wherever that kindly spirit might now find itself. Beatrice, staring relentlessly down at Marcus, seemed to read his thoughts with a cold, clear clairvoyance.

"I realize what this means," she said in a low voice. "A perfectly beastly fight in which we will both be torn to pieces. I know something about ju jits and I think I can lay you out. Whether I can manage it in time to destroy the will or not, I don't know. But if you refuse to give it to me or if you let out one yell, I'll start."

Marcus moistened his lips. "I'm sorry," he said. "I believe what you say and I appreciate the fact that it means utter disgrace for all of us. But my position is one of sacred trust, and I've got to carry on, come what may of it, even if I find it best to leave the country afterward."

Beatrice's eyes seemed to lighten. "Then that's final?"

"It is ——"

These two words were as far as he got. He would not have believed it possible that this strongly built girl could so quickly have put her offensive in action. Marcus' mind, in fact, could scarcely grapple at all with so hideous a situation. Vaguely he had expected that she might fling herself upon him, attempt a stranglehold, some wrestling trick of the gymnasium, which is demonstrated more as an athletic curiosity than in expectation of its ever needing to be put in practice. At the most there could be no more than a disgraceful tussle until the noise of it attracted the attention of passengers and porter and led to active interference and infinite humiliation.

But nothing of this sort happened. Beatrice was standing close to Marcus, who was leaning forward, clutching his brief case tightly. His head was slightly turned and raised as he looked up at her, trying desperately to exert that moral force which is said to be contained in the gaze of a human who rests strongly on his right. Yet he felt hopelessly that he might as well have stared from a small boat at the starboard light of a liner bearing down on him.

In this position Marcus was dimly conscious of Beatrice's high tension in her utter immobility. The train was running smoothly and slowly. Her attack would have to be, Marcus felt vaguely, in the nature of a tigress springing downward on its crouching prey. Marcus had no intention at all of a counteroffensive or even an offensive defensive. He had resolved instantly to confine his efforts to hanging onto the brief case, hugging it against his chest, while she did her best, or worst. Pursuing such tactics, he would at least be guiltless of any charge of active violence, and he trusted that the noise of her assault would bring interference. In this position he slowly raised the brief case until it was clasped strongly under his crossed arms. Beatrice still remained tense. She was wearing a very short skirt—too short, Marcus had already esteemed, for a girl with such legs, perfect in their symmetry and strength—sheer stockings and sport shoes of boyish make.

(Continued on Page 54)

Gregory Stared at Beatrice. "One of These Days, Sis, You'll Land Behind the Bars or Worse," He Said. "What Have You Got to Say?"

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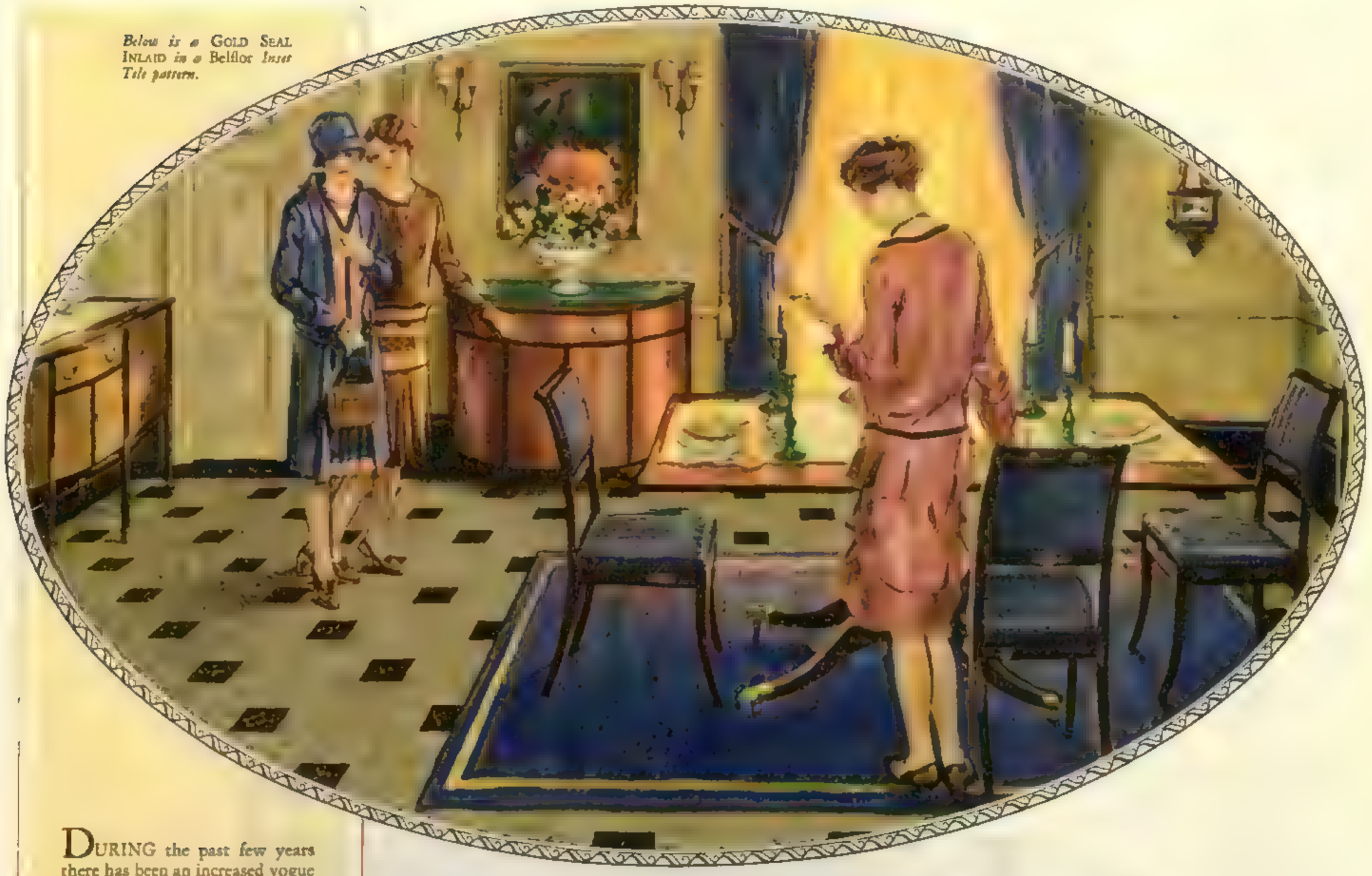

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A. E. F.

By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

THE war ended with the First American Army in the midst of a general attack which had been launched some seven hours before the moment at which the Armistice became effective.

Because the German delegates had crossed the lines four days earlier to sue for an armistice, we were criticized in certain quarters at home for continuing the fighting until the last moment. It was argued that we attacked in the face of the knowledge that the enemy was quitting, thereby needlessly wasting American lives. This criticism was based upon ignorance of the circumstances, and was silenced promptly when it was aired in Congress.

When the German plenipotentiaries presented themselves to Marshal Foch and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the British First Sea Lord, on Foch's train in the Forest of Compiègne, far to the westward of us, on the morning of Friday, November eighth, the Allied generalissimo asked them, "What is it that you desire, gentlemen?"

The reply was that they had come to receive the Allied proposals for an armistice. The Allies proposed no armistice, Foch told them tersely. Thereupon the Germans confessed that they sought an armistice. They were presented with the prepared Allied terms and informed that they must be accepted or rejected within seventy-two hours. A request by the delegates for a provisional suspension of hostilities was denied flatly.

Our Concern

WHEN the delegates had read the terms they informed the marshal that the conditions were so severe that they could give no reply until they had communicated with Berlin. By permission, a courier set out for the German great headquarters at Spa that night, but the German failure to silence their artillery at the agreed point held him up and he did not reach Spa until ten o'clock Sunday morning, the tenth. From there the terms were telephoned to Berlin, and after a high governmental conference the plenipotentiaries were authorized to accept. It was not until five o'clock of the morning of the eleventh that the Armistice was signed.

Foch knew his foe from long and bitter experience. In success he had been unscrupulous; in defeat he would have the less reason to be unduly concerned with the rules. The attitude of the enemy's delegates had not evidenced any too much good faith. The way to whip him in the shortest possible time was to pound him until the very moment he cried quits. Therefore, on the evening of November ninth, while the delegates still waited and no news came from Berlin, Foch wired each of the Allied Armies as follows:

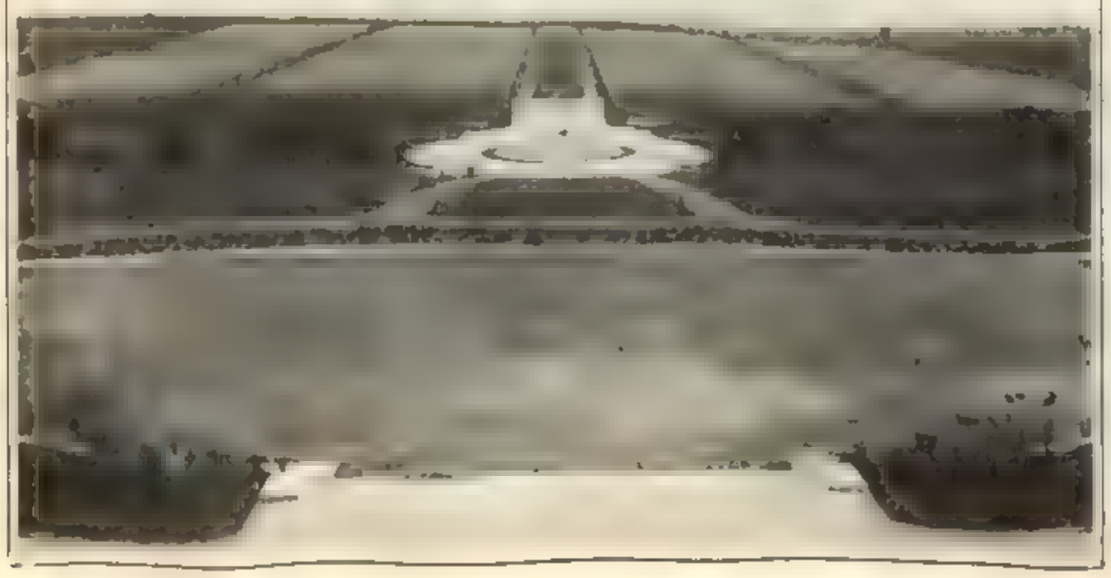
> The enemy, disorganized by our repeated attacks, retreats along the entire front.
>
> It is important to coördinate and expedite our movements.
>
> I appeal to the energy and the initiative of the commanders in chief and of their armies to make decisive the results obtained.

As a result of this appeal, I received orders on November tenth for a general attack by the First Army the following morning. We went into battle knowing that the terms of an armistice were being discussed with higher authority, but with no assurance that the enemy would accept those terms in the few hours that remained before the offer would expire. Fighting was our concern and our only concern until we were ordered to stop.

Between the Meuse River and the Chiers River to the north-northeast of Stenay, was a very strong enemy position which commanded the Meuse crossings in that vicinity. It was clear that the enemy would resist strongly here in order to cover his retirement from the vicinity of Mézières and Sedan. Once our troops had crossed the Meuse south of Stenay and advanced in the direction of Montmédy, they would turn this position from the south, and it was apparent that such a maneuver, if it could be executed in time, would develop excellent opportunities for the capture of large masses of the enemy being driven back by Gouraud's army and our own, by taking in reverse the continuation of the Hindenburg line about Haraumont. It would be necessary to cover such an advance by a powerful artillery concentration on the left-bank river heights, and we did so.

General Liggett at His Desk at First Army Headquarters, Souilly, as the War Ended

Homeward Bound. 87th Division Troops Boarding the Manchuria at St.-Nazaire, January 10, 1919. At Left—A General View of the American Meuse-Argonne Cemetery, Romagne-Sous-Montfaucon



Wearing Down Enemy Resistance

BETWEEN the fourth and the tenth we gradually wore down the German resistance in the wooded Meuse hills, securing an excellent line of departure for the new general attack toward Montmédy and Longwy. The key point of the enemy position in this preliminary operation was the Borne de Cornillier, a hill 378 feet high, from which the enemy controlled all his artillery. General Kuhn's Seventy-ninth Division stormed and carried the hill.

Meanwhile General Bullard's Second American Army, with a strength of only six divisions, and Mangin's French Tenth Army had begun on November seventh operations

(Continued on Page 37)

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(Continued from Page 35)

preliminary to a great attack scheduled for November fourteenth, under French tactical command, to envelop Metz and Thionville from the south and west, and take the Briey Iron Basin. The First American Army was to cover their left by advancing on Longwy.

The Second American Army had driven the German back three miles in the Woëvre Plain by the morning of the eleventh, but the great attack, of course, never was made. It would have been certainly successful and would have had far-reaching results, but I must revert to that later.

My First Army was astride the Meuse, with the Third Corps already across the river when the orders for the November eleventh battle were received. The night of the tenth-eleventh the Fifth Corps got over the river, and early on Armistice Day the whole army advanced.

At 6:25 o'clock that morning I received a message from G. H. Q. saying that an Armistice had been signed and would take effect at eleven A.M. In anticipation of such a possibility, we had taken what preparatory measures we could to get the news to the troops as promptly as possible, but the advance east of Beaumont had been so rapid that morning that, what with the obstacle of the river, the order did not reach isolated units until the last moment. In my estimation the halting on such notice of a general engagement that was just getting under a full head of steam was one of the finest staff jobs we did.

A German Fourth of July

The silence that fell at eleven o'clock was stunning to ears attuned to the infernal roar. Our men showed no particular elation; the full significance of the moment was not then apparent. But the German, who knew that he was well quit on any terms, was noisily jubilant. That night he burned up all his rockets and flares in a Fourth of July celebration. We sent out rigid orders to the front-line troops against fraternization, both for reasons of policy and because we were suspicious to the last, with good cause, of the enemy's good faith. Numbers of German soldiers, especially men who had lived in the United States or who had relatives here, attempted to visit our lines, but were warned back. They knew that we had many in our Army of German blood. One of the best fighting divisions in the Army was General Haan's Thirty-second, a Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard unit, a majority of whom probably were of German extraction.

German discipline asserted itself to the last and their army marched home in fair order, bands playing and flags flying, but leaving behind such enormous masses of abandoned materials of war as the world never had seen before. Every road, railroad and canal was choked with broken-down or forsaken transport and equipment. The Armistice had come in the nick of time for the German Army, for all the "*Hoch! Hoch!*" of the German civilians who pridefully watched its return. Its transport had collapsed and there were no fresh horses or motor replacements. The roads were so hopelessly blocked that they hampered the withdrawal even of an unencumbered and unpressed army, and halted entirely the bringing up of supplies. The hospitals and ambulances could not care for another casualty. Winter was beginning and the army was miserably short of all cold-weather equipment. Line regiments were reduced to as few as 600 men, with ten to fifteen officers.

Germany still had an army on November tenth, but one more day would have reduced it to a mob in all likelihood. In that one day we unquestionably would have been in Longuyon, the great junction where the lateral railroad turned toward Germany, in Montmédy and possibly in the Briey Basin. That is when I regretted that we had not opened our final attack on October twenty-eighth, instead of November first.

No other army west of the Meuse could have followed up the German retreat vigorously enough to turn it into a rout. We had immediately behind us the Meuse Valley railroad from Commercy and Verdun, and I believe that we could have kept going for ten days or two weeks more. The British and the French, with the exception of Mangin in Alsace, had passed so far beyond their railheads that they could no longer supply their armies. They had put gaps of thirty-five to fifty miles between their supply frontiers and their fronts, and in that stretch the enemy had burned all bridges and mined every highway and track.

General Maurice quotes a British army commander as saying that his railhead was retreating faster than his army advanced at the last, owing to the constant explosion of mines. Maurice counted eleven mine craters in three miles of the main road between Le Quesnoy and Mons.

The best picture of the situation may be had from the fact that the British had to halt the advance of their troops to the Rhine under the Armistice terms three weeks later because the food trains had fallen two days behind; this despite the fact that the advance was unopposed and the British were moving only one-third of their forces. A further complication was created by the hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war and civil refugees—French, British, Russian, Belgian, Italian, Portuguese and American—all destitute and all ravenously hungry, who were released by Germany at the last moment and who poured across the Front. Thousands flocked into the area of the American First Army.

We had our hands full feeding our Army, and the Red Cross performed another of its great services in taking them off our hands.

On the front where the attack of November fourteenth was scheduled, however, there were no such difficulties. There had been little fighting since 1914 in this region and the rearward communications were unimpaired.

Had Mangin's twenty divisions and Bullard's six American divisions struck here, with my army covering their left, a great victory would have been inevitable. The poorest of the German Army was here and in inferior force. Few flags would have flown in the Fatherland and fewer bands played had the Armistice not forestalled this offensive; but it would have, on the other hand, involved Lorraine in much the same methodical destruction that wrecked Northern France.

One hundred and eighteen days after the Kaiser had watched from a camouflaged hilltop the opening of the Friedensturm which was to end the war in a German peace, his empire was prostrate and the war lord a refugee in Holland. The margin by which they lost was too slender for our comfort, even nine years after.

Colonel de Chambrun, a former French military attaché at Washington, says in his book, The American Army in the European Conflict:

> The Armistice found General Pershing at the head of an army of more than 2,000,000 men. In the course of 1919 this force would have been doubled. Undoubtedly the knowledge of the situation had its influence on the enemy's decision to abandon the struggle. Two million American soldiers already in Europe sufficed to determine the victory. Thanks to American aid, the enemy had been forced, first to stabilize his lines, then to defensive warfare, followed by a more and more precipitate retreat, and finally to capitulation.

The Allied peoples are weary and irritable in victory, as any people who have fought an exhausting war have cause to be, but does anyone remember to ask, "What if Germany had won?" What would have been the state of the world in the year 1927? What of the boundaries of France? What of India and the rest of the British Empire? What would have been the predicament of the A. E. F., an ocean at its back, and fighting on the soil of an ally that had surrendered?

Berlin, no doubt, would have been willing to make amicable terms with us for the time being, but with Europe in vassalage to an irresistible German military and economic machine, what would have been the next step? These are not rhetorical questions.

About eight o'clock of the morning of the twelfth I sat in my office at Souilly musing over a great profile map of the region over which we had advanced that covered most of one wall, when General Pershing appeared.

When he saw me engrossed in the map, he grinned and asked: "Don't you know that the war is over?"

Faces to the West

"I am trying to see where we might have done better," I explained. He said he was on his way to Verdun, or Etain, I have forgotten which, to see President Poincaré, and invited me to accompany him. Having met the French President at Château-Thierry, I asked to be excused in as much as I intended going to Sedan and along the Meuse to see the troops.

He then sat down and asked my judgment as to what should be done with the American Armies, saying that he expected to attend a council to be held in Paris the next day to decide the disposition of the Allied forces.

I told him that I favored assembling the whole Army in as comfortable training areas as could be provided, putting everything in first-class condition, and holding it there until the peace treaty was signed. If troops were to be sent to the Rhine I preferred that the French, British and Belgians do it. We were from another continent, and if Germany signed, our interest in the war would be at an end. The Army—officers and men—had turned its face westward on November eleventh, and asked nothing but to get home the fastest way. I shared this longing fully. I do not recall whether or not he expressed agreement, but he thanked me and left. Evidently the Allied Council thought differently.

Two days later an American Third Army, which had been planned before the Armistice, was organized, with Major General Joseph T. Dickman as commander, and composed of parts of the First and Second Armies, and on November seventeenth this quickly created army began the march to the Rhine, in unison with other Allied armies. I was ordered to take what remained of the First Army—the First, Fifth and newly organized Eighth Corps—into training quarters south of Bar-sur-Aube. Withdrawing the army gradually, the movement

A 77th Division and a 42d Division Soldier Being Questioned by a Couple Liberated by the American Meuse-Argonne Drive After Four Years Inside the German Lines. Brieulles-sur-Bar, Ardennes, Nov. 6, 1918

was completed by January first and the 300,000 troops were billeted over a great extent of country.

We were there until April fifteenth, when the First Army was disbanded, all divisions then being in transit to the United States, and I was ordered to take command of the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, reuniting me with my old First Corps staff—now staff of the Army. I had wished to go home, but General Pershing vetoed my request. With the signing of peace on June twenty-eighth, the Third Army began to break up. I motored to Chaumont and Paris, saw the commander in chief, told him there was no longer a Third Army and that I had had enough of Europe.

"I've been expecting you to say that," he commented, granting the request. The Third Army was disbanded formally and the troops remaining on the Rhine were designated as the American Forces in Germany.

I sailed from Brest on July thirteenth, on the Aquitania, with General Castner's brigade of the Fifth Division, General Dickman and our aides.

A Broken Romance

France itself was a sorry disillusionment to the American soldier. That the fault was more the American soldier's than France's does not alter the fact. He sailed from Hoboken with a romantic picture compounded of the label, Sunny France, and a musical-comedy conception of Paris. He found there an abominable winter climate unrelieved by American comforts, and a population farther removed from the pages of La Vie Parisienne than the people of Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Most of all, I think, he never got over the manure pile that is the brightest jewel of the French peasant's front yard. Here were two points of view that defied reconciliation.

The war ended abruptly as the miserable French winter was beginning, the embarkation camps had to be built hurriedly in forbidding weather and the largest ships could be berthed only at Brest, where the least shelter was available.

It was impossible to say for many weeks after November eleventh how nearly the Army's task was done, and we moved it home as rapidly as developments toward the signing of the Versailles Treaty warranted. I was much disturbed for fear promises would be made to the Army which could not be fulfilled, and I continually advised that what the men wanted was the truth as nearly as it could be ascertained. If their return was to be delayed indefinitely through exigencies of the service, they would adjust themselves with reasonable content to the facts, provided they understood them. Instead, with the mistaken idea of keeping them happy, there was a disposition to promise all that the day after tomorrow would see them on a transport.

The repeated disappointments had the inevitable effect; there was much grousing, and morale sank sharply. Once aboard a transport, however, they were children out of school.

From December 1, 1918, until the summer of 1919 was the critical period in our Army's stay in France, and it was then, not during the fighting, that the welfare organizations did their great service. They are entitled, in my opinion, to the bulk of the credit for the fact that the Army came home with its spiritual banners flying. Their job done, officers and men were bored and homesick and spiritually let down. Discipline quickly goes to pieces under such conditions.

As it was, the men wandered all over France and we had to wink more or less at the practice; they straggled back home for two or three years afterward and a handful of strays still are in Europe.

While we were still at the old Front we kept busy in the First Army policing the battle area and salvaging some $20,000,000 worth of property.

After we withdrew to the Bar-sur-Aube region I ordered the officers to prepare papers on their impressions and experiences at the Front, while their memories were fresh, as one means of keeping them occupied.

These impressions were consolidated in each division, then once a week we would gather while the division commanders read papers on the operations of their units, two or three papers to a session, reconciling the differences in an after discussion. These differences sometimes were startling; each division claiming everything, which is a healthy military state of mind.

Training was not allowed to slacken, but there is a definite limit to the drilling which can be demanded of an army when its task is done. We gave the officers the task of devising games and entertainments for the men, in coöperation with the welfare services, and thereby kept both reasonably diverted in their off moments. Military bands—which have ceased to have any utility in battle areas, except as stretcher bearers—were of immense value in rest camps.

On November eleventh the First Army had an indicated strength of 1,031,000, including 135,000 French. Our losses from all causes in the Meuse-Argonne battle were 117,000 and we received 100,000 replacements in that period. The Army had more than 4000 guns, or one to every ten yards of front. These included five fourteen-inch naval guns manned by naval crews under Admiral Plunkett, and twenty-four 4.7 heavy field-artillery guns in the corps artillery brigade commanded by General R. P. Davis, who had served with a French Army Corps east of the Meuse; the balance all were French made.

Exclusive of the Services of Supply, which reached a numerical strength of 668,312, two divisions were operating with the Franco-Belgian Army of King Albert when the war ended, one corps was with the British Fourth Army, the Thirty-sixth Division was with Gouraud's army on our left, and the Second Army, composed of two corps, was south of us in Lorraine. Two million more men were in training at home, new troops were arriving in France at the rate of 200,000 a month, and that flow could have been speeded up to 300,000 monthly had an emergency demanded men rather than supplies.

The total casualties of the A. E. F.—264,089—were divided as follows:

Killed in battle, 35,556.
Died of battle wounds, 15,130.
Died of other wounds, 5669
Died of disease, 24,786.
Wounded, 179,629.
Missing, 1160.
Taken prisoner, 2163.

The discipline of our Army was, I think, extraordinary. It was an intelligent discipline which the men imposed upon themselves because they saw the necessity of it. That sort of discipline insures intelligent obedience to orders and is, therefore, most effective in comparison with the machine-made product of rote. Automatic discipline has a way of dissolving in disaster or when put on its own.

On one occasion after an attack and repulse of a counter attack an American general officer went into the front line in search of a field officer. Seeing none, he called out, "Who is in command here?" A buck private replied, "I am, sir." All his officers, commissioned and noncommissioned, were casualties.

I believe that our discipline would have held in the face of any disaster, though we escaped the test, by good fortune. I never yet have asked an American soldier to do anything, no matter how silly or unreasonable it seemed to him on its face, that he did not grasp it and obey if the wherefores were briefly explained to him. In this respect the younger officer of the know-it-all type is less responsive than the men.

By comparison with our previous wars, we made a magnificent showing. Our men were well equipped and, with few exceptions, always well fed. The American soldier ever has been the best fed in the world, and in this war rolling kitchens gave us hot meals under conditions that would have been prohibitive in the past. The care of our sick and wounded was as prompt and efficient as could have been hoped for. In an army so quickly organized among an unmilitary and unprepared people, it was inevitable that weaknesses in troop leadership should develop.

This was especially true of the Second Marne and St.-Mihiel battles. The pressure was so great that there was no time in which to correct these defects; we could only point them out.

There was a lack of coördination between the field artillery and the infantry until toward the end. The infantry at times accused the artillery of firing directly upon it.

When this occurred in my command I always investigated personally and at once, and usually I found the accusation to be unfounded. The infantry, on its part, frequently failed to indicate to the artillery just where it was, failed to follow the barrage closely enough, and rushed machine guns, instead of calling upon the artillery to take care of them, all of which faults they learned by experience to avoid. If the liaison was as it should be, the artillery observer with the infantry should have been able to locate the machine-gun positions at once on his map and have them under hot shell fire within ten minutes.

The Crucible of War

The infantry itself carried 37-millimeter, hand-drawn guns, which the doughboy called "toy cannon," for direct fire against machine-gun positions, and we frequently, and to the disgust of the artillery, detached 75's from their batteries and sent them with the infantry as accompanying guns to be used against either enemy machine guns or roving German field guns when they became troublesome. They were effective both physically and morally. The infantry likes to hear its artillery barking close at hand, whether its fire is accomplishing anything or not.

At St.-Mihiel the rate of our barrage was uniform all along the Front, while, due to the contrast in the ground, the progress of the infantry was not uniform. The barrage should have been adjusted to these inequalities, but that, again, was learned only in the hard school of experience.

The circumstances attending modern war are such that the true natures of both officers and men quickly become apparent, and few if any escaped unscathed from the appalling nervous strain. I question whether there was an officer or man who saw action and returned unchanged. The effect was manifest in many cases, in more it was intangible or slow in working its way to the surface, but it existed as universally as it is difficult to measure and define.

Our younger officers, most of them products of the training camps, learned very quickly how to care for their men.

After an action opened it was upon their courage, initiative and spirit of self-sacrifice that most depended, but we hammered into them the fact that they were of no value when dead. We wanted no such slaughter of gallant young officers as had led to the bitter footnote to British casualty lists: "Second lieutenants,

A Great Mine Crater in the Main Road of American Advance, Neuville, Meuse. Traffic Detouring by New Makeshift Road

(Continued on Page 40)

Where does he get his disposition?

From his mother?
From his father?

"PERHAPS" *says Science* . . . "BUT ALSO FROM HIS FOOD"

Science speaking:

"In a poorly nourished child, unfortunate personality traits develop, such as self-centeredness, shyness, lack of confidence, selfishness, jealousy, depression and self-pity."
WM. R. P. EMERSON, M.D.

"When properly nourished, the harmony of all the body will be so great and abiding that it will express itself in a happy and jolly disposition."
G. F. ALLOR, M.D.

"Do you know that the so-called 'problem' children, who can disrupt entire families, may be the result of nervous and glandular systems that have become unstable *because starved for proper food?*"
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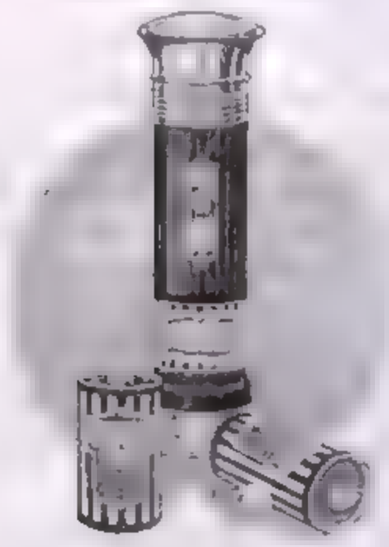

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(Continued from Page 38)

unless otherwise noted." A brave but criminally false code had sent British company officers, the flower of English youth, over the parapets armed with walking sticks and scorning to conceal their rank or shelter their bodies, a *beau geste* which the enemy applauded with sharpshooter fire.

The younger officers of our regular army—majors, captains and lieutenants—developed remarkably in France, when they were not kept at home to train divisions. They were the bulwark of our staffs, by virtue of their military education, and the Leavenworth schools and War College graduates showed up heavily.

The noncommissioned officers of the old army who were raised to commissioned rank did particularly well. They had been the backbone of the old Army, and I never knew of a case of failure in France. Numbers are back to chevrons in the Army today, many have returned to civil life, and a few—not enough in my judgment—have retained their commissions.

All the officers who won their way to high command in the A. E. F. were trained soldiers and with very few exceptions all had had the advantages of the War College and the Leavenworth schools, institutions which did not exist and had no counterpart in our Army thirty years ago. A great many who entered the war as field officers reached the grade of major general by sheer ability, and a number have retained their war-won rank in peace. Nearly all were loyal to their superiors and considerate to their inferiors.

In the Northern Army from 1861 to 1865 more officers were cashiered than were killed in the field, more discharged "without stated reasons" than died of disease, not including the 22,271 who resigned, the bulk of whom withdrew either to escape discharge for cause, as was permitted by the War Department then, or after a Union disaster.

Though the grotesquely incompetent were given commissions in the line as high as colonelcies, and some hardly more competent were made general officers, Grant's offer of his services was not even acknowledged by the War Department. With a much larger army in France and infinitely higher standards, only 1101 officers, exclusive of the disabled, were reclassified, and 270 sent before efficiency boards for elimination.

The Gantlet for Officers

We now have in the Army the rough equivalent of the Navy's "Plucking Board" but before this war all promotion was by seniority, with such rare exceptions as President Roosevelt's arbitrary but merited advancement of Pershing and Leonard Wood over the heads of many seniors.

In France, however, all commissions were temporary. General Pershing had absolute authority, and his standards were drastic, to the great good fortune of the American Army. The preliminary weeding out was done at home. We had, happily, no horde of tin officers appointed by governors of the states or elected by the troops themselves, such as confronted the Union commanders in 1861, to dispose of. Older officers of the regular army, no longer physically adequate to active service, were assigned to training and administrative duties and some officers of militia who were not competent to their rank were denied commissions. Other new officers were unable to meet the physical standards of the A. E. F., and a very few newly commissioned men were removed for moral deficiencies.

There was a second critical gantlet to run in France, where a passing grade from home was not always honored at Chaumont. I am a large man and I was nearing the retirement age in 1917. Before giving me an assignment the War Department first asked me whether I wished to go to France or to remain at home. I have been told that there was some question at Chaumont, at first, whether I was not "too fat to fight," and that an order for my return home was drawn up and a successor selected. I never have inquired and the report continues to be only hearsay to me, but unquestionably there is such a thing not only as being too old to fight but too fat. That disqualification is the more serious if the fat is above the collar.

Purely military competence in the higher ranks seldom can be tested adequately except under battle conditions. It was the commander in chief's responsibility to pass upon the qualifications of his army and corps commanders and his own staff chiefs, and in this he was guided originally either by his personal knowledge of the men or, if he had not served with them, by a thing that is called "military reputation" in the Army—the composite of an officer's personality, industry, ability at the tasks assigned to him in the past, and the sum of his record. The unofficial verdict, by general report among his fellows, is good, indifferent or bad, and it rarely errs. It was the army or corps leader's job to report on his division, brigade and regimental commanders, while the colonels checked the competence of their field officers.

Too Old to Make War

An adverse report would bring an officer of the Inspector General's Department. If he confirmed the report the officer went before an efficiency board and was sent to Blois, which was pronounced "Blooey" in the A. E. F. The same fate was the penalty of any discovered mistake in action; no officer was given an opportunity to make a second. A depot was established at Blois to which all officers who had failed for any of a variety of causes were sent. After an interval, many were assigned to the S. O. S., where they were entirely competent to perform the duties required of them. Others were sent home, a few discharged and a very few—nervous cases—recovered and were restored to command.

More often than not the failure was beyond the control of the officer, and of these the nervous cases were the most regrettable. Some of the finest officers we had went to pieces under the emotional strain of command, fearful at the best, intensified here by the knowledge that they were leading troops only partially trained against the best-organized and most skillful man-killing machine ever set going. The responsibility broke their hearts. I knew of one case—that of a brigade commander—who broke down in battle, had to be relieved, recovered, took another brigade and did well. These nervous collapses were most apt to manifest themselves when a man's command was held up with heavy losses. A commander needed iron in his soul in such moments.

They were much more frequent among older officers of higher rank than among the lieutenants, captains and majors who had physical discomfort added to responsibility. Young and for the most part athletes, they rarely cracked. There was a time in war when a company or platoon commander's age mattered little, within the limits of manhood and decrepitude, but such may comfort themselves now with the reflection that they are performing duties for which their seniors no longer are competent. Only youth and physical prime can meet the full impact of modern war.

One night in July, 1918, just before the Marne counteroffensive, General Pershing spent the night with me at La Ferté. After dinner we sat down in the library before a large map, upon which I pointed out to him the exact position of the First Army Corps. "We are too old to make war," I commented in reflection. "If I were fifteen years younger I should not be sitting here before a map; I should be out on a horse all over the Front." The commander in chief, who is three years my junior, smiled, but did not commit himself. Speaking for myself, I meant just what I said. Grant's fifteen years' advantage over Lee was no small item; Grant was only forty-two in 1864—the very prime of military life. I let chances go which I should have accepted had I been forty-five or younger. The body weakens on the spirit and a man inevitably grows more cautious with age. It is the old human predicament; man laboriously acquires wisdom and experience, only to die before he can apply it adequately, and is unable to bequeath it. When Eudamidas, son of Archimidas, heard Zenocrates, at seventy-five, disputing about wisdom he asked gravely: "If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring about wisdom, what time will he have to make use of it?"

Having said that a general officer's place is in the rear in modern warfare, I may be misunderstood. It is true that once the battle is joined, he can see less the nearer he approaches the Front, but before a battle there is no substitute for what his own eye can tell him.

We had cases, too, in the A. E. F., scarcely less lamentable, of once excellent officers of the higher ranks who had gone to seed in the doldrums of peace and could not shake themselves loose from the cut-and-dried methods of the old Army. The command of a post or regiment in peace—and we had only posts, and few with a garrison of more than one regiment—was apt to be an empty round of routine, important in itself, but having little relation to command in war. It became garrison habit to refer the pettiest detail to the commanding officer. Such officers ceased to be able, after a time, to delegate authority. In France, in war, while they were attempting to do a sergeant major's, a lieutenant's or an adjutant's job, they let their own task get away from them. The younger officers of this system, given no opportunity of exercising their initiative or of accustoming themselves to responsibility, became chronic buck passers as they grew older.

I was fortunate in my youth to serve under Nelson A. Miles, a conspicuous exception, who made a practice of sending his subalterns out on their own on patrols and on scouting to put them on their mettle. Miles had been a clerk in a Boston store before the Civil War and rose by merit to be a major general commanding a division at a very early age. He was a born soldier and would have gone even farther had he had a military education before the war. The captains of the regiment were, most of them, soldiers of fortune—Irish, German and other adventurers—all Civil War veterans of higher rank who had remained in the Army in lesser stations. There never were better company commanders in any army, but soldiering long since had become a chore to them, and they were not looking for work. One exception was Frank D. Baldwin, the only officer I know of to win two Congressional Medals of Honor, who retired finally as a major general.

Delegating Authority

In speaking of the Battle of Chattanooga, Horace Porter quoted Grant as saying: "The difficulty is in finding commanding officers possessed of sufficient breadth of view and administrative ability to confine their attention to the perfecting of their organizations and giving a general supervision to their commands, instead of wasting their time upon details. For instance, there is General ——. He is a very gallant officer, but at a critical period of the battle he neglected to give the necessary direction to his troops and concentrated all his efforts upon aiming and firing some heavy guns, a service which could have been better performed by any lieutenant of artillery. I had to order him peremptorily to leave the battery and give his attention to his troops."

High executive ability is rare in any walk in life; it is a gift rather than an acquirement. Business men everywhere echo Grant's complaint, and we had comparable cases in the A. E. F. The failure of more than one unit could be traced directly to the inability of the officer in command to delegate authority.

(Continued on Page 43)

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LIKE every other woman, you have undoubtedly expressed the hope that some day someone would invent a really *run-proof* stocking . . . And perhaps someone will. But until that day arrives, you can go a long way toward getting far better service from your hosiery if you'll always make sure that the silk is FRESH.

That's why millions of women are flocking to Realsilk. They know that when they buy their hosiery *direct from our Mills,* they get it while the silk is still at its best—FRESH, flexible, and strong . . . arriving, ready for wear, seldom more than 24 days after the raw silk first left Yokohama.

For, due to Realsilk's exceptional methods of importation and production, only 13 days are required to bring the skein silk the entire distance from far-away Japan to the great Mills at Indianapolis. In 6 days more it can be fashioned into the loveliest hosiery in all the latest styles and shades. Then it is transferred to a special U. S. Post Office Branch right in our Mills and goes out immediately by mail, so that 5 days later—*at most*—it can be delivered to you in your home.

There are no delays—no in-between steps—to give the silk a chance to age or deteriorate . . . Time has no opportunity to get in its deadly work.

You'll find it a matter of constant surprise and satisfaction to see how smooth and snug a fit these stockings made of FRESH silk always afford; how vibrantly they shimmer; how beautifully clear and fine are their colorings.

And after they have been worn and reworn, washed and rewashed innumberable times, you'll be amazed how they continue to retain that wholesome NEW look . . . how splendidly they hold their shape . . . how defiantly the strong, young threads ward off "runs" and tears.

Don't overlook the fact that there is just one way to get this FRESH silk hosiery. It is sold exclusively by our own Representatives—10,000 of them—the Realsilk Gold Button Men who call regularly at homes and offices in every community.

If you are not a customer, next time the Representative assigned to your neighborhood calls, *have him come in* and explain fully the merits of Realsilk Hosiery Service. For, once you begin wearing and comparing Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery—like the millions of other women who have once tried it—we venture that you'll never be completely satisfied with any other brand.

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This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

(Continued from Page 40)

The martinet is inescapable in life. Some men are temperamentally incapable of carrying success gracefully or exercising power temperately. The effect always is ludicrous to the onlooker, but it is serious to those who must suffer it. Because of the necessities of rank and discipline, an army is peculiarly fertile soil for this growth and its effects are correspondingly grave. Not only is it a constant irritant in the organization, but it is characteristic of the bumptious and flatulent to swing from bombastic optimism in success to whimpering despair in stress. It is a fundamental defect of character in an officer, and no man who has it is fit for the command of others. Only a millennial army will be free of it, but I think we had as little of it as any great military force in history.

On the active list of the Army today there are, in the superior grades, two officers in particular whose careers in the war are inspirations to our younger men. General Charles P. Summerall was fifty in 1917 and a major of artillery. General John L. Hines was forty-nine and a lieutenant colonel in The Adjutant General's Department. Both rose to commands of army corps step by step by sheer merit and both now are major generals of the regular army, promoted on their war records, without political influence, after resuming their old grades on demobilization. General Hines recently has left the office of chief of staff on his own request to take command of the Ninth Corps area at San Francisco. General Summerall left the command of the Second Corps area to succeed him as chief of staff.

Among a still younger class of officers there are so many who made notable records in France that I cannot name them, but I should like to mention, among them, Generals Douglas MacArthur and Frank Parker. MacArthur, thirty-seven in 1917, had been an engineer officer and went to France as chief of staff of the Rainbow Division.

He rose to distinguished command of that division. General Parker, forty-five in 1917, had been a military attaché at Paris and was a graduate of the French military cavalry school at Saumur. At the outset of the fighting he commanded a regiment of the First Division and he rose to command of that exceptional division.

An Army With Few Linguists

He was one of the very few of our general officers who spoke French, and he spoke it fluently. I never have known another study that would give equal returns for the same expenditure of mental energy as languages. The scarcity of linguists in our army always has been awkward and frequently a military liability. The regular officer like myself may be counted on for Rio Grande and Philippine Spanish, but that lets him out. In this war we found more of our interpreters among the ranks than we did in the officers' corps despite the high percentage of college men in the latter. I presume this is to be accounted for by the fact that the American who has a speaking knowledge of other tongues than his own usually is foreign born or the son of foreign-born parents, and the generality of these were found in the ranks. We transferred many of them to staff work and made particular use of them in the examination of prisoners.

Hugh Drum and Malin Craig are two examples of staff officers who proved themselves in France. Drum, thirty-eight in 1917, organized, under General Pershing's direction, the staff of the First Army and served as its chief of staff throughout. Craig, forty-two in 1917, went to France with me as chief of staff of the Forty-first Division, organized the staff of the First Army Corps and continued as its chief of staff through the Second Marne, St.-Mihiel and Meuse campaigns, displaying rare ability at all times. He became chief of staff of the Third Army when it marched into Germany, and now is a major general, recently transferred to command of the Atlanta corps area, after serving as chief of cavalry and of operations on the general staff.

I met Marshal Haig, General Robertson and other British high commanders in France, but I saw little of the British after the American Army began to fight. Of the French commanders, I came to know well Marshals Foch, Pétain, Mangin, Fayolle and Castelnau, and Generals Degoutte, Gouraud, Debonnet and De Maud'Huy. I formed my first impressions of French officers of high command from the last, the first one I met. I did not go far wrong, for General de Maud'Huy proved to be typical of the commanders who had survived the long test of war. He was in command, at the time, of the Eleventh French Army Corps in the Chemin des Dames, with which our Yankee Division was in training on that front. The evening I arrived in Soissons on my first visit I called on the general at his offices. The first thing I noted, after meeting him, was a chair, its upholstered surface smeared with blood stains, alongside his desk. He explained that a British staff officer had been sitting in the chair several nights before when a German plane dropped a bomb in the street. Fragments flying in the window killed and badly mutilated the officer.

A General Among His Pipes

I next noted a rack of pipes on the mantelpiece, and counted nineteen. Each was a gift, and Foch and Haig had been among the donors. During the hour I talked with him he smoked three or four of them in rotation. When one grew hot, he cleaned it methodically, restored it to its ordered place in the rack and took down the next one. He seemed to be in no need of more pipes, but he was smoking French tobacco, which is not among the beauties of the republic. As soon as I could I sent him some pounds of our best Army tobacco and won his undying gratitude.

He had commanded the Eighteenth French Corps with great distinction at the First Marne. A highly capable soldier, he was idolized both by his officers and men. He was military governor of Metz after the Armistice. On the way to Coblenz after the disbandment of the First Army, I intended to stop at Metz to pay my respects to him, but both the French and British military police stopped our car and detoured us via Thionville, explaining that Metz was under martial law because of May Day labor disturbances. From Coblenz I wrote him a gently chiding letter telling him of my good intentions and reproaching him for allowing his town to get into a state that prevented his friends from calling on him. He replied humorously to the effect that had he known we were in the vicinity he would have turned out the garrison and escorted us in in state.

Our old army was most sparing of its commendation. Duty being a soldier's job the performance of it led to no bouquet passing, yet the soldier, being human, should be as certain of the expressed approval of his superiors when he does particularly well as he is of their censure if he fails. Among the virtues of the A. E. F. was an equal promptness to commend or censure, as the case merited. If I heard it said "So-and-So did mighty well in this action" I made a point to ask, "Why not tell him so, instead of building him a monument eventually?" I hope this happy custom does not wither in peace when there is less striking occasion for it, yet is no less stimulating to morale.

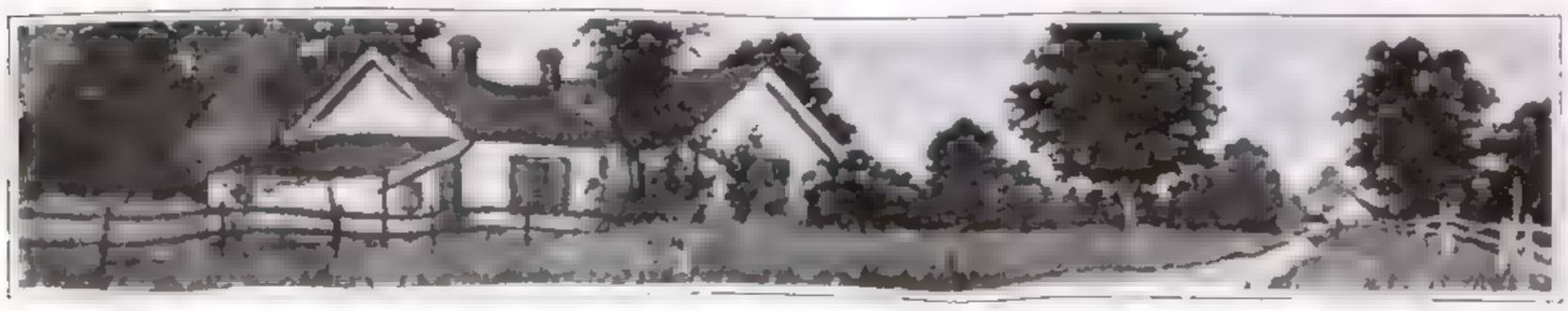
The Brevet Rank of Horses

With our weakness as a people for honorary titles, grandiose rituals and brave uniforms of peace, it is a curious circumstance that no army in the world is more soberly attired than ours and none so sparing of decorations. A decoration is valuable only as long as its prestige is guarded as jealously as we do the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross, and the British, the Victoria Cross. The holder must both earn these decorations and prove that he earned them. Napoleon was the first to appreciate the potentialities of a bit of metal and some ribbon, and he used them shrewdly. Since his time Europe has grown overlavish with them, as we were with the brevet rank in our Civil War.

A classic anecdote of our freedom with brevets still survives. During a skirmish between Longstreet's and Geary's forces at Wauhatchie, Tennessee, Geary's teamsters ran away. The deserted mules stampeded, broke loose from their wagons and happened to run directly at the enemy, heads down, tails up, trace chains rattling and whiffletrees snapping over stumps. Longstreet's men taking it for a cavalry charge, broke and ran. The quartermaster in charge of the mules sent in the following communication: "I request that the mules, for their gallantry in action, may have conferred upon them the brevet rank of horses."

It took a sorry mule in some of the armies of Europe, it sometimes seemed to me, not to win the brevet rank of horse. It would be an exaggeration to say that decorations were as difficult to avoid after great victories as poppies on tag days, yet the French prodigality with the Croix de Guerre was outdone only by Germany's reckless flinging about of her Iron Cross in a besieged country where metal was scarce. The French were most generous with our Army, and coming from one Ally to another, they were a graceful gesture that did much good and no harm, if the recipients did not mistake them for patents of nobility, which, regretfully, they sometimes did. Some men cannot take their medals or let them alone. "Hardware" is the Army's deprecating term for them, and our manly chests came to look like show windows on ceremonious occasions.

War grows progressively more graceless and mechanical, but there is such a thing as an army being too drab for its own good, and we have made that mistake in the past. For almost twenty years I entertained no doubt but what the Fifth Infantry, with which I had served since West Point, was the Army's pride and joy. No other regiment was fit to be mentioned in the same breath with it. In that day each army unit had an individuality of its own and the personnel of its officers' corps changed rarely, except as the older reached the retiring age and youngsters came out from the Point to start at the bottom of the ladder. A man's regiment was his home and his career, not a hotel and an incident. When I got to



Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

CONRAD VEIDT

Continuing from last week's list of notable Universal productions in preparation for the coming season, again I wish to call your attention to the fame of authors whose stories have been purchased—to talented stars chosen for the casts—to the prominence of directors having productions in charge

If the lovers of moving-pictures, who comprise nine-tenths of every community, will follow the plan of looking for the names of authors, stars and producers, it will lead them, in most instances, to Universal pictures. Try it and see—

"The Man Who Laughs"—classic by Victor Hugo—stars, CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN. Directed by Paul Leni.

"The Gripof the Yukon"—with NEIL HAMILTON, FRANCIS BUSHMAN, JUNE MARLOWE and OTIS HARLAN. Author, William McLeod Raine—director, Ernst Laemmle.

"13 Washington Square"—author, Leroy Scott—all star cast—director, Mel Brown.

"The Big Gun"—Richard Barry's inspiring story of the navy's part in the war—director, Irvin Willat.

"Buck Privates"—with LYA DE PUTTI, MALCOLM MACGREGOR, EDDIE GRIBBON and ZAZU PITTS—author, Stuart N. Lake—director, Mel Brown.

"War Eagles"—starring RAYMOND KEANE and BARBARA KENT—author, Lieut. Howard Blanchard—director, Emory Johnson.

"Wild Beauty"—featuring REX, King of Wild Horses, and with a strong cast, including JUNE MARLOWE. Author, Sylvia Send—director, Henry McRae

"Hot Heels"—author, Harry Hoyt—with PATSY RUTH MILLER and GLENN TYRON—director, William Craft.

AND DON'T FORGET UNIVERSAL'S SHORT SUBJECTS—*"The Newlyweds and Their Baby Snookums"*—*"The Collegians,"* second series, by Carl Laemmle, Jr.—*"Oswald, the Lucky Rabbit,"* animated cartoon—*"The Gumps."*

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

When that URGE for Home-Made Candy comes over you

There's nothing to take its place —nothing else like it. And here's a candy that has garnered more enthusiasts, proponents and fans than any other home-made candy in the world:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

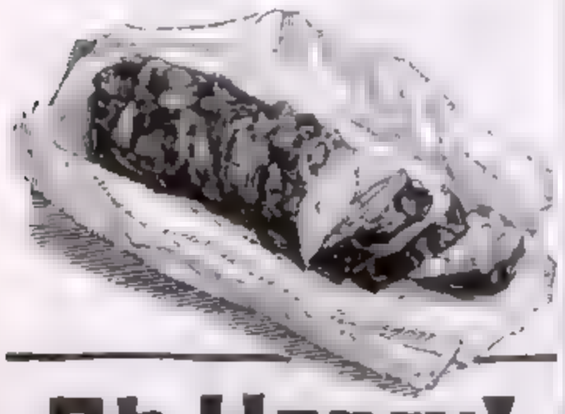
CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup, 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

And that's Oh Henry!—generous, rough-hewn, home-folksy—no tinsel or ribbon; but made as if made in your own home.

Of course, Oh Henry! is expensive to make—probably the most expensive candy in the world. And the only reason it is so *inexpensive to buy*, is that so many people appreciate its genuine home-made goodness.



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

Tampa in 1898, on my way to Cuba, I perceived for the first time that the regular army was pretty much of a pattern. That unfortunate point of view became general in the Army about that time. Officers shifted from command to command and regiments came to be as impersonal as their numbers.

The old spirit of competitive local pride is the easiest and best of stimulants of army *esprit de corps*, and such armies as the British always have fostered it in every way. Every British regiment has a family tree as long and as zealously honored as a noble lord's. They have their individual customs, traditions, privileges, songs, distinctions of uniform and imaginative names. We are neither old enough nor sufficiently martial to support such a military ritual, but we did recover some of the color of organization in the last war, with splendid results. Even the 3000 men of a regiment are pretty well submerged in an army in modern war, but we gave our divisions personalities, imaginative names as well as numbers, distinctive markings and geographical identities. The new regular army has not forgotten that lesson, fortunately. Organization histories, some of them tracing back to Washington's command, have been excavated from the War Department's archives, the newest enlisted man is instructed in the glories of the Steenth, and men are being recruited, in so far as practicable, for organizations rather than assigning them hit or miss.

For Home Consumption

Putting a uniform on an American does not dim his ardor for souvenirs. No matter what the hardships or how desperate the fighting, he keeps a roving eye out for something to send home to astonish the folks. Soldiers of another age were souvenir collectors in a more sinister sense; that which I speak of was the pure-hearted collector's passion of the small boy. There must be more German helmets in the United States today than there are in Germany; the number shipped home through the army post office was exceeded only by the ingenious lies that accompanied them for home consumption.

The best A. E. F. secret-service story I can vouch for, and which never has been told in print, links up with a souvenir-hunting American officer. The G-2, or Chief of Intelligence, of my First Army Corps staff was Richard Howard Williams. Williams, then a captain of coast artillery, was one of a group of American officers sent abroad in August, 1914, to assist Americans stranded in Europe, and he did not get back for three years. He was in Belgium when the gray fog of the German Army rolled through. His mission completed, he was dispatched on the U. S. S. North Carolina to Constantinople to serve as our military attaché to Turkey, under Ambassador Morgenthau. He was the only attaché with the Turkish Army in the Gallipoli campaign and the only American who saw, from the land side, the tragic landing of the British Army. A German officer attached to the Turkish forces was so shaken by the sight of the butchery of the British that he killed himself later aboard one of the German naval vessels that had slipped through the Dardanelles after raiding Allied shipping. Williams was aboard the ship at the time. He had noticed the brooding melancholy of the man and asked the trouble. "I can't sleep," the officer complained. "I keep seeing those Englishmen piling up in front of our guns." After the British evacuated the peninsula Williams went with the Bulgarian Army to Dobrudja against a Rumanian-Russian force.

In January, 1917, Washington called him home. It was apparent to the German Government by that time that we were coming into the war against them. Williams had been studying their allies at first hand for two years, and they did not relish the idea of letting him get away to use his knowledge against them, but still being at peace with the United States, they could not refuse him permission to leave. They did insist, however, that he travel via Berlin, and they delayed him there for eight days while secret agents did everything but X-ray him. When he got to Copenhagen he found shipping suspended because of the submarine blockade, and he was privately informed when, after three months' waiting, he was about to sail on a Danish ship for Sweden, that a German destroyer was waiting to stop the ship and take him off, war having been declared by the United States in the interval. The destroyer did stop the vessel and search it painstakingly, but Williams shortly appeared on Swedish shores, nevertheless, to get home later via Norway and a long detour by way of Iceland.

Washington promptly sent him to France to report to General Pershing at Chaumont, and there, because of his exceptional advantages, he naturally went into the intelligence section under General Nolan. He was still at Chaumont in October, 1917, when the Germans launched their greatest single Zeppelin raid, starting thirteen airships from Belgium for the greater English ports and industrial centers. Two had to turn back because of motor trouble, but eleven reached England and dropped their loads. On the return they were scattered by a violent storm. Six managed to return to their base, but five froze their engines in high altitudes over France and fell prey to Allied planes, anti-aircraft guns and their own helplessness.

Two—the L-49 and the L-51—were driven down almost simultaneously about forty miles from Chaumont. The L-49 was captured intact, a party of Frenchmen too old for military service, who were out on a boar hunt, preventing the crew from firing a Very pistol into her envelope and destroying the ship by fire. The L-51 struck the earth with its forward gondola, or control car, bounced upward, struck again and progressed across country in that fashion until eventually it wrenched the control car loose in a tree top, and freed of its weight, drifted away to be lost, with all hands, in the Mediterranean.

A Priceless Souvenir

An excursion to Soissons to look on while Pétain launched his attack on the Chemin des Dames had largely depopulated the American G. H. Q. that day. Williams was one of those who had remained behind, and he and a British general attached to the American headquarters jumped into a staff car and drove to the scene, arriving just after the crew of the control car of the L-51 had surrendered to the prideful boar hunters.

Other officers, French and American, were on the scene. Williams was told that no papers had been found in the L-51 control car or in the L-49, and the search apparently was about to be abandoned. Not satisfied with this, he suggested to his British companion that they follow the visible course of the Zeppelin along the ground as far as possible. The trail ended in a swamp and the two officers had found nothing on the way. The British general turned back, but Williams, with characteristic doggedness, waded into the swamp and soon came across a fragment of a German map. He continued to wade, finding more fragments, until he had explored the whole area of the swamp. When he returned to the tree in which the gondola had lodged he found his companion waiting there. The latter recognized the significance of the find at a glance and was quite un-English in his excitement. Williams climbed the tree, incidentally, and found one more fragment of the map lodged in the limbs.

Working all that night with Captain Samuel T. Hubbard, Jr., in civil life a New York City cotton broker, the two succeeded in piecing the fragments together and found that they had a cross-section German code map of the North Sea, the Irish Sea, the Skager Rack and Cattegat, with only the English Channel missing. It obviously bore an important relation to the German submarine operations, but without the German code the map was more interesting than important.

During the morning a young American officer at G. H. Q. spoke casually of having seen what he regarded as the most interesting souvenir of the war to date. Williams asked for details.

"It was a sort of album," the young man explained, "with photographs of all types of German naval vessels, heavier than air and lighter than air ships, and some printed matter."

It was the German code book, with additions for the proper visual identification of German naval and aircraft. Williams suspected at once, and he ordered the officer to find the possessor and produce the book immediately. When it was brought hurriedly to headquarters this surmise was confirmed. Two young American officers had climbed into the cabin of the L-49 soon after the boar hunters had captured it in the name of France, and before intelligence officers had reached the scene. Seeing the book, one of them pocketed it instanter as a capital trophy.

With the code book in hand, the tremendous significance of the map was apparent; it was the key to the whole German submarine campaign. On Williams' request, as acting G-2, General, then Colonel, W. D. Connor, acting chief of staff, in the absence of General Harbord, ordered the map and code book dispatched at once to Admiral Sims at London. Captain Hubbard was made the messenger and was given a staff car and chauffeur.

The Key to the Submarines

After an all-night ride Hubbard reached British headquarters at Montreuil the next morning, and assisted by General Macdonogh, chief of military intelligence of the British War Office, he crossed the Channel to Folkestone and proceeded by train to London, arriving at eleven P.M. He carried strict orders to deliver the documents only to Admiral Sims or one of his personal staff. He found that the admiral was in Paris and that his personal aide, Commander Babcock, was ill in bed in a hotel. Under the circumstances, Captain Hubbard went to the hotel, awakened Commander Babcock, ill as he was, and showed him what he carried. The commander figuratively fell out of bed, whistled his amazement and hopped to the telephone, calling British Naval Intelligence. "This is Commander Babcock, U. S. N.," Hubbard heard him say. "An officer has just arrived from American Army headquarters with extremely important documents which you should see at once."

A few minutes later two British naval officers reached the hotel, were given custody of the map and code book and left on the double-quick for the Admiralty. In the following week, before the enemy learned that his code and operations map were in the hands of the Allies, the British Navy made its greatest bag of U-boats. They always had been able to intercept enemy naval radio orders; with the code book they now could decipher the orders and, by virtue of the map, surprise numbers of submarines at various designated rendezvous.

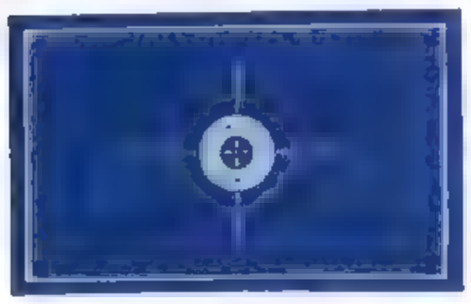
A letter from Admiral W. R. Hall, chief of British Naval Intelligence, dated at the Admiralty, October 25, 1917, to the chief of the Intelligence Section, General Staff, United States Army headquarters in France, reads:

> Commander Babcock, Admiral Sims' aide, has handed to me the important documents which you were good enough to send to Admiral Sims.
>
> I hasten to express to you my most grateful thanks for your kindness and promptitude in sending me this most valuable document, which I assure you will be of the greatest value. You may rely that any information contained therein which will be of value to the United States Forces will be at once communicated to them.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout. The last will appear in an early issue.

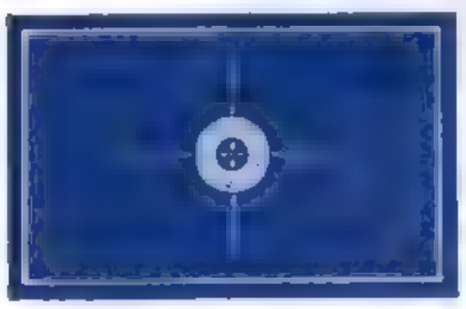
Years of Continuous Service

"The Goodyear 2½-inch style M water hose carrying the residue from our plant to our marsh has been in service continuously since September, 1924. It has handled approximately 19,000 tons of solid and 78,000 tons of liquid at a temperature of approximately 110 degrees Fahr. Apparently good for considerable further service."—The Krebs Pigment and Chemical Company, Newport, Del.



Good Satisfaction Always

"We have used Goodyear braided air hose exclusively for a period of five years on such various operations as chipping and grinding. We adopted it after making thorough tests of several of the other leading makes of hose. We have also used Goodyear sand blast hose for three years, and it has given us good satisfaction."—Treadwell Engineering Company, Allentown, Pa.



Fewer Replacements

"Our spraying pressure has increased during the past several years from 200 lbs. to as high as 500 lbs. Several makes of hose we know of are improved, but with us the Goodyear Hose is exceptional. We handled approximately 10,000 feet of it last season, and were not asked in a single instance to replace a piece of Goodyear Spray Hose."—Wells & Wade, Wenatchee, Wash

Extra Months of Hose Life

"The average life of 14 lengths of Goodyear Air Hose in our service is 2 years, 4 months, 20 days. Of six test hoses of another make, the average life was 1 year, 1 month, 3 days. Of still another make, one test hose wore out at 1 year, 9 months, 16 days; of eight out of nine pieces of a fourth make, 1 year, 9 months, 8 days, one piece, spliced to a Goodyear Hose, at 2 years, 8 months."—Superior & Boston Copper Co., Copper Hill, Ariz.

The right hose for your job —and the G. T. M.

Not all hose is made in the same way. Nor should it be. Some must be built to withstand severe abrasion from without, or high pressure from within, or both simultaneously. Other hose must carry steam, or acids, or provide a leakless line for air. Still other hose should have sanitary construction and looks for its first requirements.

To give you the service you require—to give you that service economically, efficiently and over the longest period of time—your hose should be built to your particular needs. The right basis for that kind of hose construction is expert specification to the job.

The Goodyear Analysis Plan is the scientific means by which Goodyear helps users of hose to determine exactly what hose construction will serve them best. The application of this analysis plan is entrusted to the G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

The G. T. M. is an expert on hose. He is familiar with the hose requirements of many industries. In co-operation with your plant officials, he will be glad to analyze your hose problems and help work out a system of conservation to prolong the life of your hose. His successful application of *the right hose for the job* is demonstrated in the testimonials that frame this page, and in hundreds of others like them. If you are interested in getting the right hose for your operations, you can get in touch with the G. T. M. by writing to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

One Length Outwears Two Others

"The white-covered Sanitary Hose which we purchased from you for machine washup purposes has given us the best service of any hose we have used. One length of this hose, which is now in service in our machine room, has outworn two lengths of other hose and is still in service."—Mac Sim Bar Paper Company, Otsego, Mich.

Four Years of Goodyear Service

"We have been using Goodyear Style 'M' and Wingfoot Air Hose, together with Goodyear Style 'M' Steam and Style 'M' Water Hose, for the past four years and have found them very reliable and the service rendered has been most satisfactory. Furthermore, we have experienced no delay in our work, due to hose failure in that time.—Dick Construction Company, Inc., Hazleton, Pa.

"We Use Goodyear Welding Hose"

"We have been using Goodyear welding hose for a considerable length of time, and find it to be suitably adapted for our particular line of railroad car work. We use it both in our shop and on the outside, where it is subject to the elements and hard usage."—Canton Car Company, Canton, Ohio.

Three Years vs. Six Months

"We bought hose for washing sludge out of polishers and saws from every salesman who came along with 'the best hose made.' Most of it lasted a week or so, the best six months. Your G. T. M. checked over the situation, and recommended Goodyear Sanitary Hose. Still in excellent condition after three years. All our machines are now Goodyear-equipped."—Montello Granite Co., Montello, Wis.

The Greatest Name in Rubber

HOSE · PACKING VALVES · BELTS

GOODYEAR

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The sign of a good fan

Walk through the doorway under this sign. Walk up to the counter inside. Get your G-E Fan—whatever size or type you need. It will do a good job—on a small amount of current. It will give you ten cool hours for a nickel.

Merchandise Department
General Electric Company
Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

HONEYMOON FLATS

Continued from Page 7

morning. Starting all wrong, that lad. If I knew him better, I'd talk to him like a father. No way to bring up a wife a-tall."

"Gets his own breakfast," smiled Kate French. "Say, that's a splendid idea."

"You keep your mind on your work. And try and be nice to 'em. Jim Clayton's a fine fellow."

A week later Kate French invited the Claytons to dinner. On the appointed night, French and Clayton got off the train together. As they approached Honeymoon Flats, French espied a smart and expensive roadster parked before the building.

"Hello," he said. "Surely that doesn't belong to anybody who lives at our house."

"It's my wife's," Clayton explained. "Had it before she was married, and her father sent it along with her."

"Oh, I see," frowned French. "Well, I hope it doesn't put ideas into the other girls' heads." He nodded toward a couple of secondhand flivvers parked near by. "Mostly when the cars of Honeymoon Flats are lined up outside, it looks like Clean-up Week before the junkman calls."

Clayton found Lila resplendent in an imported gown, with jewels that recalled her loving parents. He looked at her doubtfully, but said nothing.

When they went downstairs, French greeted them in jovial mood. "Hello," he said. "Mrs. Clayton, you look great. As I live, the Diamond Jim Brady of Honeymoon Flats!"

"Bob, don't be rude," his wife rebuked.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "Didn't mean anything. Them as has 'em, wears 'em, as the fellow said."

He brought out his son and heir, a rosy-cheeked, happy-looking baby. "The kid himself," he explained. "You two have heard from him so often, you must feel you know him already."

"He's lovely," Lila said.

"Chief broadcaster of this station," French went on. "Doesn't mean a thing by it, however. Just trying out his voice."

Clayton insisted on holding the baby, but Lila seemed afraid of it, and relieved when it was returned to the bedroom. They sat down to a very good dinner which Kate French, somewhat flushed of face, had prepared. Clayton was loud in his praise of her work.

"I went to a cooking school the first six months we were married," she said. "I'll give you the address, Mrs. Clayton, if you like."

"Thank you," murmured Lila dubiously.

"Lucky I went then," Kate continued. "I couldn't have done it after Junior came. That's the time to go—when you're free."

They played bridge, and at eleven o'clock the Claytons went to their own apartment. Lila was thinking about the cooking school, but just as she was on the point of saying something about it, Clayton remarked, "By the way, honey, don't you think you'd better leave off a little of that jewelry—for the present anyhow?"

"Why should I?" she wanted to know.

"Well, as the wife of a man everybody knows is making only a small salary ——"

She was hurt. "I don't see it. All these things are mine, and paid for. Why shouldn't I wear them? I think you're selfish."

"Now, now, honey!" He recognized the source of her last remark. "I didn't mean it. Wear anything you like."

Perhaps he was a bit unreasonable, he reflected.

"Oh, Jim, don't be cross with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Cross with you? Never! I love you."

He kissed her, and Lila forgot the cooking school. She remembered it a few days later, however, and mentioned it to her mother. That female Mussolini sat on the idea at once.

"Don't you do it. If you start that way, you'll have to keep on."

"But I don't know the first thing about cooking, and there's no room here for a maid."

"Well, if Jim would only be sensible and take that place with your father ——"

"He won't, mother. And it's for him to decide."

"Then let him hurry up and make more money so he can get you out of here. Certainly my daughter isn't going to stand over a gas range—not with my consent."

Thus advised, Lila let the matter drop. She discovered the delicatessen in the little row of shops by the station and dinners took on the aspect of picnic affairs. Jim Clayton was in love and his digestion was good. Life drifted on.

One day he stayed home from the office to concentrate on a bit of work. All morning he heard the voices of the neighbors calling to one another. "Who can let me have a good, fresh egg?" A little later: "Dell, how about bringing back my carpet sweeper?" And then from Kate French: "Anybody been out today? How's the weather? Shall I take Junior out minus his leggings?"

None of these queries, he noticed, concerned Lila. She was sitting by the window, reading a snobbish New York magazine.

"How are you getting on with the girls here, Lila?" he inquired.

"All right. They let me alone and I don't bother them."

"But wouldn't it be nicer if you were a bit more friendly?"

She shrugged. "Why? We're not going to live here long, are we? . . . This sounds interesting, Jim." She showed him an advertisement. The most expensive perfume in the world, it offered blatantly.

He said no more, but he was vaguely displeased. Occasionally in the evenings he heard the sounds of gay parties round about, and knew that they were being left out of the life of Honeymoon Flats. Often the Frenches invited some other young couple to sit in their flat and guard the baby while they went to the movies. It was a doubtful honor, but Clayton rather resented the fact that he and Lila were never approached on the subject.

In May, Lila began to speak of the country club. She had been a member until her marriage automatically disbarred her. She missed it now.

"But, honey, it costs two thousand dollars," Clayton reminded her. "Out of the question."

"I suppose it is."

"You don't mind, do you?"

"No, but it would be a place to go for dinner."

"At two dollars a plate? Dream on!"

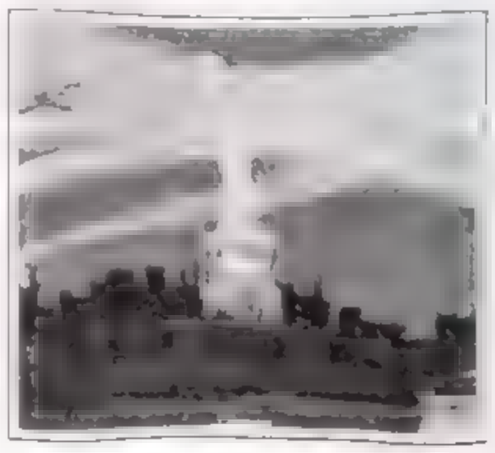
One rainy night in May they were invited to a formal dinner at the Garland house. Jim was hurrying into his evening clothes when Lila appeared before him, a dazzling sight.

"New dress, honey?" he inquired.

"Yes. Isn't it beautiful. Straight from Paris—four hundred dollars."

"Four hundred dollars!"

"Mother bought it for me last Saturday. By the way, the roadster is in the garage—laid up. The steering gear, I think. Mother is sending Patrick for us."



Jim Clayton thoughtfully finished tying his tie. Then he stepped to the telephone and called the Garland house. The butler answered. "Jim Clayton talking," he said slowly. "Please tell Mrs. Garland not to send the car for us. Tell her we're coming in a taxi."

Lila watched him, wide-eyed, while he called the taxi company. Taxis were in great demand on rainy nights, and he was not a regular patron. But he was promised one at seven. At 7:40—the dinner was at eight—no taxi had appeared. Lila got her mother on the telephone. "Please send Patrick right away," she requested.

The rain lashed against the windows of the limousine as they rode up the hill. Jim Clayton sat grimly in his corner, saying nothing.

He was silent throughout the long, dull dinner. When all the guests had gone save Clayton and Lila, Henry Garland impressively approached, bearing a blue card. He handed it over.

"What's this?" Jim asked.

"Your card of membership in the Wynnewood Hills Country Club," said Garland pompously.

"But look here, I can't afford this."

"With my compliments," continued Garland. "Lila's mother thought—we both thought ——"

"I can't take this," protested Clayton wearily. "The dues ——"

"The dues are paid in advance for a year, my boy. Behave yourself."

Clayton felt beaten and tired. He put the card in his pocket. "Thank you very much," he said.

As they rode home in the car, Lila looked at him. "You were brilliant tonight! And when papa gave you that card, anyone would have thought he was insulting you."

"He was, in a way. I didn't want it. Great Scott, why can't they leave us alone?"

"They're so kind, and you don't appreciate them"—tears in her voice.

"You bet I don't. Oh, they mean well; but confound it, I prefer to join the club on my own money."

"What money is that?" After all, Mrs. Garland was her mother.

"All right, rub it in. Everybody in town will know who paid for that membership. I took it, but I promise you now I'll never go near the damn place."

"I th-think you're horrid."

"Now, Lila, I ——"

"Don't touch me!"

He didn't touch her. Without another word being spoken, they retired for the night. In the morning, when he rose to get his breakfast, she pretended to be asleep.

IV

BOB FRENCH joined him on the train. They had been riding in together every morning and were good friends now.

"Why so glum?" French inquired. "You look as though someone had dragged you down and down until the soul within you died."

"I've just been elected to the Wynnewood Hills Country Club," replied Jim Clayton. He should keep his affairs to himself, he knew, but he felt keenly the need of confiding in someone.

"So I heard," smiled French. "No secrets where we live, Jim."

"I suppose you heard, too, who paid for it?"

"Well, there've been rumors."

Clayton frowned. "He gave me the card last night. Confound it, what would you have done?"

"I'd have torn it up and thrown it at him. . . . Oh, wait a minute—I don't know. Maybe not. Thank God, Kate's folks live in Baltimore—and she was one of six children anyhow."

"You're lucky," sighed Clayton.

"I hear they want to turn you into a bond salesman," went on French.

Another "Traveler's Joy"

"Traveler's Joy" is that little *sky-blue* wild flower that grows so blithely in summer, along the highways. You know it. Very simple and unimposing it is. Weary travelers named it, long ago, because of the cheer and contentment it always gave out.

Another "Traveler's Joy," sky-blue in color, just as simple, but much more practical in service to the traveler, in the sense of security and peace of mind they assure, are those little *"sky-blue"*

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which every traveler knows so well and appreciates so fully.

Seriously—these Cheques are nothing short of *"traveler's joy"* to everyone away from home, on vacations—touring in your auto, or traveling anywhere.

Joy in their possession, joy in their use, comes from the fact that they protect you against the loss or theft of your travel funds—the most essential of all travel requisites—just as essential for travel in this country as abroad.

And they assure you, wherever and whenever you may need it, the experienced Personal Service of 27,000 Express representatives everywhere in the United States and Canada.

Put a bunch of American Express Travelers Cheques in your pocket whenever you go away from home, this summer—and see what joy they add to your travels.

American Express Travelers Cheques are issued in $10, $20, $50, and $100 denominations—bound in a small, handy wallet—and cost only 75c for each $100.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS, AMERICAN EXPRESS AND AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICES

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Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries, or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

Men Are Changing

By Scores of Thousands

From old-type shaving soaps to this unique creation—let us send you 10-day tube to try

GENTLEMEN:

80% of the present users of Palmolive Shaving Cream once were wedded to rival preparations. Millions have discarded old-type shaving soaps for it.

We won them over by giving them liberal test tubes of this unique creation to try. Then asked them to compare with present favorites.

Now we seek a like opportunity of proving results to you.

We believe you'll find that 5 major mistakes in shaving preparations have been corrected. And shaving thus given a new element of comfort, speed and pleasure.

These 5 advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Let us prove this

We ask your permission to prove these things—to send you a tube to try. We are masters of soap making. One of our soaps—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world. We have worked hard to excel in a Shaving Cream. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we attained our ideal.

Do us the kindness to mail this coupon, for your sake and for ours.

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. Here are new delights for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now.

10 SHAVES FREE
and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1350, Palmolive, 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

—

Please print your name and address

3616

"That's the idea. But they won't succeed."

"Good for you! Firmness, my boy—that's the only thing can save you now. Since you brought the matter up, I want to say we're all with you. We're rooting for you."

"I'm afraid Lila isn't any too popular in the Flats," ventured Clayton.

French hesitated. "Well, she's darn popular—with me. But the women—they think she's a little high-hat. This life she's leading now is just a rather tiresome joke to her. It's because there's all that money behind her on the hill—money and rather foolish parents. If you'd only taken her off to Timbuktu!"

"I wish I had," said Clayton bitterly.

"'A mother's love would follow her still,'" quoted French. "She's been dominated so long—you don't see many children like that nowadays, but evidently Lila's one. Even so, I think she's a nice kid."

"That's it," cut in Clayton eagerly. "She's only a kid, Bob; a—a sort of kitten—that's what her father calls her when he's in one of his mushy and imbecile moods. And all her life the extra-heavy cream has been handed her in a very expensive saucer. She's young and inexperienced, but she's got the stuff. She'll grow up into a mighty fine woman, if—if only ——"

French nodded. "I think so too. Patience—that's what you need. Your first year presents more problems than most of us have to face, but things will adjust themselves all right in the end."

"Thanks," said Clayton—"for believing in Lila, I mean." He brightened. "Her father and mother are talking of going abroad late in June for three months."

"God speed the day!" cried French. "That will be your chance, old man."

It seemed to Clayton that that would, indeed, be his chance, and he looked forward eagerly to the sailing of a certain boat. Along about the middle of June he came home one lovely evening in high spirits. As he got ready for his delicatessen dinner, he heard resounding cheers. He and Lila ran to a front window.

Bob French had driven up to the door of Honeymoon Flats in a handsome new automobile that glittered expensively in the dying sunlight. As he alighted, from practically every street window of the Flats his neighbors leaned out, waving and cheering madly. French stopped and looked up at his audience, a broad grin on his face.

"Hello, Kate," he called to his wife. "Bring the kid and let him in on this. Big moment in his dad's life."

He placed one hand on the radiator of the car, reserving the other for appropriate gestures. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began impressively, "you may as well get this now from an authoritative source. Your friend and neighbor, meaning my humble self, has had a promotion in the law office, with a generous increase in salary. Witness the first fruits of this latest Princeton victory. I traded in Old Ironsides this afternoon. The costly chariot you see here is not paid for—not by a long shot. I gave my check for precisely $586.50, and the balance is to be paid in monthly installments, like rent. Only I hope to heaven it won't be as hard to pay as the rent. Other details may be had by calling at Apartment 23 between the hours of eight and ten this evening. Enter softly, in case the kid's asleep."

Amid renewed cheering, he disappeared inside the apartment house.

"Good enough!" laughed Jim Clayton. "Bob's getting on. I'm glad to see it. I'll have a raise myself one of these days, honey."

"That will be nice," said Lila. She seemed rather distraught during dinner. After they had done the dishes, Clayton dropped into his favorite chair. Lila sat down in his lap and kissed him. "Jim, mother thinks —— "

At these ominous words his heart sank. "Yes?"

"Mother thinks it would do me a lot of good to go abroad with them this summer. Perhaps I could come home before they do, but ——"

His face was stricken. "Do you want to go?"

"I wouldn't like to leave you, dear; but mother thinks ——"

"She thinks too much," muttered Clayton under his breath. Aloud, he repeated: "Do you want to go?"

"Well, I do—and I don't." That familiar, helpless gesture. "They're very keen about it. I—I don't know."

He pushed her away and paced the crowded floor. "It's all up to you, honey. If you want to go, I can get along."

But she could not overlook the hurt expression in his eyes. "I—I don't think I want to, Jim. I'd rather be with you."

"Lila, dear"—he took her in his arms—"why, if you wanted to leave I'd think our marriage was a failure, somehow. You don't, do you?"

"No, Jim, no. I really don't."

So that was all right. He resumed his counting of the days before the Berengaria's sailing, late in June.

The boat was leaving on Saturday, and on Thursday night Jim Clayton encountered Henry Garland on the train. It was the cook's night out, Garland said, and his wife was dining with friends at the local women's club.

Lila had invited him to have his first dinner at Honeymoon Flats.

"Fine!" said Clayton. As Garland's sailing date approached, he felt more and more kindly toward his father-in-law. "Delighted to have you." He had been hoping that Garland, who was rather an epicure, would sample his daughter's cooking soon.

"I was talking with Judge Barker in the station," Garland went on. "He's in the same fix I am, and his daughter has gone in town to the theater. I was wondering—why can't we bring him along?"

Clayton hesitated. "Well, I don't know," he said dubiously.

"I'm sure it will be all right with Lila," continued Garland. "I'll hunt him up and ask him." And he did.

As the three men climbed the stairs in Honeymoon Flats, delicious odors assailed their nostrils—a broiling steak, frying chicken.

"Smells like heaven," Judge Barker said. "I'm hungry tonight. I hope Lila won't mind my butting in like this."

They entered the Clayton apartment and pleasant odors faded behind them. When the door closed, those odors were no more. However, only Jim Clayton noticed that.

Judge Barker was profuse in his apologies. Lila graciously waved them aside and, unperturbed, laid another plate. The dinner began.

Half a grapefruit—not a bad beginning at all—excellent for a suffocatingly hot night. Clayton wondered—it might be that, knowing her father was coming, Lila had outdone herself. And then his heart sank.

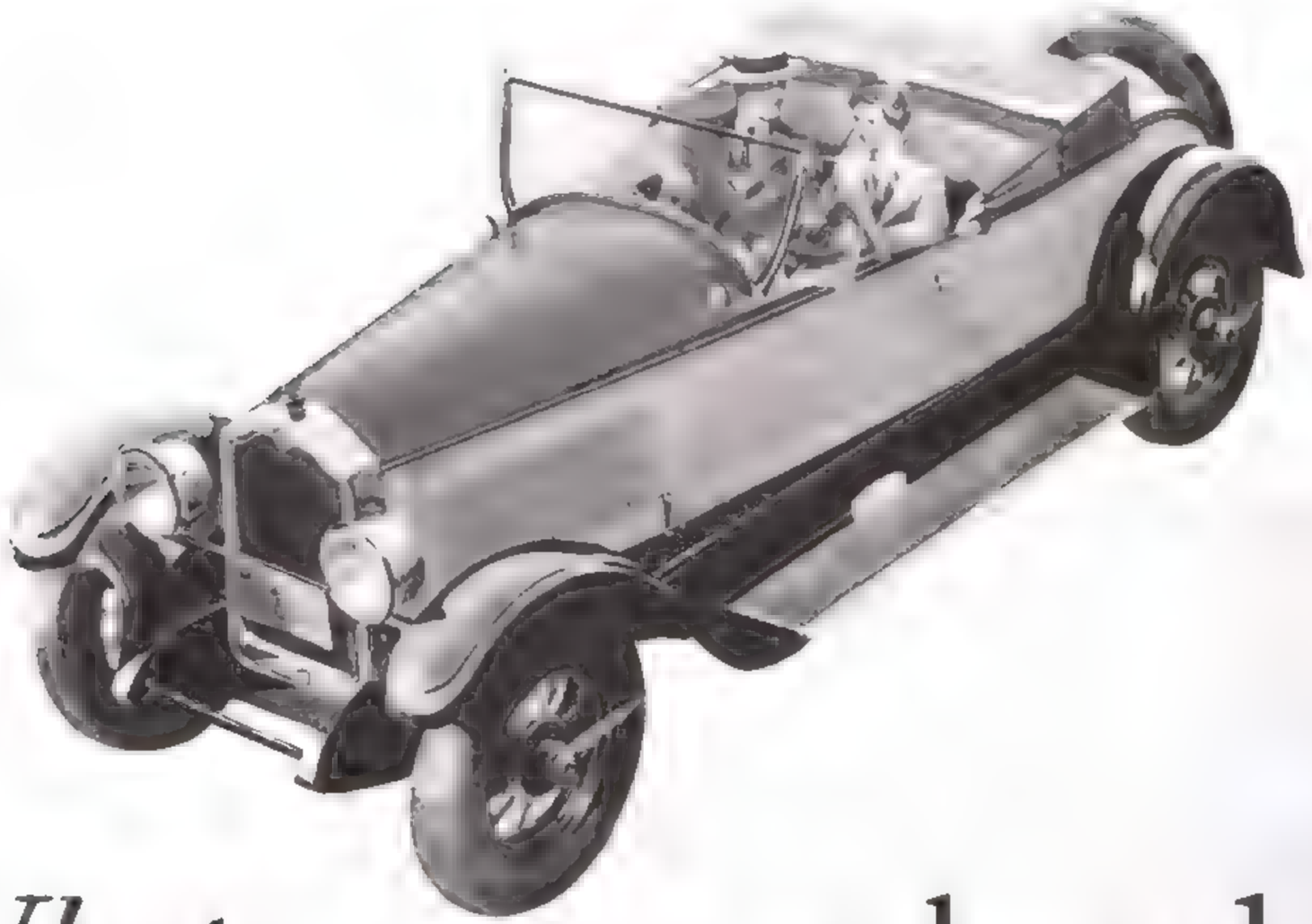
Perhaps the pale ham from the delicatessen was not really beyond all hope, but it seemed to be. Certainly the potato salad from the same dreary emporium was soured on life. And the peas were indubitably from a can. Canned peas in June —— Henry Garland became silent, morose. Some asparagus lay limply on wilted, dejected lettuce. Rather stale pastry rounded off the Lucullan feast.

Garland and the judge smoked in gloomy silence after the meal—good cigars from Garland's pocket. At 8:30 Garland suggested that they go. He was, he said, not feeling very well.

"Lila," he announced, "I've got something here for you." He took a jeweler's box from his pocket. "Your mother thought—we both thought—that in as much as you're cheated out of Europe this summer, a little cheer-up present might not be amiss." He opened the box and held up a string of magnificent pearls.

Cheated out of Europe! Jim Clayton felt his anger rising. But Lila had thrown herself upon her father's neck.

(Continued on Page 50)



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(Continued from Page 48)

"Dad, they're wonderful! Just what I wanted! You old darling!"

"Cost a lot of money," Garland said—"nine thousand—the real thing. I mention it only to point out that you must take good care of them. Better get a safety-deposit box in the local bank, Jim."

Jim Clayton did not trust himself to speak. He'd had a hard day at the office; one of his pet ideas had been rejected of men and he was in no tender mood. Then, too, the dinner had been a good deal of a strain. But he pulled himself together and saw Garland and Judge Barker out.

When he came back into the room, Lila was gloating over the pearls. Something cracked inside him. He strode over, snatched them from her hand and threw them out the window into the hot June night.

"Jim!" she cried.

"I'm sick of it!" he said in a low, tense voice. "Sick of it! Cheated out of Europe, were you? Is that the impression you gave?"

"Jim, I never ——."

"All dolled up like a plush horse—and me on twenty-five hundred a year. You know what Bob French called you the Diamond Jim Brady of Honeymoon Flats. Well, that's ended now. Here, where are you going?"

"I'm going to get my necklace."

"You stay here."

"Try and make me!" She was gone. He went to the window; a cool breeze fanned his hot brow. Perhaps he had been a little hasty. But hang it all ——

It seemed a long time before Lila returned. When she reëntered the living room she was crying.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"My necklace. I can't find it anywhere."

"Nonsense!" He got a flash light and went below. For half an hour he searched among the bushes—in vain. The necklace had disappeared.

He came upstairs, his anger gone, contrite and humble. Lila was in bed, sobbing into her pillow.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I can't find it either. I really didn't mean, honey —— I've had a hard day ——"

"I never dreamed you could be so unkind," she wept. "I hate you! I hate you!"

He went to bed. Long after Lila's sobs had ceased, he lay staring into the darkness, worried, unhappy.

In the morning Lila was awake, but silent and unresponsive. Clayton dressed hurriedly and ran downstairs. He searched frantically, but again without success. He spoke about the matter to the janitor, gave him a dollar; to be on the safe side belittled the value of the pearls.

When he had finished his breakfast he went again to the bedroom. Lila, fully clothed, sat before her dressing table. She was cool, impersonal, distant.

"I've had another look about," Clayton said. "I—I don't understand it, Lila."

"It doesn't matter," she said; "not in the least."

He consulted his watch. "I'm afraid I'll have to go now." She said nothing, made no move to rise. He went sadly away.

That morning he was among those who lingered on the platform of the train. Since Lila was up and dressed—but no, no use. Lila wasn't waving. She was not in the mood. He avoided Bob French and went gloomily to sit with a stranger.

Henry Garland and Judge Barker met on a later train and shared a seat. Garland looked worn and depressed. "I was on the point of calling you this morning about two o'clock," he announced.

"What for?" the judge inquired.

"I wondered if you were—all right—not sick—or anything."

"We're old friends," the judge smiled. "So I may say that I didn't feel any too good. But three cups of hot water with bicarbonate of soda fixed me up."

"You were lucky," sighed Garland. "Nothing fixed me up. I thought I was dying, sure. That ham was a little bit tainted, don't you think so, Will?"

"I don't know. It tasted rather strangely."

"So did the potato salad. Damn it, nothing tasted right. I never closed my eyes all night. Will, I was humiliated—humiliated. I owe you a dinner at the Ritz as soon as I get back from abroad."

"Don't worry about me. I'll pull through. But—pardon my saying it—how about Jim? A young hero, don't you think?"

"I'll say he is."

"It's none of my business," went on the judge, "but as a friend of many years' standing—perhaps you remember what I said to you once, Henry, about the young people—the only thing wrong with them."

"Their parents, you said."

"Correct. Did you, by any chance, notice Jim's face when you gave Lila that necklace?"

"I can't say I did."

"The next time," suggested Judge Barker, "I'd notice it if I were you."

V

JIM CLAYTON was of little use to the advertising profession that day. It was Black Friday for him. Lila's voice crying "I hate you!" rang constantly in his ears. He left the office early and at the station bought a large bunch of roses he could ill afford. He rode out on the crowded train, carrying the flowers in his hand.

Young Twitchell entered the car, paused at Jim's seat. "Hello, what have you been up to?" inquired the Yale man. "Not much, I hope, if you expect to square yourself with those wilted posies."

"What do you mean—wilted?" Clayton answered. "They're almost as fresh as you are."

He climbed the stairs in Honeymoon Flats two at a time. The door of the apartment was locked. Surprised, he let himself in. "Lila, honey!" he called. His voice rang sharply through the empty flat.

Empty, indeed. He explored it quickly. Lila wasn't there. Coming back to the living room, he saw a white envelope lying on a table.

He tossed the roses into a chair, tore open the letter. He read:

Dear Jim: I told mother about the necklace and she was shocked. She said it showed an entirely new side of your character, and I think so, too—not a nice side. She urged me to go abroad with them, and I'm going. I've taken my trunks. When I come back in the fall, perhaps you will be different. Perhaps you will appreciate all mother and father are trying to do for us.

LILA.

He read the letter again. Unbelieving, he went to the bedroom closet—all Lila's lovely gowns were gone. Returning to the living room, he savagely snatched up the roses and tossed them into a corner. Then he sat down at the telephone.

The caretaker at the Garland house answered; he was already alone there for the summer. The family had gone in town to spend their last night ashore at a hotel. What hotel? Who was this speaking? Never mind—what hotel? But the man insisted on knowing who wanted the information, and rather than reveal his position to a servant, Clayton hung up.

He walked forlornly through the lonely little rooms. The evening clamor of the Flats was at its height; he heard gay voices, happy voices. Everybody happy, everybody young and carefree. He envied them.

Suddenly he had an inspiration, and called the hotel in town usually favored by the Garlands. After a time, Lila's voice answered, cool and far away.

"Look here, Lila, this is Jim."

"Yes?"

"You're not going off like this ——"

"Oh, yes, I am. Mother thinks ——"

"Never mind what mother thinks. Think for yourself for a change. If that little affair last night ——"

"Little affair?"

"That's what I said. If you don't care any more for me than to rush off and leave me just because ——"

"Oh, you'll get along. You have plenty of friends. Why don't you look up that chorus girl?"

"What chorus girl?"

"The one you used to be so crazy about."

"Nita Hoyt? Don't be silly. I haven't seen her for two years. Lila, in heaven's name ——"

"You'd better stay here and think things over. When I come back ——"

Her calm, aloof tone irritated him. "Listen to me! If you go off like this, as far as I'm concerned you needn't come back."

A brief silence. "Very well, I'll remember what you say."

"Lila—Lila ——" But she had hung up.

He was alone again. A voice rang through the halls: "Who wants a game of bridge? Don't all speak at once." Bridge—people playing bridge—life going on as usual! He glanced at the roses, lying limply in the corner. Roses for Lila—a lot she cared. Six dollars thrown away.

After a time he prepared himself a bit of dinner and went early to bed—but not to sleep.

In the morning he rose dazed, confused. He took an early train to avoid his friends; he wanted to think. What had happened? Surely Lila wasn't going away like this? She couldn't—she cared too much.

All morning he sat by his telephone, his eyes upon it hungrily.

No call from Lila. Ten o'clock—eleven. Should he call her? Too late. By this time she was on her way to the boat. Should he go to the dock—make one last effort at a reconciliation?

No! A thousand times no! He had his pride. All New England behind him, urging him to stand firm. Not going to crawl down there with a humble plea for forgiveness.

But wait a minute. He needn't do that. He could go down there like a man and demand that Lila go home with him. After all, he was her husband. And if he could have her alone for a time—even for three brief months—away from that domineering mother, that foolish father ——

He leaped up to get his hat. At the door he looked at his watch. Good Lord, it was already after twelve, the sailing hour! He had hesitated too long.

His office was on the top floor of a tall building on lower Broadway, and from his window he could look down on the North River, with its docks and the harbor cluttered with restless shipping. He went over and stared out.

The Berengaria was easing away from her pier, a fleet of grimy tugs nibbling at her sides. Now she was in midstream, headed for the harbor, and beyond that, the open sea. Looking strangely small from that great height, she moved slowly but relentlessly onward, carrying Lila from him—Lila, who hadn't even cared enough to say good-by.

He sat for a long time at his desk. The office closed for the day at one o'clock; he heard the chatter of men hurrying to their golf. He rose at last and took the Subway to Forty-second Street. Where should he go? Home? He had no home.

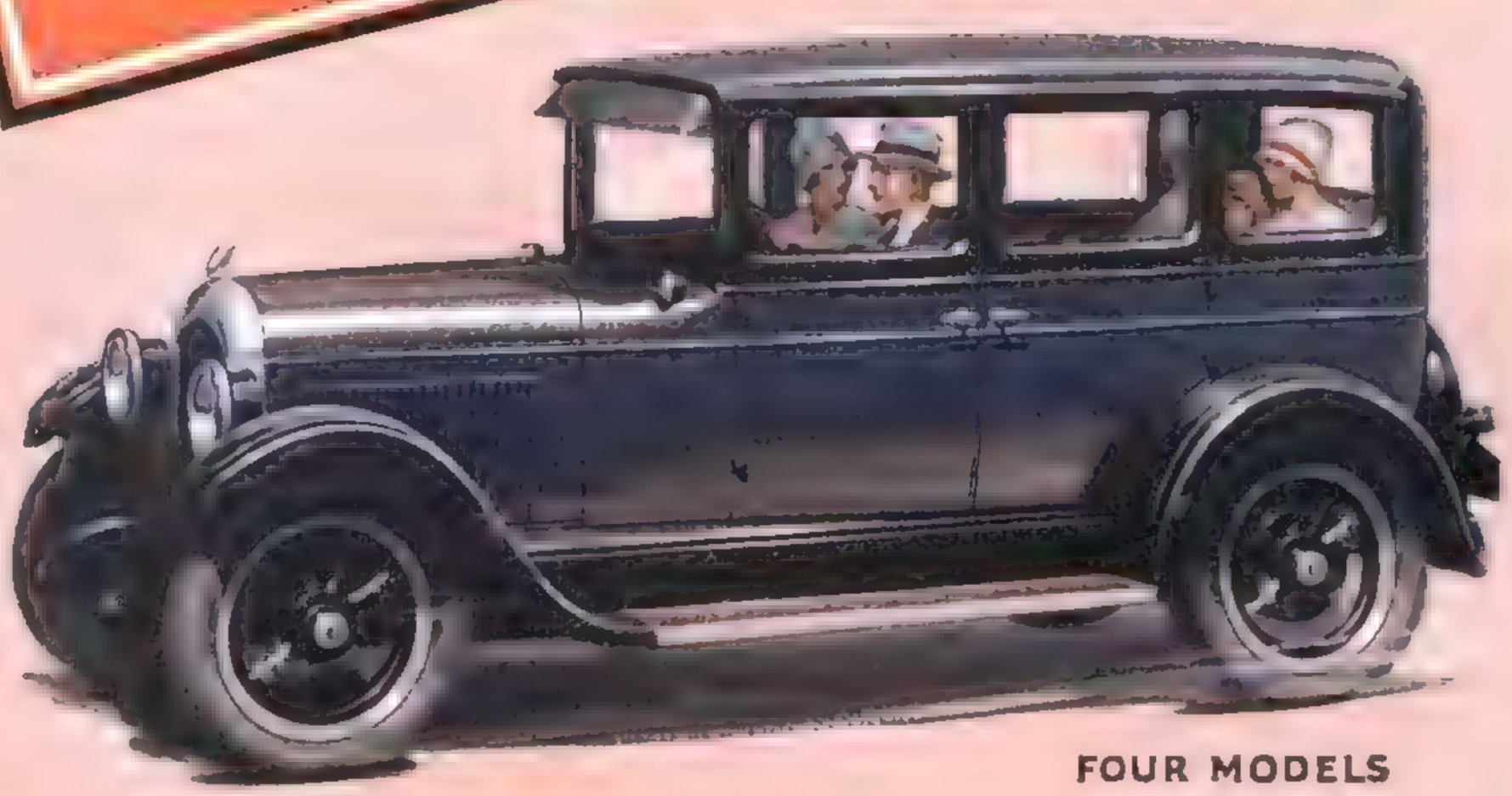
Nita Hoyt was playing in Scandals, he had heard. He bought a ticket for the matinée; sat amidst a perspiring audience in the hot theater. There was Nita, slim and lovely as ever. During his last year at college, when Nita had played a long engagement in Boston, he had come to know her rather well, taken her frequently to supper. It had given him a sophisticated, man-of-the-world feeling he had quite enjoyed.

After the matinée, he found himself in the narrow alley by the stage door. Nita came out, inconspicuous in a dark blue dress, warm and weary.

"Look who's here!" she cried, giving him her hand.

(Continued on Page 52)

Performance Unequaled at its price



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It ALWAYS WORKS!

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The HOOKLESS *registered trademark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes.*

(Continued from Page 50)

"Have dinner with me," he suggested.

"I heard you were married," she said.

"I am—but that's a long story. Where shall we eat?"

"Oh, I don't want much. There's a little tea room on Fiftieth Street. I go there sometimes. It's good—and cheap."

He protested, but she claimed more expensive places did not tempt her. They crossed noisy, baking Broadway and walked down Fiftieth Street, talking of that winter in Boston.

The small deserted tea room was hardly a romantic setting. By the time their fruit cocktail was put before them, Jim Clayton was telling her all about Lila. He had to tell someone.

"And you never went to the dock!" the girl cried. "Oh, Jim, you should have gone!"

"Well, I've got my pride."

"But not much sense. I wish you'd gone, Jim."

"I sort of wish it myself," he admitted. "But it's too late now. I never dreamed she'd leave me like that. But if she could, then I suppose I might as well know it—get used to the idea, I mean."

He lapsed into gloomy silence. A few young suburban couples drifted in, seeking a cheap dinner before the theater.

Nita fanned herself with the menu. "Thank heaven, tomorrow's Sunday," she sighed.

"Enough about me," said Clayton. "What's new with you?"

Her face brightened. "Oh, Jim, I've got my chance at last. We close after another week, and I've got a contract in the movies. I'm going out to Hollywood. Three girls who were with us last year are out there now, two of them practically starred. Perhaps—who knows ——"

"You'll be a great success," he assured her.

"I hope so. This hasn't been so easy—you know, I've got a mother, and a kid sister in high school. Not so easy, even with the extra work in night clubs."

"You're a good sport, Nita," he said, and tried not to think of Lila.

"Thanks," she answered. "I've got a bit of luck coming to me, I think. Sometimes, though, I'm frightened. Hollywood is so far away. But when I think of those other girls —— They say Joan Franklin is making five hundred a week. Think of it! Well, if hard work will do it ——"

She chatted on about the friends who had preceded her to the new gold fields of California—their steady rise, their big houses, their cars. She took up salaries and commissions.

Figures danced before Jim Clayton's eyes; this was beginning to sound like a business man's luncheon. He smiled grimly to himself

"Five hundred a week!" she repeated wistfully. "If it could only happen to me too!"

"It will," Jim Clayton said.

He walked back with her in the hot dusk to the stage door, beside which an old man dozed in a chair.

"I'm glad to have had this little business talk," he smiled.

"Oh, Jim, I forgot about you—your troubles. Don't let her get away from you. If you loved her, she's all right. Get her back and make a go of it somehow." She held out her hand. "Good-by."

"Good-by—and all the luck in the world," he said. A good sport, Nita. She deserved to win.

"The same to you," she answered, and he left her.

The stifling, unfriendly town oppressed him; more from force of habit than intention, he found himself on a train bound for Wynnewood Hills. Still, in his mind he carried that picture of a trim ship moving slowly down the river, carrying Lila away. Lila in Paris, while he lived alone in Honeymoon Flats. No, he couldn't stay there. A room somewhere in town ——

He let himself into the dark, stuffy apartment. Too small—too small for Lila. Lighting a reading lamp, he threw himself into a chair and took up a magazine. But the print blurred; he saw that ship now far out on the open sea. Dark figures moved restlessly about the decks, a cool breeze crept over the inky waters, an orchestra was playing dance music in the lounge.

Someone knocked at his door and he opened it. Bob French came in. "Hello. All alone?" inquired his neighbor.

"Yes; Lila went abroad with her people—sailed this noon."

French nodded. "So I heard. I'm sorry. Your chance didn't come, then, after all, did it?"

"No, it didn't come."

"A rotten shame," French said. "But no use crying over spilled milk. By the way, Kate sent me up to ask a favor."

"Sure! Anything you say."

"She felt pretty punk tonight. Only the movies can restore her. But there isn't a soul about to leave with the kid. We thought perhaps you wouldn't mind ——"

"Not at all. I'll come right down."

"Oh, you needn't do that. He's sleeping sweetly. But Kate wondered if you'd look in on him in about an hour, just to make sure he's all right. We'll leave the door unlocked."

"I'll be glad to."

"He missed his nap today, and I don't believe he'll wake up. If he does, just tell him you're a Harvard man—he's old enough now to know the facts of life—and let him paste you a few in the eye. That ought to make him happy."

"Oh, he and I'll get along fine. You run away and have a good time."

"In about an hour," repeated French, and went out.

Clayton sat down, more depressed than ever. Odd how casually people could take the catastrophes of others. But then—why not? French's wife hadn't gone to Europe.

About thirty minutes later the sounds of a party arose from the Twitchell apartment, on the first floor. Strong voices burst into song. Clayton cursed beneath his breath and started down the stairs. As he reached the second landing he heard, unmistakably clear and loud, the protesting wail of the Frenches' baby.

He opened the door of the Frenches' apartment and went in. For a moment he stood appalled. Great Scott, here was a situation! How did one quiet an angry child?

At that moment the child appeared in the doorway leading to the bedroom—appeared with startling suddenness—in Lila's arms.

"Lila!" Clayton cried.

"Oh, Jim," she said, "they've gone and waked him. What shall we do now?"

"Lila, you didn't go, after all!"

"Do I look as though I went? . . . Oh, I'll never get him to sleep again."

"Just a moment," Clayton said. He sped downstairs and burst into the Twitchell apartment. In a few heated, pungent words he outlined the situation. The revelers were inclined to be facetious, but they promised to subside.

"Here, wait a minute, Jim!" Twitchell cried, as Clayton hurried out. But he paid no attention. He ran upstairs, a happy man.

The baby was sitting on Lila's lap, smiling pleasantly.

"Lila, what happened? Tell me!"

She looked at him accusingly. "Jim, you never came down to the dock!"

"Did you expect me?"

"Of course I expected you—if you cared for me at all."

"I did care, Lila. I do. But I was stubborn, I'm afraid. I thought you really intended to go. You didn't, did you, honey?"

"I—I don't know. Yesterday I did. But this morning —— I—I love you, Jim."

"Good for you! Nothing I'd rather hear than that."

"Besides, I couldn't have gone if I'd wanted to. He wouldn't take me."

"Who wouldn't take you?"

"Father. Oh, Jim, he was terrible! He said I should stay here and for God's sake—that's what he said—learn to cook. He was just terrible. He said I'd humiliated him. Mother pleaded, but he stuck to it. I never saw him so determined before. It didn't matter—I didn't really want to go. I thought you'd come down to the dock, and then I could go home with you. But you didn't come, and the boat sailed, and I felt so sort of deserted."

"You poor child!"

"So I went to a matinée, and afterward I saw you with her—that girl—walking up Broadway, and I knew then you didn't want me to come back."

The baby, seeing himself no longer the center of interest, uttered a piercing cry.

"Here, give him to me," said Clayton. He took the child and began to walk the floor. "Of course I wanted you to come back, honey," he shouted above the turmoil. "What you saw didn't mean anything. I thought you'd gone without even saying good-by. So I took Nita to dinner, and she talked about Hollywood—she's going there to support her family. She doesn't care anything about me or me about her. . . . Oh, Lord, do you know any Princeton songs? What's that about Old Nassau? You start it, kid, and I'll join you."

The baby abandoned its noise and smiled up at Clayton knowingly. "Look at him, Lila," Clayton said. "A quick-change artist if I ever saw one. I still don't understand why you're here in the Frenches' apartment."

"Where could I go—if you wouldn't have me? I just came in and told Kate French the whole story, and cried on her shoulder, and Bob said they'd let me stay with the baby tonight, to show they believed in me. He said you'd never know I was here."

"He said that, did he?" smiled Clayton. "But you couldn't stay all night. What were you going to do next?"

"I—I don't know. I couldn't see very far ahead. I was so upset. Father was so cross. He intimated I was a terrible failure."

"That's good! All his fault—and he blamed you."

"Oh, he admitted he was to blame too. He said if you didn't mind, he'd like to send me to cooking school. And if I'm a good girl, he's going to give me a vacuum cleaner for a graduation present." The baby muttered and Clayton hastily resumed his pacing of the floor. "Oh, Jim," Lila went on, "I'm going to try. If hard work will do it ——"

He nodded. Where had he heard that before—only tonight? Ah, yes! "You're a good sport, Lila," he said happily.

"I'll try to be a good mixer, too," she promised.

"They'll teach you that at the cooking school," he assured her. Softly, he began to hum Fair Harvard. The baby's head drooped drowsily. "There you are," Clayton whispered. "Asleep, and on a Harvard song. That kid's no more Princeton than I am."

They tiptoed into the bedroom and Jim Clayton lowered the sleeping child gently into its crib.

Someone knocked on the door of the living room. Lila hurried out and Clayton followed. He saw young Twitchell standing in the center of the room, holding out toward Lila a gleaming pearl necklace.

"Dell thought this must be yours," Twitchell said. "She let down our awning this morning and it fell onto the lawn. Looks pretty valuable to me."

"Oh, not very," Lila replied. "But thank you just the same."

Twitchell hastened back to his guests. Jim Clayton went over to his wife.

"Wear it whenever you like, honey," he said. "Wear it to cooking school."

She shook her head. "Put it away, Jim. I'll wear it some day—when you're getting nine thousand a year."

"Lila!" he cried. He held her close. "Lila, you're wonderful!"

"Then there must be two of us, Jim," she smiled. "That's just what father said about you."

An inexpensive floor of Armstrong's Arabesq Linoleum No. 9010

What a boy's room *should* look like ... but never does

BOYS' rooms, like boys, are hard to keep in order. While the "owner" is away at school, you may get his room to look as neat as the one pictured here. But you know from sad experience that it will soon look more like a museum in the making—with most of the "specimens" displayed *on the floor*.

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MOTIVE POWER

(Continued from Page 32)

The next that Marcus knew, to employ an Irish form of expression, was nothing at all. Aside from a shattering nebular fireworks, a universe of dissolution, he passed instantly from full consciousness to the utter absence of such, a void that was not even one in which he swam. He was not perceptive of any motion at all on the part of Beatrice, at whose lovely though forbidding face he had ventured to glance up again. In this position, leaning forward, head thrust out a little to the side, Marcus could not, of course, discover what had struck him, and how. Beatrice's right knee, quickly and vigorously flexed by an upper jerk of the powerful muscles of her thigh, took Marcus squarely under the side of the jaw. It was as complete a knock-out, possibly delivered with equal force, as one from the glove of a champion prize fighter. Because, for one thing, there was no glove, and for another, the contracting thigh muscles were of far greater bulk.

There was no noise at all, no shuffle, no disheveling mêlée. The train rolled along. Marcus slept. The Sunday supplements were deprived of a real treat for their millions of readers. The few passengers who may have raised their brows a little at the sight of an uncommonly pretty girl and a handsome young man shutting themselves up in the drawing-room, were forced to admit that at least the tête-à-tête was discreetly conducted in so far as it concerned the slightest noise. Perhaps as a petting party it was the more questionable on this account.

Presently the door partly opened. A little smoke swirled out; this, though contrary to train regulations, was scarcely worth protest. Any, to get wisps of it, would have found it acrid smoke—some beastly new brand of cigarette—a Russian sort perhaps.

Then, slowly, Marcus' senses began to steal back from that *terra incognita* that, if explored, has yet to be convincingly described. He found himself lying partly across the seat, his throbbing head resting on a soft cushion that not so long before had been hard as it contracted vigorously to his undoing. He opened his eyes and stared up into the violet ones of Beatrice. They seemed now to be shadowed wells of compassion.

His face was wet, and as consciousness augmented, he felt a considerable amount of pain in his jaw and the muscles of his neck Also his teeth seemed entirely too many

"How do you feel?" asked Beatrice solicitously.

"Not so good, thanks."

She rubbed her knee a little. "It hurt me as much as it did you, but it simply had to be done."

"At least," said Marcus, "scandal has been avoided. Nevertheless, I am utterly disgraced "

"Don't say that."

"It is the truth. Where are we?"

"Nearly to Lake's End station."

"Well, my compliments. You should go far."

"So should you."

"I plan to. I shall take the next train back, resign my position as junior partner of Parker, White & True, then take passage for Paris, where all good Americans are said to go when they die Professionally and in ambition I am dead "

"There was a moment or two when I thought you really were."

"How," Marcus asked, "did you manage it?"

"With my knee. Foul, I know. But this was not precisely an athletic event."

Marcus pondered this. He had been under the impression that Beatrice's knees were plump. At least they had looked that way.

"I'd never have thought your knee hard enough for that, but perhaps it was my head that was soft."

Beatrice, lightly stroking a bruise under his jaw as he lay there with his head in her lap, shook her head. "It was a frightful wallop. You were placed just right for it. There are football players who know what knees can do. You never had a chance."

"I expected the attack to be launched from above, and never thought about below. What about the will?"

"I took no chances. Twisted it into a taper and burned it." She pointed to the floor. "There are the ashes."

"Are you aware that you have committed a penitentiary offense?"

"Yes," she answered calmly, "when it can be proved. I don't know what you've got to prove it by. Besides, I don't think you're apt to try, for your own credit."

"That," said Marcus, "is a quantity that no longer exists."

"Bunk."

"My position," Marcus said, "is that of the bank cashier who has forgotten to lock the safe, or the railroad switchman who forgets to pull his lever, or more exactly perhaps, since a single person is concerned, the surgeon who is careless with his knife. My lack of vigilance has broken faith with an honored client who is dead and cost a fortune to a worthy young business woman."

"She had no right to it," Beatrice said.

"More than you had to deprive her of it."

"We'll see that she doesn't suffer."

Marcus sat up. His head was swimming, a mass of soreness extended down his neck, but his mind was clear enough.

"Since we came aboard this train," he said, "I, a lawyer in good standing who enjoyed a position of public trust, have become a perfectly unreliable person. While you, a young woman distinguished as the daughter of a man who was the soul of honor, have become a thief."

Beatrice's face blazed suddenly. "Be careful what you say."

"Oh, I know you've got another knee," Marcus said wearily and let his head loll back against the cushion; "but isn't it the truth?"

Beatrice, eying him closely, did not answer. She saw that his face was turning ashen. The sudden erect position had been too much for a heart still enfeebled from shock, and no doubt a mental consciousness of what had happened did not help.

Beatrice reached for Marcus' shoulders, drew him gently but firmly back into his former position. "You are perfectly right," she said. "I'm a common thief. No better than one of these bobbed-haired bandits, and ought by rights to be locked up."

A rush of remorse for her act and a full realization of it deluged her. Marcus was dimly aware of this, but he was not aware of the sudden horror of dread that she might be not only a thief—a criminal of that most sordid motive that is a money one—but a murderess into the bargain. Like most athletes inexperienced in the grave results of violence, she had not realized the danger of such a blow. Now, as Marcus drifted perilously close to a second lapse of consciousness, the girl saw her act in its most terrible aspect. Marcus' quiet statement defining it was not to be denied. However, with his head lowered, he began to rally again, being fortunately sound of heart. He opened his eyes and looked up with a faint smile.

"Don't worry, Miss Orrin. Nobody but your father and ourselves knew the actual contents of this will. I shall make no charges "

"Why not?"

"Because I know that your father would not have wished me to. The purport of a will, after all, is first and last no more nor less than the best effort of its testator toward directing the future welfare of those whom he loves. Though your father highly esteemed Mary Brown, his act in making her beneficiary was actually directed toward his son's best good. His feeling toward you was the same. So that reading more deeply into the spirit of his testament the best I can do is to serve what I know would have been his loving intention."

Beatrice's eyes filled. "You make me feel about thirty cents' worth, Mr. True. What will you say to Mary Brown?"

"I'll tell her what happened, and offer to make good her loss. I inherited my uncle's fortune and position in the law firm. I can't do this all at once, but will hope to square the loss some day."

"That's outrageous!" Beatrice cried. "A *beau geste* carried to Quixotic absurdity."

"No more," said Marcus, "than if I were the cashier of a bank who had been careless with securities of great value that he was carrying to put in safe deposit. The property responsibility amounts to precisely the same thing."

"But that will ruin you."

"Your knee has done that thing. Not only financially but in my self-respect. I have been criminally careless from the start. First, in placing a will that entailed the disposition of a large fortune in the drawer of a gun case, to run after a possible murderer, as I supposed; then in carrying a document of such value back to Boston alone; and last of all, in telling you, like a fool, all that I knew about your last night's activities. I'm just as much to blame for this loss as if I had been a Federal Reserve messenger carrying negotiable funds as if they were a parcel of time-expired insurance policies."

"If you're going to take it like that," Beatrice cried, "I'll make good the loss myself! Square this Mary Brown!"

"You couldn't."

"Why not?"

"She wouldn't take it, either from you or from your brother. She balked even at taking it from your father."

"Then certainly she wouldn't take it from you," Beatrice said.

"I'm not so sure. Legal business is different. My firm would expect it of me when they knew the circumstances. Messrs. Parker and White would enter it as a firm obligation. In such a house as ours business integrity of this sort is a religion. It is its distinguishing feature and gives us what mere profits can never do. Not one of us, Parker, White or True, would sell his professional honor for all the money in this world. That may sound grandiloquent, but it is a fact. More than that, I am convinced that it would be true of all other law houses of our caliber."

Beatrice said chokingly, "I am sinking lower and lower, Mr. True. I believe what you say and I wonder what you really think of me."

"I think," said Marcus slowly, "that you are one of those unfortunate people who appear to have everything in the world but one quality. You have splendid health and strength, high social position, beauty, courage, intellect and loyalty to your own; but there is one thing you lack."

"Balance?"

"No," said Marcus slowly. "Honesty." He sat upright again. The train was slowing for a station. "So here we are."

IX

THEY left the train together as if nothing unusual had occurred. Marcus found himself fairly steady despite the violent headache that might have been expected. His last few words to Beatrice had served him as a tonic.

He felt now that his first duty was to Mary Brown. He would tell her precisely what had happened and state his intentions in her behalf. She would, of course, if the sort of character he felt convinced she was, refuse to accept his offer on hearing it. Marcus counted on that, but he counted also that she would in the end accept it when she heard what he had finally to state. This would be of a sort to leave her no alternative. He felt equally convinced that no argument advanced by Beatrice in her remorse could prevail on Mary Brown to accept anything at all from the estate of Mr. Orrin. Even had the will not been destroyed, it was doubtful, Marcus thought, if Mary Brown would have accepted its conditions, or rather lack of them.

Still one could never say. A bequest is a bequest and there are always two ways of looking at it, each reasonable. One, that the desires of the testator were based on error—a wrong conception; the other that, after all, they were his last wishes as duly and legally inscribed and that, since he is no longer there to defend his position, one is in duty bound to respect them, come what may of it. Marcus had practiced long enough to know that few human resolutions, however prideful or toplofty, are proof against that coldly convincing document which is a well-drawn will. Like a game of chance—bridge, poker, baccarat—it places the contestants, however bound by ties of family or friendship, in the position of adversaries, financial enemies.

They were driven to Lake's End in a station car. Whether or not by Sam Cummins, Marcus neither knew nor cared, though the driver looked the part, he thought. Beatrice did not speak to him or he to her. Again the bloodhound bayed a welcome as they drew up at the door. Vogel came out, greeted Beatrice with subdued respect and showed no surprise at seeing Marcus. As they entered the house Beatrice was met and embraced silently by a handsome and well-set young man to whom she bore a strong resemblance and whom she then as quietly presented to Marcus as her brother Gregory.

"Doctor Miles has been here," he said. "There's to be no inquest. He pronounced death to be from natural causes."

"What about that masked man who seized Miss Brown?" Marcus asked against his will, but because it was a point that could not be ignored.

"He has yet to be explained," Gregory said. "I think the sheriff knows more than he cares to say. He told Doctor Miles that he was convinced his presence in the house had no bearing on the case."

"Where is the sheriff?" Marcus asked. "Is he here?"

"Yes. In the library with Miss Brown."

Marcus rapped on the library door, which was closed.

"Come in," said the voice of Mr. Clark. Marcus entered to find him and Mary Brown in the same relative positions as the night before. The sheriff looked at him with a faint quizzical smile.

"Made a quick trip, Mr. True."

"Yes. On pulling into Portland station I saw Miss Orrin boarding a train about to start. I thought she ought to be informed of what had happened, so I rode back with her."

Mary Brown was staring at his face. "Why is your jaw swollen?" she asked.

"Toothache." This was literally true.

"Well," said the sheriff, "looks like the young hound beat out the old trailer."

"I'm not so sure," Marcus said slowly. "At least I've got a hunch that the old trailer knew all the time what sort of quarry he was trailing."

"What's put that into your head?"

"Let's save time by your telling me if it's the truth." Marcus looked at Mary Brown. "Is it?"

"The sheriff will tell you," she said.

"Well," drawled Mr. Clark, "we had it narrowed down to where it had to be one of the family, and there was only two of them. I reasoned that no he man like Gregory is, for all his faults, would so mishandle a young woman like Miss Brown as to fling her on the floor and leave his finger marks on her shoulders; so that left only one. I had an edge on you because I watched Miss Bee grow up from a little girl. Seen her

(Continued on Page 59)

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Here is a new model Frigidaire—mechanical unit and cabinet complete—for only $195, f. o. b. Dayton.

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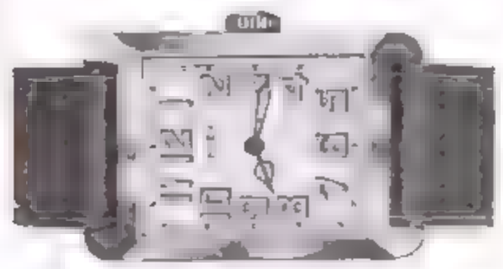

The newest Gruen sport strap for men
The Imperial Tank
Solid white or green gold case, $50

Gruen Cartouche Orné, inlaid with cloisonné enamel; smart colored strap, $75. Others $55 to $125

NEVER do you meet so many new people, never are friendships so quickly cemented, as during your vacation.

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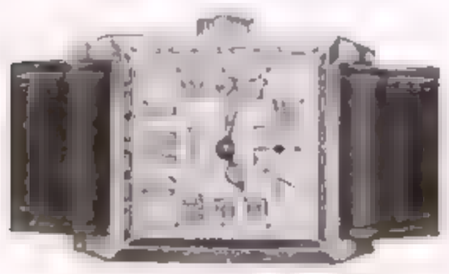

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Gruen Quadron, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $75*
Others $50 to $250

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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

(Continued from Page 54)

swim the lake and drag a rampagin' hoss down onto his haunches by a turn of her wrist. Besides, I knew the two to be nigh alike as twins, for all the three years' difference of age."

"I see," Marcus said; "and the rest you dragged out of Sam Cummins."

"Not yet. Sam's made himself scarce. But I cal'late to find him."

The sheriff rose. "Considering how little you had to go on, I've got to hand it to you, Lawyer True. Mighty close work and downright brilliant at the finish."

He nodded to them both and went out. Marcus looked curiously at Mary Brown. He had not realized how lovely she was. Her face was rather more than that in its expression of sweetness combined with strength. Physically she was of similar proportions to Beatrice, but here all resemblance ceased. It was as if Mary Brown had found her soul, while Beatrice was still questing vainly and tempestuously for her own.

A comparison between the two girls was like that of a Brunhild with a Valkyrie. Both had the heroic suggestion, but Mary Brown was a tempered blade, whereas Beatrice was still flaming with the forge, the hammer, the anvil and had the immersion still to endure.

Marcus wasted no time in preamble. "Mr. Orrin's will," he said, "has been destroyed. Burned."

Mary Brown received the news in the calm that characterized her. "By Beatrice?"

"Yes."

"Last night?"

"No. This morning on the train."

"How did she manage that?"

"What would you say?"

"Some trick, of course. After last night I'd say she was capable of anything, not stopping at assault. Your jaw tells that. A toothache doesn't make any mark on the outside. But in the train ——"

"We were in the drawing-room. I was leaning over in my seat. She was standing beside me and fetched me a knock-out with her knee. When I came to, the will had gone up in smoke."

The effect of this news on Mary Brown was astonishing to Marcus. She sat for a moment in a sort of stony stillness, then she said quietly, "Well, that's that."

"Just what is that?" Marcus asked.

"I told Gregory that his father had left me his share, minus a small income of the estate, unconditionally, and said why I thought he had done this. I put it to him precisely as though I had been myself some other person."

"That's like your square shooting. What did he say?"

"Gregory took it in the very last way that I had counted on. It showed me two things. First, that Mr. Orrin knew precisely what he was doing. Second, that I did not know Gregory as well as I had thought."

"I can guess the rest," Marcus said.

"What then?"

"He said quietly, 'Well, if that was poor old dad's last wish, then the best we can do is to carry it out to the best of our ability.'"

"You've got it nearly word for word," said Mary Brown.

"And you agreed to it?"

"I told him I'd give him my answer when the will was read."

"Why that?"

"Call it business training. I wanted everything to be official; we were not supposed to know the contents of the will."

"How do you feel about it now," Marcus asked, "since I've told you that the will is destroyed and that things are where they were before it was drawn?"

"I shall accept Gregory's proposal, provided it remains the same—that we carry out Mr. Orrin's last wish to the best of our ability."

Marcus considered this for a moment. "I see. Provided Gregory complies with the terms of the last will by first making over his inheritance to you."

"Precisely. In the first place, if he were to take advantage of his sister's criminal act, I wouldn't marry him under any conditions, and all the other reasons can go hang."

"Do you think that he will do that?" Marcus asked; "the former, I mean—make over his inheritance to you."

"I don't know. Let's ask him."

It fortified Marcus' strength in human nature to know there was a woman like that, especially a young and pretty one. He stepped to the door. Beatrice had gone up, but Gregory was talking to a long-faced man in dark clothes whom Marcus correctly took to be the undertaker.

"Can you spare us a few moments when convenient, Mr. Orrin?" Marcus asked.

Gregory nodded. "Right away," he said, and turning to the undertaker: "I believe that's all for the moment. We will take the casket into Boston as soon as you are ready." Then to Marcus: "Unless this is pressing, Mr. True, I'd better see my sister first. She said she had something important to tell me as soon as I'd finished with the undertaker."

"Please ask her to join us," Marcus said. "This is a matter that has got to be settled right away, in order that I may know what course to take. I ought to be in Boston, but met Miss Orrin in Portland and came back with her."

Gregory sent Vogel for Beatrice. She came down immediately, her face tear-stained and her expression dazed. They went into the library, Marcus closing the doors behind him, then turning, he presented Mary Brown to Beatrice.

When they were seated Marcus said, "To make the position of us all as clear as possible, I shall have to start from the moment of my last interview with Mr. Orrin and describe what has since happened up to this moment. I'll be as brief as possible, so, please, don't any of you interrupt."

Gregory looked surprised. He had, Marcus perceived, been kept in ignorance of everything but what Mary Brown had felt herself obliged to tell him about her knowledge of his father's intentions as expressed in the will. As Marcus now proceeded with his narrative, Gregory's face described his varying emotions, which were principally of astonishments. But he did not interrupt, nor did either of the others. Then, as Marcus told of the way in which Beatrice had possessed herself of the will and destroyed it, Gregory's expression became a mixture of amazement, horror and the effort to suppress an amusement that he naturally felt to be entirely out of order.

For once in his life Marcus was not pedantic. He told his story impersonally, in the forensic fashion of summing up a case by the judge upon the bench. All that he left out was his statement to Beatrice that he held himself responsible for any loss suffered by Mary Brown and that he was prepared to make it good.

"What I now wish to know definitely," Marcus concluded, "is whether or not Mr. Gregory Orrin intends to fulfill the spirit and intention expressed in his father's will."

Gregory stared at Beatrice. "One of these days, sis, you'll land behind the bars or worse," he said. "What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," Beatrice answered.

"The point is this," Marcus said: "In the first place, Mr. Orrin, do you believe my statement about the will?"

Gregory looked surprised. "Of course," he said. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Then do you intend to fulfill its requirements by transferring the inheritance left you in the terms of the former will to Miss Mary Brown, as soon as this will shall have been read and probated?"

"Why, yes," said Gregory. "What else could I do under the circumstances? I'm no hold-up, even if my sister is."

Beatrice, who had been staring at Mary Brown, said nothing.

"Then," said Marcus, "all I need say is that you are precisely the son to be expected of so distinguished a gentleman as Mr. Orrin."

"I think," said Gregory, "that you might have taken that for granted. But, of course, you may have heard some pretty poor reports of me. And then this rough movie stuff of Bee's wasn't precisely the sort to give you much confidence in our methods. Still," he added naively, "if I wasn't so much in love with Mary, I'm not so sure."

Beatrice, who, as Marcus had felt uncomfortably, might be holding her fire, now threw her hand grenade.

"Does Miss Brown insist that Gregory shall make this transfer to her before they are married?" she asked.

Marcus felt a violent impulse to swear, and he was a thoroughly correct young man. Gregory looked startled.

"Oh, why do you want to say a thing like that?" he demanded angrily.

"Well, does she?" Beatrice insisted.

Gregory turned red. He looked appealingly at Marcus, then said, "I move that question be stricken out."

"It's a perfectly proper question," Beatrice said. "The answer to it might justify my act to some extent. It would show my brother how far she trusts him."

Marcus looked helplessly at Mary Brown, who said:

"I agree with Miss Orrin that she asks a perfectly proper question. The answer to it is that I do insist that Gregory make this transfer to me before I marry him."

Marcus' heart sank as he caught the look of triumph on Beatrice's face. But he was a lawyer—a good lawyer—therefore did not find himself entirely at a loss.

"Permit me to point out," he said, "that Miss Brown's answer does not imply any doubt of Mr. Gregory Orrin's good faith. It is merely because she insists in complying to the letter with the spirit and intention of Mr. Andrew Orrin's last will and testament. This, as we have all agreed, was to the effect that Miss Mary Brown was to inherit the money in question unconditionally."

Beatrice's smile inspired Marcus for the first time with the urge to maltreat a woman, to slap her, box her ears or worse. Gregory looked profoundly disturbed.

"Need you insist?" he asked of Mary Brown. "If only to shut up this bandit of a sister of mine?"

"I thought," said Mary Brown, "that we had agreed on what Mr. True had just stated."

"Well, so we have. But, if only to convince Beatrice, you might make this concession on my assurance to make the transfer immediately we are married."

Mary Brown answered evenly. "And if I don't? Would you still want to marry me?"

Gregory flushed hotly. "I don't think any man with self-respect would want to marry a woman who did not trust in his good faith," he answered.

"I do," Mary Brown answered evenly, "but I don't wish to be required to prove my trust in it."

Here, so far as Marcus could perceive, was a stalemate. Beatrice seemed to have thrown a monkey wrench into the cogs and jammed them. He could have torn his hair—and hers.

"It would serve you right," he said, glaring at the girl, "if I were to swear out a warrant for your arrest on a charge of assault and robbery, then subpœna Miss Brown and your brother as witnesses and require them to testify under oath to having heard your admission that you knocked me senseless and destroyed your father's will."

"They wouldn't have to," Beatrice answered calmly. "If you had me arrested and tried on that charge, I should plead guilty."

Gregory looked at Marcus. "Why don't you?" he asked. "You would be entirely within your right."

"All the same, I shall not," Marcus retorted, "because for one thing I feel my first duty in this case to be toward carrying out the wishes of my late client, and for

(Continued on Page 61)

Pipe Smoker Tells of Risking Life Finding His Can of Favorite Tobacco

Rescued from dangerous cave in Virginia he goes back to find can of tobacco he dropped on the way out

Over a period of years, we have heard of many ways in which pipe smokers prove their devotion to their favorite tobacco.

But the medal certainly goes to Joseph P. Fink of Darby, Pa., who at the risk of his life went back into the very cave from which he had just been rescued, to find the can of Edgeworth that he had dropped somewhere in the darkness.

His letter follows:

Darby, Pa.
November 12, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

I take the liberty of writing you concerning a little incident that happened to me in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia.

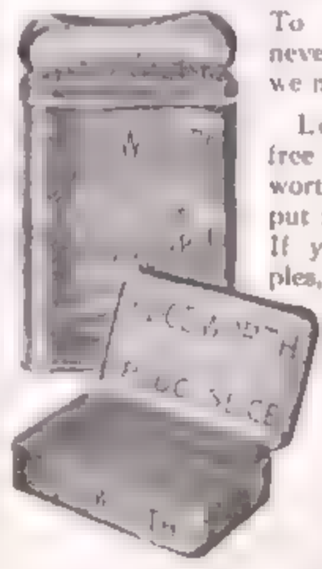
I have a mania for crawling through a [illegible] with its tight passages, etc. I spent three hours in this cavity, groping blindly with a "dead" flashlight and a severed guiding arm.

To cut my story short, I was finally rescued by a searching party after a terrible experience. It was a wonderful feeling as I sat at the mouth of the cavern telling my friends that I would not go back in there for love nor money. I meant it—until I reached for my can of Edgeworth. It was gone, and I recalled dropping something during the excitement in the cave.

It is queer what a man will do when his favorite tobacco is [illegible] that without my tobacco it would be as bad as being lost in the cavity—so I crawled back.

It was a grand and glorious feeling as my hand came in contact with the Aristocrat of Tobaccos.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Joseph P. Fink, Jr.



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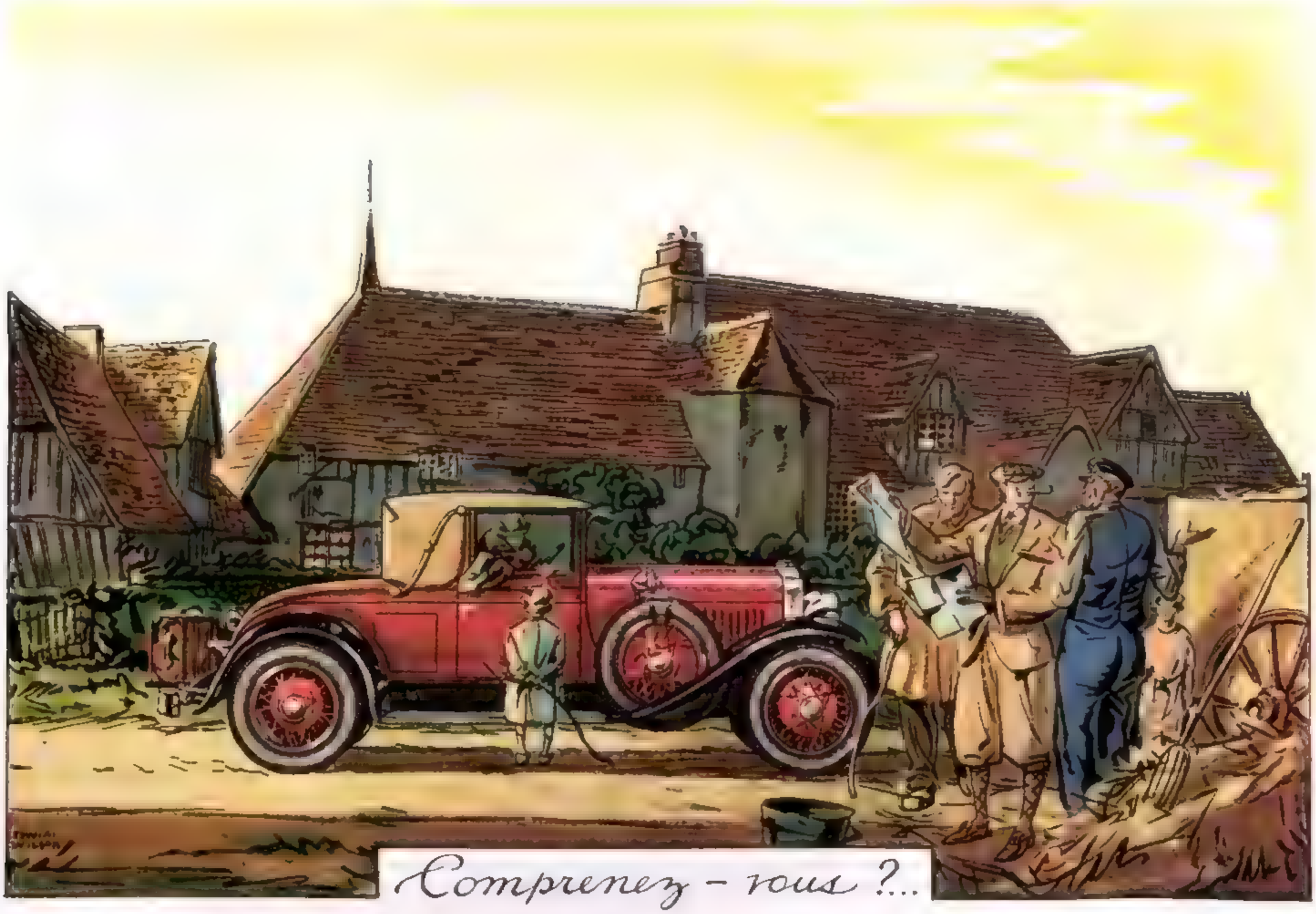
Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

{On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va. the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters}



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(Continued from Page 59)

another, the muddling of it is entirely my own careless fault. I've already said as much to your sister."

"What about Miss Brown?" Gregory asked. "As things frame up, she stands to lose quite a lot."

"'Frame up' is exact," Marcus quoted angrily, "but Miss Brown does not stand to lose anything at all through my silly negligence. As the junior member of the law firm of Parker, White & True, I have the honor to state here and now that this firm is good for any loss to her sustained through the freely admitted error of one of its partners."

Gregory gave a long low whistle, under his breath. He stared at Marcus with a new and sudden admiration. "Some class, I'll say."

Mary Brown had stiffened in her chair. She also stared wonderingly at Marcus. Then she said shortly, "That's absurd. I shouldn't touch a cent of it."

"I beg to differ with you, Miss Brown," Marcus answered. "The situation is precisely the same as if your banker—let us say, for instance, the late Mr. Orrin—were to have received from your lawyer negotiable securities of an equivalent value to place to your account, then had carelessly mislaid or been robbed of them while on his way to place them in safe deposit. Don't you think he would have made good that loss, even if a receipt for these securities had not yet been forwarded?"

Mary did not answer. There was, as all present felt bound to admit, no other answer than an affirmative one. Marcus continued briefly, "Since the person who has caused all this trouble now appears to have destroyed the good accord that might have been expected to remedy it, and in thus doing has produced a deadlock, there seems nothing more for me to say at this moment. I shall therefore ask Mr. Orrin for a car to take me to the railroad station."

"But I say, hold on a minute," Gregory protested. "This is all entirely wrong." He glared angrily at his sister. "Why the devil couldn't you keep out of it, Bee?"

"It has been entirely wrong from the moment the will was signed and I left for the railroad with it, afoot," Marcus said; "and that was where I started it. Whatever has since happened is the result of my own fault." He glanced at the clock. "There is a train to Boston in about two hours, and I should rather, under the circumstances, wait at the station than here."

Gregory rose. "I don't blame you," he said quietly. "But this is not final by a long shot. Don't think for a moment that you are going to stand any damage at all—beyond what you've suffered already from this wild woman of a sister of mine."

Marcus did not trust himself to answer. He was getting angrier every moment, and he felt a little sick. He bowed stiffly to Mary Brown, then to Beatrice, who was staring at him with a curious expression that Marcus did not try to analyze. He went out. Gregory rang for a car and Marcus presently found himself gliding over the road entirely oblivious of scenery that the day before had so delighted him.

Just before the station was reached there stood on the side of the road at the edge of the little town a fine old inn that dated from Colonial days and that still preserved its quaintness, within as well as without. Unlike many of its kind, partly saved by the fact that it was on a branch and not the state road, it had escaped the vulgarization of so many such hostelries, serving in the summer as a fisherman's resort and in the winter having a clientele of the comfortably circumstanced unmarried local men, amongst them Sheriff Clark, a widower. This attractive haven stood on a corner, and as the car slowed for the short and blinded turn, the sheriff stepped down from the broad porch and signaled the chauffeur, who stopped. Marcus, engrossed in thoughts that were unpleasantly confused, looked up, disturbed at the interruption. The sheriff gave him a quick, keen glance.

"Bound back for the city, Mr. True? There's no train for a couple of hours yet."

"I know it," Marcus said. "It got a bit thick for me back there."

The sheriff nodded. "You don't need tell me. You just get down and sit on the porch with me a spell and I'll set you over, come train time. Better than hangin' round the railroad station."

"I'll do that, sheriff, on one condition."

"I can guess. Shan't talk about what's happened over yonder. I'll go back a few years and reminisce a mite. That's always soothin'."

Marcus got down. The weather had turned warm, and it was pleasant and balmy under the big elms with their feathery baby leaves. The sheriff placed Marcus in a big porch rocker, that throne beloved of fishermen, insisting that he rest his heels upon the rail. If it had not been for his hot and aching head and a disagreeable singing in his ears, Marcus would have found himself completely at rest. There was also something comforting about the strong and simple personality of the big rugged New Englander with whom he found himself.

"Feel like a drink?" asked the sheriff hospitably. "Got some hummin' good cider down cellar."

"Thanks, my head's humming quite enough right now," Marcus said.

The sheriff gave him a quick keen look that did not miss the abrasion on his jaw, now turning a thunder-squall blue. "How about some fresh buttermilk?" he asked.

"That would be good," Marcus admitted.

"'Melia!" the sheriff called a tidy and pretty girl who brought immediately two brimming glasses of this fishermen's delight—especially be they elderly, with arteries. The pair drank with relish, then set down the glasses on the floor beside them. The sheriff gave Marcus a model for comfort, his long lean body in a hammocked position, heels well over the rail, elbows on the broad arm rest, the brim of his felt hat pulled low to shield the glare and furnish cover from which the keen gray eyes might peer.

"I'll certainly miss Andrew Orrin," said the sheriff. "We were pretty good friends. This will be the first time since he settled here seventeen years ago we've missed our early summer fishin' trip. That was mostly what he came for."

Marcus had a flash of recollection, one of the many minor bequests of the original will and which had remained that read: "and to my good friend David Clark, in affectionate memory of our many delightful fishing trips together, all of my angling equipment, with my library on this sport, the cedar boat we have so often used, the runabout car purchased for the expeditions inland, the privilege for life of fishing in all ponds, lakes and streams of which I have purchased the fishing rights, including the home lake, and life annuity of five hundred dollars, to be expended in pursuit of our favorite pastime or in such other recreation as he may desire to indulge."

There seemed no reason for not quoting this as nearly as he could remember, and in his vague state of mind Marcus did not care whether there was or not. He did so. The sheriff listened, profoundly moved.

"That's like Andrew Orrin. You get to know a man pretty well, off fishin', if he's the same general breed as yourself, and he was down underneath. A dyed-in-the-wool New Englander like me, the difference being mostly in his education and abilities, and what you call culture. Knowing him like that, it was hard for me to get the gist of his wanting to leave this big sum to Mary Brown."

"And at his son's cost," Marcus said.

"It mightn't have been exactly like that, though it did look so," said the sheriff. "Mr. Orrin told me one day that Gregory was a born gambler, and what was worse, a mighty poor one—the blind, plungin' kind. He said then that the best could happen to Gregory would be to have to work for his living, and that would happen anyhow in a few years, if he was left a fortune. I suggested a trust, but he said no, it would hurt the boy's manhood to have his income doled out to him and spoil the effect of being made to get down to hardpan."

"Then perhaps his leaving this sum to Mary Brown was something quite apart," Marcus said drowsily.

"That's what I got to wondering, and the problem was why. There had to be some reason, and her being the good-lookin' level-headed, four-square kind of young woman she seems, wasn't enough. It struck me there might be something in her family history to account for it."

"The same occurred to me," Marcus said. "I asked her some questions about her people, walking back in the lane, but couldn't get hold of anything."

"So she told me," said the sheriff. "I was luckier, because I know more about Andrew Orrin's early life than what you do. I went back further into her father's early history than what she told you. Seems that back in 1900 her father was in his last year at the Boston Tech. Then come the Philippine Insurrection, and he joined up with a Massachusetts regiment that went out from San Francisco aboard the transport Grant. She told me how he got badly wounded, cut all to pieces by a swarm of bolo men. 'Pears there was a surprise attack down in one of them southern islands and he stood off the rush at the officers' quarters with his bayonet, until they got themselves together. Only for him they'd all 'a' been slaughtered."

"I'd say she'd inherited her father's fighting nerve," Marcus said apathetically. At another time this story would have interested him deeply, but he had sunk now into a sort of lethargy. This was not surprising, considering what he had passed through in the past twelve hours: The shock of his client's death, his futile chase for a presumable murderer, the theft of the will for which he was responsible, the plunge in the icy lake, recovery of the will, a sleepless night, then the nervous strain of breaking the news to Beatrice in the train, followed by the fearful blow that had knocked him senseless, the destruction of the will, his resolution to make good the loss, and last of all, the exasperation of the recent interview.

"Yeah," the sheriff agreed, "and that's worth something too. Good old Virginia blood on her mother's side, too, I reckon. Told me her mother was an F. F. V., whatever that may be. Didn't like to parade my ignorance."

"First Family of Virginia," Marcus muttered.

"So? Well, Brown is a right good name, though not so rare as some. But as a name it don't make what you call a deep impression. Especially when it's William Brown. When a Brown family is blessed with a boy baby, seems like they ought to name him Melchizedek or Aristophanes, to locate him. Sort of draw a circle round him in the telephone book or army roster. 'Specially the latter, in this case."

"Why?" Marcus asked.

"Because somebody in his outfit might have tried to trace him later. When we got into the late war young Gregory was only sixteen and looked two years younger. He raised Sam Hill because they wouldn't enlist him, and one day he complained right bitter to me that his father ought to help him out, because he'd served as a lieutenant in the Massachusetts regiment out in the Philippines, during the insurrection. I was a mite surprised, because Mr. Orrin had never mentioned it to me."

"I see what you're driving at," Marcus said heavily, "but if there was any connection Mr. Orrin would have mentioned it in his will as a reason for making Mary Brown a beneficiary."

"You'd think so," the sheriff admitted. "You'd think, too, that at some time or other in all these years he'd have mentioned his serving for about a year out there to me."

Marcus roused himself enough to say, "Maybe there was something in the course

(Continued on Page 63)

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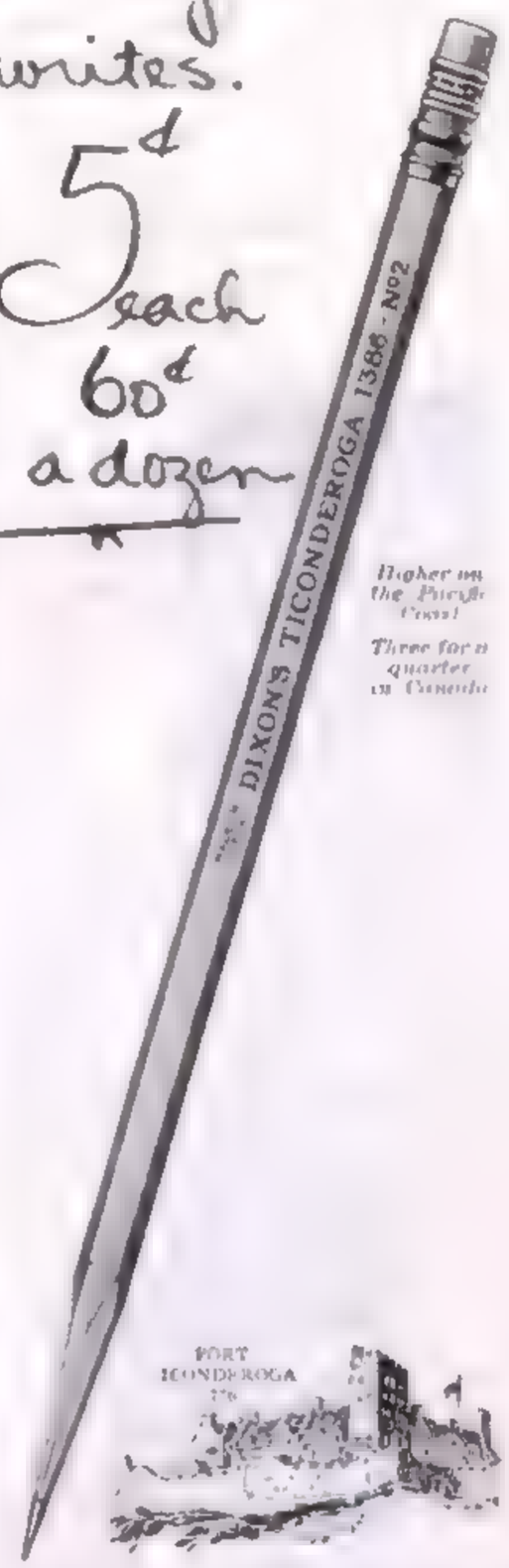

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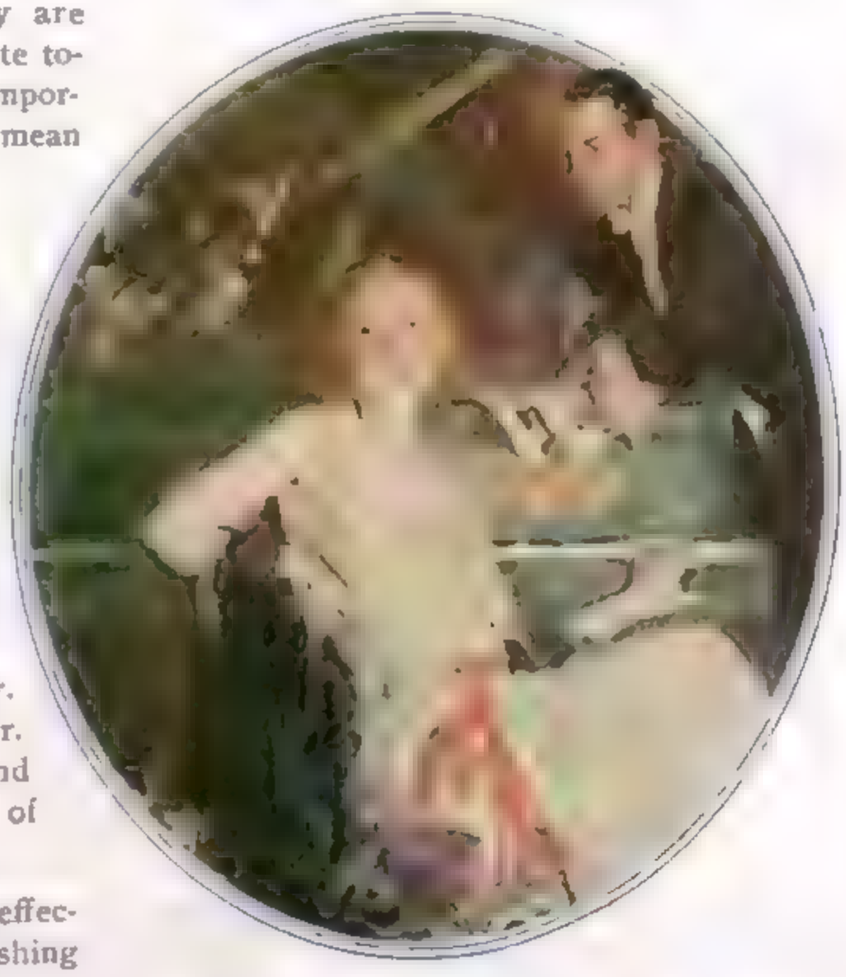

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(Continued from Page 61)

of his service that he didn't like to think about. That happened to a lot of our best soldiers in the last war."

"Precisely," said the sheriff. "I know two young fellows like that. Both got fine war records too. They love to talk about it as much as a dog that's been run over loves to run barkin' in front of a car."

He changed the topic for that of fishing, then said presently, in a droning voice that appeared to have a somnolent effect on Marcus, "I'm sure gratified to know that Andrew Orrin remembered his promise to leave me that old book of Izaak Walton's. When I die it's to land in a glass case. I reckon I'll know it to recite by then."

He rambled on, soothing as the murmur of a mill dam. Glancing presently at Marcus he frowned a little, noted his flushed face, the growing discoloration under his jaw. "Toothache—uh-huh—that too," muttered the sheriff under his breath. Had he been a doctor the sheriff would also have noticed with concern the young man's rapid shallow but stertorous breathing. As it was, he merely said to himself: "All in."

Presently, observing Marcus to have dropped into a doze, the sheriff glanced down at the brief case Marcus had laid carelessly beside his chair. The sheriff's long arm dropped and his hand drew up the flap. Separating the partitions with one finger the sheriff observed them to be empty. His frown deepened, a straight gash drew itself perpendicularly between his heavy brows to the root of his nose. He glanced again at Marcus' jaw.

"Can't hardly believe it," he said to himself. "Even if she always was a two-fisted tomboy. Hoped she'd grow up into a young lady, but it sure looks as if she'd grown plumb crooked"—this last a paradox in his silent soliloquy that quite escaped his notice. "Well, here certainly is hell to pay and the question is who's fixin' to foot the bill." His granite eyes, that had turned a colder shade, fastened on Marcus' flushed face. The sheriff nodded imperceptibly. In the hills instincts approaching reason are not limited to foxhounds.

For a few moments the sheriff sat leaning forward, elbow on knee, chin on big-boned knuckles, gray eyes distant, unfocused, the perfect model for such another masterpiece as Rodin's Le Penseur, but symbolic of New England, her early rugged native sons. A red squirrel ran up the trunk of a venerable elm almost against the porch and chattered down scoldingly, as if to determine whether this immobile object was a live man.

Then, suddenly, the sheriff roused himself. He leaned over and laid his big hand on Marcus' shoulder. "Mr. True."

Marcus' head came up with a jerk. "What—oh, train time?"

"Not for a half hour yet. Say, Mr. True, I know I'm breakin' my agreement about rehashin' last night's doin's and this morning's. But I don't believe for a second that Bee Orrin destroyed that will."

As a shot in the dark it was as good as ever in his earlier days the sheriff had made on antlered buck. Marcus stared at him half stupidly, then said, "She did, though."

"How do you know? You were down and out, I take it."

"Sure was. But when I came round . . . say, who's been talking?"

"Nev' mind. What did you see when you came round?"

Marcus pushed back his hair. "Some smoke, and paper cinders."

"Much paper cinders?"

"No, I don't think so. I didn't notice particularly. I was too groggy."

"How many pages to that document?" asked the sheriff.

"Eleven. It was a copy of the former will that Mr. Orrin wanted to scan through. The new part was only one page."

"And you think she burned the whole business?" asked the sheriff.

"Why not?"

"Why should she? Why not burn only the new part and leave the other?"

"To save time, I suppose."

"That's no good. It would take longer."

"Well, maybe she wanted to make a clean job of it, and thought that copy might be the only one at all. There were certain restrictions that would not obtain if Mr. Orrin had died intestate. In that case his property would go unconditionally to the nearest of kin—his children and natural heirs."

"All the same," said the sheriff, "I can't believe that Bee Orrin destroyed that will."

"What do you think, then?" Marcus stared at him stupidly. He seemed in fact to find difficulty in keeping his mind on what the sheriff was saying.

"I think she shoved the will under her clothes, down her dress, or something," said the sheriff slowly; "then burned a scrap of paper to fool you."

Marcus stared at him stupidly. "Well, I don't," he said, and let his head fall against the chair back again. His eyes closed.

"Bee Orrin," said the sheriff, "was always wild as White Mountain scenery. But no more mean nor treacherous. She's a lot more open, too, and all firm ground. No quicksands in her topography."

"'Fraid you're partisan for that family, sheriff," Marcus mumbled, without opening his eyes.

The sheriff did not answer. He sat stroking his chin. From time to time his eyes rested anxiously on Marcus, now profoundly asleep again. There came the purr and rumble of an approaching car. The sheriff looked round to see one of the Orrin roadsters, with Gregory driving. It slowed to take the sharp turn. Beatrice was in the back.

Her face did not look right to the sheriff. There was something wrong with its color scheme, the eyes too intense a violet, and girt about with black shadows. A woman would have recognized the aftermath of anguished weeping. With the quick lithe movement of one of the panthers that years before had roamed the forests of that region, the sheriff slid out of his rocker, slipped down the steps and raised his hand. Gregory saw him and came to a stop. Both he and Beatrice then caught sight of Marcus, who had not stirred. Gregory looked questioningly at the sheriff.

"Reposin' a trifle," said the sheriff. "All wore out." He glanced at Beatrice. "Funny, ain't it, Bee?"

"We came to take him back to the house," Gregory said. "Everything was stalled when he left, but we've changed all that. True is right, sheriff. . . . His name, I mean."

"Guess he's right clear through," said the sheriff. "Name and everything. I spotted him for a game bird first flush. And it looks to me like he's been handed a mighty raw deal."

"Raw is no word for it," Beatrice said breathlessly. "Rotten—putrid ——"

"Oh, shut up, Bee!" Gregory interrupted. "Do you think he will come, Mr. Clark?"

"Guess so. He don't seem to bear much malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. Merely dreadful sore—soul, mind and jawbone." His gray gimlet eyes bored into Beatrice. "Not that he's said so. He hasn't told me one thing."

"No great need, was there?" Beatrice murmured.

"Not such a heap. I'm no great shakes of a detective, but I know the woods. Amateur nature student too—like Mr. True."

"He's the salt of the earth," Gregory said fervently. "A gentleman and sportsman . . . and so is Mary Brown." The mixed genders passed ignored. "Wake him up, will you? Tell him everything's all right, and we're sorry and ashamed."

The sheriff nodded, turned and went back up onto the porch. "Mr. True."

Marcus roused with a jerk, stared at the sheriff with eyes that had become bloodshot. "Train time? All right."

"Gregory and Beatrice Orrin are here," said the sheriff gently. "They want you should go back with them to the house. Everything's all fixed up right."

"Oh, is it?" Marcus winced with pain. His face was a dusky red. "Well, then, what do they want of me?" He did not seem to see Gregory and Beatrice, or if so, appeared to ignore them.

Gregory called out, "We want first to offer our apologies, Mr. True! Then to ask you to attest some signatures and affix your seal of notary. And we think you ought to rest a little."

Marcus stared at him. "I was—I was going fishing with Mr. Clark," he said, "but duty before pleasure." He lurched a little, then started for the steps not altogether steady. The sheriff was watching him alertly, a darker frown on his lean face. Gregory turned in his seat.

"Looks as if Dave Clark had prescribed a section of his stone fence . . . and the Lord knows he needed it."

Beatrice did not answer. She watched Marcus narrowly as he came down the path. His eyes, though congested about the irises, were singularly bright, but there was a strained look about them. He stumbled a little, then laughed with a queer high note.

"What was in that buttermilk, sheriff? I'd better keep out of any further documentary bungling." He reached the car, seemed for the first time to catch sight of Beatrice, and stopped short in his tracks, frowning. "Well, look who's here . . . my late . . . hold on, where's my brief case?"

"Here you are, sir," rumbled the sheriff, and gave it to him. Marcus clutched it closely, then stepped up to enter the car, stumbled and made another effort, warily watching Beatrice. He sank back on the seat beside her, looking dazed.

Gregory leaned out. "What's he had?" he whispered to the sheriff.

"Buttermilk," the sheriff's voice was a deep growl. His face might now have been posed by Landseer for one of his hounds. "Only buttermilk . . . and a fearful wallop on the jaw."

Gregory drew in his breath quickly. His face turned white. "Did he tell you about that?"

"Not one word. No need, was there? He wouldn't have, anyhow. And listen, son; the less said the better, I reckon."

Gregory stiffened. "Will you come along?"

"No." The sheriff's voice sank to a low rumble. "You beat it back and get him right to bed. Keep that he-nurse, Simpson. I'll send Doc Miles right out. Then I may leave town for a spell. This might be a police job later, unless we mind our P's and Q's, but right now it's a doctor's."

"Good Lord—you think ——"

"I don't want to think—anything. More'n that, I don't want to know anything. Keep your mouths shut, all of you. He's headin' out for delirium, and what a man babbles in delirium ain't admissible testimony. Maybe you better get shut of Simpson, though. Get goin' now, Greg, and hope for the best."

His face ghastly, Gregory started, turned the car and headed back over the road. Marcus, on the back seat, hugged his brief case closely to his chest, keeping a wary eye on Beatrice, who seemed on the verge of suffocation. She had overheard most of what the sheriff had just said. Marcus kept at the extreme end of the seat, away from her. The speed of the car increased. They topped a rise from which there was an entrancing view of the lake beneath, and the lane. The speed appeared to refresh Marcus.

He took off his hat, leaned back, shook his head as might a person who is under the necessity of banishing an excessive drowsiness. Evidently he was successful, for he said apologetically to Beatrice:

"Please excuse my groggy actions back there, Miss Orrin. I heard what your brother said to Mr. Clark, and what Mr. Clark said to your brother. They were both wrong. The good old sheriff did not give me anything alcoholic, and I'm not getting brain fever, as he seemed to fear. It's merely lack of sleep."

How to complete "The Better Shave"

HERE'S the climax of "the better shave"—the peak of luxurious satisfaction. After you shave, shake a little Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion into your hand, and apply it to your face. . . . It heals, soothes, and cools the skin, particularly after you've shaved close. It restores moisture to the skin and invigorates the tissues.

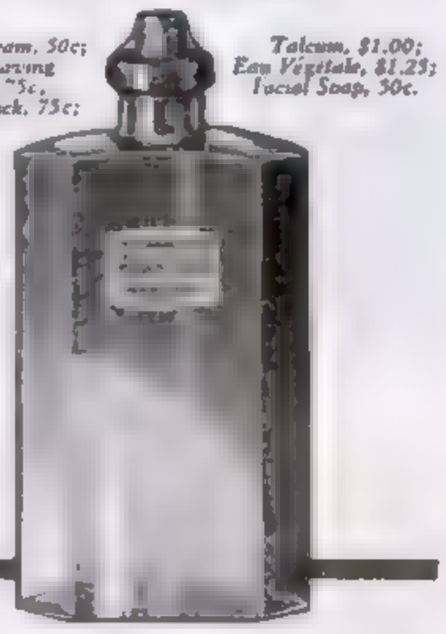
This lotion, like Fougère Royale Shaving Cream—which gives you "the better shave"—has the refreshing outdoor odor of the Royal Fern. The lotion is not sticky, and evaporates quickly. Try it tomorrow morning. Your druggist has Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion—75c.

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream makes shaving easier and is delightful to use—50c.

Fougère Royale
AFTER-SHAVING LOTION
Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c; After-Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c;

Talcum, $1.00; Eau Végétale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.



HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. P-11
539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale After-Shaving Lotion. Please send me a trial bottle—no charge.

Name _____

Address _____

$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Three have already appeared. Check back and find them if you missed them. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

1. *Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*
2. *Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.*
3. *Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question:*

Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize.....	$10,000
2nd prize...	5,000
3rd prize.....	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each).....	100
20 seventh prizes (each).....	50
200 eighth prizes (each).....	25
400 ninth prizes (each).....	10
A total of 635 prizes.....$30,000	

Follow these simple rules

Do not [illegible] before the first week in August. You may send as many keys as you find and write correct answers, and the final [illegible] appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, [illegible] please write plainly. Write your name, occupation [illegible]ly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers.

All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to

CONTEST JUDGES
The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

Beatrice looked infinitely relieved, though still dubious. "I hope so," she said.

"No question. Night before last I worked straight through until daylight on a rather complicated case that Mr. White had charge of when he was taken suddenly ill the day before with acute indigestion, or ptomaines. When I'd finished I went for a walk to clear my head. When I got back I received word that your father wished one of us to run out immediately, and there seemed nobody to go but myself, unfortunately. And last night——" Marcus hesitated.

"Was one long nightmare," Beatrice said, "in which I was the horrid phantasm."

"Phantasm?" Marcus raised his eyebrows. "That seems to me scarcely the word."

"Well, let's not argue it just now," Beatrice said soothingly. "Try to rest. I'm too glad that you're feeling better. Mr. Clark frightened me nearly to death. Are you sure you haven't fever?" She reached for his wrist.

"If I have," Marcus said, "it's merely fatigue products' poisoning. That little nap helped, though it was hard to get awake. This rush of cool air is like a bath."

Gregory looked back. His handsome face cleared a little from its heavy burden of care. Marcus gave him a slight reassuring smile. Gregory's mouth twitched.

"Some sportsman, I'll say. You must have a magnificent opinion of us. Well, let's hope we may be able to improve on it some day."

"You've already started," Marcus said, "and my brain is clearing and cooling with every furlong."

They reached the house all too quickly for Marcus, though he felt by this time wonderfully revived. As they drew up under the old-fashioned porte-cochère, Mary Brown came out. Her face, serene under the most trying stresses through which she had so shortly passed, wore now a baffled look.

"I'm glad you came back, Mr. True," she said, evidently noticing nothing to cause alarm in Marcus' appearance. "Part of your case against Miss Orrin—some ways the worst part, appears to have broken down."

Marcus met this statement gamely. "I'm very glad to hear it," he said quietly. "What is the nature of the fresh evidence?"

"One of the faculty at Vassar called up on the phone to ask if Miss Orrin had arrived, and to inquire after Mr. Orrin. In talking with her, she told me that she had seen Miss Orrin off herself, to catch the midnight train at Albany."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

THE GOLDEN STALLION

(Continued from Page 15)

weaknesses of their ancestors in quite as marked a manner as their strength. One of the weaknesses of the Fair Play strain has been what would be classed in a human as nervous indigestion.

Man o' War inherited this and so did his half brother, Playfellow, the cause of one of the most famous lawsuits brought about by a horse deal.

Playfellow was bought by Harry Sinclair from James Johnson, the horseman who so coveted Man o' War. Shortly after the purchase Sinclair brought suit against Johnson for the return of the purchase money. The oil man declared that Playfellow was not a sound horse, but that he was a cribber and a wind-sucker. This suit was of intense interest to horsemen. It went to the very roots of horse trading. The tradition had been that the buyer of a horse took him with the *caveat emptor* understanding. During the trial testimony was offered to show that indigestion was common to horses of the Fair Play strain. It was pointed out that even the great Man o' War was a sufferer from the ailment inherited from the same great sire. But in the end the *caveat emptor* tradition was upset and Johnson was ordered to take back the horse and to restore the purchase money.

Johnson's trainers worked hard with Playfellow in the effort to vindicate the contention that he was a sound animal. But the half brother of Man o' War showed nothing much. He looked like Man o' War, but under the satin bay coat he had nothing that resembled his great brother. His fame consisted solely of being the horse over whom the age-old legend of horse trading was destroyed.

An Unofficial Beating

Man o' War was a great eater. In training he would consume thirteen quarts of oats a day, with carrots and plenty of hay. He ate quickly and voraciously. It was this bolting of the food that caused the indigestion, Feustel decided. The trainer tried several subterfuges to make the greedy animal take his time with his feed, but as many a trainer has put it: "You cannot talk to a horse and he cannot talk to you. Some of them can almost talk, but almost is not enough."

Feustel finally evolved a special bit that Man o' War carried when feeding. He fought against it at first, but the trainer was firm. Eventually it achieved results. The trouble that threatened Man o' War from his diet passed, but he always had to be watched.

According to the records of the American turf, Man o' War was beaten only once in his swift career. Unofficially he was beaten twice. In fact the golden stallion was defeated in the very first race he ran with a real jockey up and before a small but very select gallery. This was at the Riddle farm near Berlin, Maryland, when Man o' War was a yearling. There was another golden-chestnut yearling at the farm at this time, Golden Broom, son of The Manager. He was an even more beautiful horse than Man o' War, for he was of a lighter shade of golden chestnut, with a white blaze on his forehead and four white stockings. Golden Broom was owned by Mrs. Walter Jeffords, a niece of Mrs. Riddle.

Naturally on a breeding farm in a horse country the differences of opinion as to the merits of the two colts necessitated a race. Besides, it was time when both of these colts had to be given a taste of their game in real earnest. The match race was arranged with all the ceremony and gravity attendant upon a match race at Saratoga or Belmont Park. There was lacking only the packed grand stand and the lawn cluttered up with the frenzied betters and bookmakers.

A Family Affair

I do not mean that this was an absolutely amateur affair, and therefore innocuous. Perhaps there never was and never will be a horse race without betting. There must be betting of some sort, with the flashing of the bills or the penciling of the slips and the hoarse whisper of the oral wagering.

There was betting among the members of the Riddle and Jeffords families. There was plenty of wagering in the stables. The country people who were admitted to the little track on the farm for the match race caught the fever of it. For the most part it was even-money betting, for there were no past performances from which to gather the frequently deceiving form of the horses. Here were only two beautiful golden-chestnut colts in their first race, a challenge to sporting blood and instincts. They were pressing their bets as the two jockeys moved them up to the starting barrier, for this training track had all the equipment of the big race course.

Johnny Loftus rode Man o' War, and he wore the Riddle silks. Eddie Ambrose was riding Golden Broom, and he was decked in the silks of the Jeffords stable. Both colts were a little restive. This was new to them. They had seen no crowds before. But when they reached the barrier, Man o' War seemed to become suddenly quite calm.

This race was for three-eighths of a mile—just a dash for the babies. They were off together beautifully. But in a few jumps Golden Broom forged ahead by inches, but steadily. In two-eighths of a mile Golden Broom had gained a little more than a length, while Man o' War was pounding steadily with long strides behind. Golden Broom won by the length, but Man o' War was coming steadily. If it had been for another eighth—but then it was for only three-eighths. Man o' War was beaten in his very first race, but that only seemed to start the argument all over again.

The hardiest of the thoroughbreds is at the best one of the most delicate living creatures. For instance, there is the story of one of the progeny of Man o' War. This colt was an absolute replica of the golden stallion. The proud owner was exhibiting him in his stall, rejoicing in the legend that every great stallion reproduces himself just once.

"And this is the reproduction," he was saying boastfully. "I would not take $250,000 for that colt as he stands."

Even as he spoke the nervous thoroughbred shied and kicked himself. A little later he was limping and there was terror in the stables lest this slight hurt would lead to the eventual breaking down of this $250,000 worth of horseflesh.

Something like this happened to Man o' War as a yearling. He cut one of his legs against a fence and went slightly lame. His owner was worried. It might mean that he would be ruined for racing on the flat. For a while they considered seriously making a jumper out of Man o' War. Such inconsequential things might have changed the destiny of the golden stallion. But the injury to Man o' War was slight and he continued with his education.

In the stables the race horses seldom are called by the names given them in the studbook. Each has his nickname. They called Man o' War "Big Red," because of his size and color; and later the nickname was shortened to just plain "Red." Of course, only his intimate friends and acquaintances called him that, and he soon got to recognize it and would come running at the call of "Hey, Red."

Horse Talk

In the stables Big Red was friendly and democratic, but he soon learned to know when his work days were due. On those days Red seemed to sense the impending excitement and discomfort. Once saddled he insisted on being walked around in the paddock. These were the only moments when he was fractious or irritable, and he insisted on his walk. It was as though he had figured out this manner of calming his nerves.

Johnny Loftus, his first jockey, once tried to argue with him and to hurry him out of the paddock. In an instant Man o' War became the wild colt he was when they first saddled him. He reared so swiftly that he almost threw his jockey off. As he reared and plunged he narrowly missed crashing into a pump. It was some time before he could be calmed down. After that

(Continued on Page 69

$30,000 in Cash Prizes!

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

FIVE CENTS !

The dollar is worth less than half what it was in 1886, the year Coca-Cola had its beginning. But through tremendous volume the *nickel* still keeps this pure drink of natural flavors safe for democracy.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this $30,000 contest

The Tread Mark of Successful Balloon Tire design

Since low inflation puts the weight of the tire on the shoulders instead of the center of the tread, you can see why this design delivers such remarkable mileage.

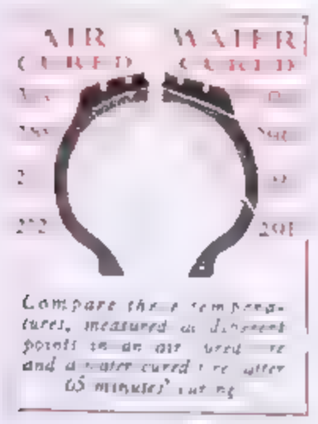
The center is free from rubber which could push the surrounding tread out of shape.

The shoulders are broad and heavy—three times the center area—with the safety edges securing 100% contact and biting grip on the road.

Goodrich

"BEST IN

How Many "FOURTHS" will your next tires give you?


AIR CURED
WATER CURED
252
208
Compare these temperatures, measured at different points in an air cured tire and a water cured tire after 65 minutes' curing

Examine this chart and you will understand more clearly how Goodrich gives you added seasons of service from your next Silvertowns.

WATER CURING makes possible a new and finer standard of uniformity in the distribution of heat during curing.

By other curing methods, all vulcanizing heat is forced through the tire from the outside.

But by the WATER CURE, Goodrich now applies half the heat to the tread—and the other half inside the tire.

By this costlier process, Goodrich insures a stronger, tougher bond between the tread, breaker strip and plies, eliminating ply separation, because no part is over-cooked—no part is under-cured.

Combined with this inner strength and toughness, you get the brilliant success of the Goodrich balloon tread design—with its proven principles of wear-prevention, tested by millions of miles on owners' cars.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870 AKRON, OHIO
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Silvertowns

THE LONG RUN"

Goodrich Radio Hour . . . Listen in every Thursday evening over the following stations: WEAF, *New York City*—
WEEI, *Boston* WGR, *Buffalo* WFI, *Philadelphia* WGN, *Chicago* WCCO, *Minneapolis-St. Paul* WHAS, *Louisville*
WTAR, *Providence* WTAM, *Cleveland* WWJ, *Detroit* KSD, *St. Louis* WSAI, *Cincinnati* WSM, *Nashville* WSB, *Atlanta*
WTAG, *Worcester* WCSH, *Portland, Me.* WOC, *Davenport* WCAE, *Pittsburgh* WMC, *Memphis*

The finest of tobacco . . . sweet-tasting . . . mellow . . . mild . . . what a real foundation for cigar satisfaction! And to make this enjoyment complete, a fine, generous, *invincible* size . . . free-smoking . . . even-burning . . . as cool as a breeze from the sea : : : : : : :

MILLIONS ARE SAYING—"TASTING BETTER THAN EVER!"

(Continued from Page 64)

no one ever questioned the right of Man o' War to his little constitutional before his work. He made it quite plain that he knew what was good for himself, and they never tried to hurry him again. Man o' War was satisfied that he had been understood, for he never acted up like that in a paddock again.

If Man o' War actually had crashed into that pump, the cost of a thoroughbred attempting to express himself would have been something like an even $1,000,000 to Samuel Riddle. The trainers insist that when a normal horse does anything of that sort it is his way of attempting to explain something. An accurate interpreter of thoroughbreds could write his own contract for the money he could save in broken-down horses.

At the post Man o' War was a golden tornado gathering for the rush. He fretted and fumed to be away. They used to say of Dempsey that he always was on his toes, always ready to slip from an invisible leash. Man o' War was the terror of the plunging, kicking field at the post. He was not a mean colt, but he was always overeager. He wanted to be off and have it over with.

He hated assistant starters, with their hard hands and their bull whips. Once he dragged one of them for a full two furlongs, shaking at the dead weight that could not drag down his great head. Mars Cassidy, the veteran starter, understood and sympathized. He never would let one of his men go near the head of Man o' War. Cassidy, too, was a fighter and he could read the heart of another fighter.

In the spring of 1919, Man o' War was a very sick colt. They shipped him to Pimlico from the Glen Riddle Farm with a dozen others, and all of them were down with the influenza, which has a habit of sweeping through stables. Louis Feustel, the trainer, who acted as nurse to Big Red, said that he had a temperature of 106.

Many thoroughbreds, once attacked by this complaint, never fully recover their stamina. But Man o' War fought off this illness before any of his stable mates, and his convalescence was more rapid. Once he started to work out again, Feustel was certain that he had lost nothing of his speed and his staying power. On the contrary, Man o' War seemed to develop more rapidly from that time. It was as though he had merely passed through a period of growing pains. He filled out quickly and began to reach those proportions that made them speak of him, when he made his last appearance in public at a Philadelphia horse show, as "the picture horse." His appetite, too, became more voracious, and Feustel frequently had to give him his home remedies for that nervous indigestion of his.

Big Red by Hisself

As yet, of course, Man o' War was untried. He was merely one of those Fair Play colts, whose pedigree gave promise of certain performances. The fact that he had been through the flu added some doubt as to his ability to fulfill any of those promises. He worked out with the Riddle string as merely one of the string, in company with horses famous enough for the hour, but whose performances long since have been dimmed in the eternal golden light of the performances of Man o' War. But all this time Big Red was learning his business and his people. Before he ever won a race he was a stable favorite. Exercise boys loved to be near Big Red. He was always "raring to go," they said.

Man o' War was brought to Belmont Park with the Riddle string in 1919. Sir Barton, owned by Commander J. K. L. Ross, the Canadian sportsman, was the reigning three-year-old at the time, and the merits of Billy Kelly and Eternal were in the process of being settled. At that meet Sir Barton won both the Withers and the Belmont.

Major August Belmont, out of the service, had reorganized his racing stable. By this time he had almost forgotten the Fair Play colt that he had tried to keep. Man o' War was being schooled assiduously with the Riddle horses under the direction of Louis Feustel, for the time was due when he had to show whether or not he was a race horse. He first was entered in one of those overnight dashes for maiden two-year-olds, detested by the starters and regarded with contempt by the average better. In one of these events the matter of form is utterly absent. They come at the end of a long day, and when they are run, the regulars of the race tracks already are on their way to the trains or standing ready to dart for the exits.

They were a long time at the post, even for a field of maiden two-year-olds. When finally they broke, a red-gold streak came out of the swirl and began to forge ahead with long, regular strides, with Johnny Loftus up. The distance between this red-gold streak and the bunch widened. It was no race at all.

"What is the name of the Riddle one?" demanded a railbird. "Who is he by?"

"He's by hisself," replied a negro swipes. "And there ain't anybody ever going to get near him. I got five dollars right on his nose."

The Two Best Bets

Man o' War was all by himself at the finish. He won, pulled up. One of the Man o' War colts since was entered in the records under the name By Hisself because of this story.

There were two great two-year-olds that year. The other was Golden Broom, Man o' War's rival and conqueror of the yearling days in the little track at the Glen Riddle Farm. Both colts were in the family. Golden Broom was the property of Walter Jeffords, the husband of Mrs. Samuel Riddle's niece.

Because of this the family had agreed that they would divide all the big stakes in this way—they would not enter the colts against each other. Each member of the family was convinced that his colt was the better. Naturally under these conditions such an agreement could not last long, particularly at Saratoga, where sporting blood courses more rapidly than at any other place in the world. It was at a family dinner at Saratoga where the agreement was broken by mutual consent, and it was agreed that both colts were to be entered in the Sanford Memorial. This was to be the duel to the death between Man o' War and Golden Broom. There was to be only one prince of the blood, and this race was to decide it.

There were seven of the greatest juveniles of the time to start, but somehow the feeling was that this was to be in reality a match race between the two golden chestnuts, Man o' War and Golden Broom. It filled the course at Saratoga—one of the most beautiful on the American Continent. In addition to the two golden chestnuts, there were Harry Payne Whitney's Upset, George W. Loft's Donnacona, John E. Madden's Captain Alcock, W. R. Coe's Armistice and T. F. Henry's The Swimmer. That year the Sanford Memorial was held on August nineteenth. It turned out to be a perfect day, with not a ripple on the little toy lake in the infield. The reports had it: "Weather clear, track fast."

Even before the numbers went up for the race before the Sanford, the stands and the lawns were emptied. The crowd surged out to the saddling paddock to get close-ups of the golden-chestnut rivals. They covered the velvety grass carpet under the trees. They swarmed close to the tree under which Man o' War was being saddled and they were thick near the tree where Golden Broom was waiting for post call. Only little knots of them gathered at the other saddling places.

Golden Broom was a beauty. His coat was of a lighter golden chestnut than that of Man o' War, and it glistened in the sunlight. The blaze on his forehead was a brighter silver that clear day, and he seemed shod with silver, too, with those four glistening white feet. There was nothing plain or commonplace about Man o' War, but that day, if it had been a beauty contest, he would have lost, then and there, to his rival; for at that time there did not seem ever to have been anything in horseflesh so handsome as Golden Broom.

But in the betting Man o' War persisted an odds-on favorite. He was 1 to 2. The odds seemed justified as he walked around his tree with the burnished red-gold coat shimmering. Here were power and speed in the leash, indicated by every rippling muscle as he walked. At times he would start back and almost jerk from his feet the boy who was leading him. It seemed that he could have sent him flying with one of those sudden jerks. The ring around him widened rapidly at these signs of Man o' War's impatience. He knew that it was his work day and he was eager to have it over. This day they had braided his mane and tail with little bits of black and gold ribbons. They had rubbed the sleek coat until it shone. There was that suppressed excitement in the air that intensified his own. At the first note of the bugle off in the stands, Man o' War moved out of his circle in the direction of the track. Some of the crowd filtered out, scurrying for places of advantage, but most of them lingered as the colts moved out to form for their parade past the grand stand.

Man o' War led the procession. As the thoroughbreds filed by the grand stand there was shout after shout of applause. At the first loud outburst Man o' War tossed his magnificent head. This could be interpreted according to the mood. It was a gracious acknowledgment or a magnificent gesture of annoyance. Johnny Loftus, the reigning jockey of the day, touched his cap. The applause was for Man o' War and not for the field. It rose crescendo as they filed by the judges' stand and it continued after they broke ranks to proceed to the post. Veteran racegoers insisted that there never was such a demonstration over the start of a race at the classic course at Saratoga.

Close on the heels of Man o' War came his yearling rival, Golden Broom, with Eddie Ambrose up. Upset followed, with Willie Knapp up in the color of Harry Payne Whitney, then John E. Madden's Captain Alcock, the added starter, and, in order, Donnacona, Armistice and The Swimmer. They all seemed eager and the parade broke with almost a race to the post. Man o' War was first to the barrier. The red-golden chestnut was overeager. When he reached the webbing he tried to break and run. Half a dozen times he lunged forward. On that particular day Mars Cassidy, the veteran starter, was ill and C. R. Pettingill was acting in his place. It may have been that Man o' War missed the soothing and steady profanity of the eloquent Mars, but that day he was unusually fractious. His eagerness seemed to infect the other colts and for a few minutes they all seemed to be in a snarl. After lunging forward, Man o' War began to back in an annoyed fashion. He was backing when the barrier was snapped, and so was Donnacona. As that sharp gasp, "They're off," followed by that confused murmur that signals the start of every race, was heard Man o' War still was backing away from the barrier.

The Favorite Trapped

His rival, Golden Broom, flashed forward with the lifting of the barrier, with Upset at his flank, The Swimmer, Captain Alcock and Armistice following. They were four lengths ahead before Man o' War recovered and leaped forward, with Donnacona at his flank.

In the stands there was the moan of "Man o' War was left." But Man o' War was coming up with those great strides of his. For a few ticks of the watch the leaders seemed to be standing still, but then the distance widened again. Donnacona was on the outside of Man o' War and seemed to have him pinned against the rail. Golden Broom and Upset, flank by flank,

IPANA

a good name to remember for healthy teeth and gums

SOMEONE has said that a good name is better than riches! Ipana started with a name difficult to remember!

But the tooth paste was so good, so sound in formula, so beneficial to tender gums and so cleansing for the teeth, that the repeated recommendations of the dental profession overcame for us the difficulty of the name.

You may have trouble in remembering the name "Ipana Tooth Paste" the first time you ask for it at the drug store.

But after you have used a full tube and tested its goodness—then, we think, you will never forget it! © 1927

IPANA
Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK

Take Plenty of Cones

Somewhere under the trees, around a merry feast, millions of Uncle Sam's happy nieces and nephews will celebrate his birthday anniversary next Monday.

To make the July 4th picnic refreshments a complete success, by all means include pure and wholesome Ice Cream and plenty of McLAREN REAL CAKE CONES. Get them from your druggist or confectioner.

Baked from simple and wholesome ingredients in modern bakeries, McLAREN REAL CAKE CONES are as pure and delicious as homemade cookies. Look for the name McLAREN on cones you buy.

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ranged ahead. The red-golden chestnut was caught in a pocket out of which it seemed that he could emerge only by biting and kicking his way.

That flying pocket moved swiftly and with a perfect rhythm. It seemed that it would move on that way to the finish. It was as though the colts were fixed in these positions by invisible wires, and the groaning in the stands and on the lawn increased, for Man o' War was an odds-on favorite in the betting as well as in sentiment. Upset lagged and Golden Broom forged ahead for a half mile almost imperceptibly, with Man o' War caught in that whirling trap. The light-golden chestnut with the flying silver feet forged farther ahead. It seemed that the race was over.

"Golden Broom wins!" the cry went up. "Golden Broom wins by himself!" "Golden Broom; oh, Golden Broom!" The call boomed over the track and echoed back from the foothills of the Adirondacks.

Then it died. Upset was creeping up again on the silver heels. Man o' War, too, was coming up, but with Donnacona still at his right flank. Rounding the turn, Upset was at the throatlatch of Golden Broom. Man o' War's head was in the air, but he was still pressed against the rail. They swirled into the stretch with Golden Broom leading Upset by a neck.

Donnacona, who had been hanging to the flank of Man o' War like a Nemesis, slipped back half a length. Then Golden Broom began to falter and Upset flashed into the lead.

In dropping back Golden Broom put Man o' War into another pocket. It seemed as though the rival of the golden stallion were gasping, "If I cannot win, neither can you."

With Man o' War trapped again, Knapp urged Upset, and the Whitney colt was leading by three lengths. The wearying Golden Broom slipped back and Man o' War was free again. He flew forward like an eagle whose cage door has dropped. Loftus brought the whip down on his burnished flanks again and again. With each leap the distance shortened. One jump more and it would have been done, but they were past the finish line, and as they passed, the neck of the Whitney colt was leading.

Golden Broom staggered across third, three lengths behind. For an instant there was an almost tragic silence. Even those who had bet on Upset had not the heart to shrill their delight. The great colt had been beaten. It was incredible, but it had happened.

A Natural Heartbreaker

Only a week later Man o' War met Upset on the same track. It was easy enough to see that the followers of the turf looked upon that other race as an accident, an illustration of racing luck, for Man o' War was an 11 to 20 favorite against his conqueror and some of the finest two-year-olds of the period.

This time Man o' War was off like a golden bolt. In the first furlong he was leading Upset by a length, running with long easy strides while the Whitney colt was panting behind, the rest of the field strung along. Not once could Upset make up any of that ground. It was in this race that Man o' War broke the stout heart of the Whitney colt, the hope of the richest racing stable in the world.

They say of Man o' War that he broke the hearts of all the horses he ever raced against. He was carrying the top weight of 130 pounds in this race—the Grand Union—but weight never seemed to bother that powerful animal. Neither weight nor weather nor the racing luck. He had the fighting heart that is stimulated only when the odds are against it.

That is why Man o' War's name has become a symbol not only on the turf but in all sports. When the alibis are being offered, they will say, "Give me a Man o' War who can run in the mud with the top weight, in fair weather and in foul; who can be left at the post when the field is off and then come on. Give me a Man o' War who only shows his best when it seems sure that he is beaten, and yet who will not be beaten."

First in the Futurity

Again Upset went through the agony of another futile race against Man o' War. This was in the Hopeful, where the most precious of the princes of equine blood are paraded.

It may have been the consciousness of the presence of his constant rival, or it may have been that Man o' War was merely overeager, even for him, that day, for he was a fiend at the post. Several times he broke under the barrier, broke through and had to be forced back fighting for his head. He was electric that day and he seemed to crackle with golden sparks. He had all the two-year-olds plunging and fighting. It was twelve minutes before they could get them anything like into line.

For just one furlong Man o' War was led by Upset, who was off in the lead, followed by Consistency. Then the red-golden chestnut moved up and the heart of Upset died within him.

The Whitney colt finished a bad fifth in the race. He wilted when the red-gold flash went by him, and Man o' War won the race by five full lengths, with Cleopatra, a queenly filly with a queenly name, second. Man o' War was merely breezing, as they say, once he took the lead.

The Futurity at Belmont Park, on August 13, 1919, was the final test of Man o' War as a two-year-old. Test is not the word, rather it was the proof. In this one Man o' War met the best that were foaled in the year of his birth.

Upset was in this one, too, bracketed with another of the Whitney stable, John P. Grier, who later was to give the red-golden colt the sternest challenge of his career. They felt that there was a faint chance that one of these colts would fight off Man o' War while the other came on to win. But racegoers felt that this chance was so remote that Man o' War again was the odds-on favorite.

At that time the Futurity was started in the Chute. The colts passed from view of the watchers in the stands and flashed out later into the straightaway. They were six full minutes in the Chute for this one. Man o' War was the reason. He seemed to sense that this was the last race of the season and he was eager to have it over with. Twice he bolted and his jockey had to use all that was in him to keep him from tearing off toward the horizon. That day he was more fiendish than ever. The other jockeys were cursing that "red devil." In the stands they could see the little clouds of dust in the Chute and hear the clatter of the hoofs. Twice the gasp, "They're off," was heard and the necks craned and hearts skipped a few beats. Finally that gasp broke into an audible shout. An assistant starter jerked Man o' War into place, eighth from the pole, and they really were off at last.

Out of the Chute and into the open flashed Miss Jemima, Dominique and John P. Grier. Had Man o' War been left again? The bolt of red gold answered that whispered question. He came on the outside of the track in the heavy, sandy footing with those long, relentless strides. He leaped ahead and Jockey Loftus swung him into the center of the track. Then he swung along easily into the lead and finished with Loftus holding him up.

John P. Grier finished second this time. Upset was nowhere at all; and this time he staggered as he went past the judges' stand. The big red-golden coat had given him the coup de grâce as far as a racing career was concerned in this one, but his stable brother, John P. Grier, was to be reckoned with later. He had not yet been convinced that Man o' War could kill them all off.

Man o' War was an amiable angel after this race. He seemed to know that they were packing up to go back to the farm in Maryland. He whinnied to his playmate and friend, Major Treat, and frolicked with him under the trees. Once a race was over Man o' War could be the best-tempered animal in the world.

Man o' War's Boy Friend

Major Treat, a big bay hunter, owed his life to Man o' War and was the vassal of the prince of the blood. The Major had seen better days, suh. He had won many cups in horse shows and he had been ridden to hounds. But he had grown old in service and his legs were not what they used to be. When Man o' War first came to the Riddle Farm, Major Treat was about to meet an inglorious end. The order had been given that he was to be shot and fed to the hounds, the very pack that he used to lead. Louis Feustel, the trainer of Man o' War, heard of the order and countermanded it. The Major might do as a lead pony for Big Red. That would depend upon how Big Red accepted that silent suggestion.

Feustel put them together and Man o' War instantly showed a kingly consideration for the old hunter. He condescended to be amiable to him. With that gesture he saved the life of Major Treat, and the veteran hunter became bondman of the king. Major Treat occupied a modest space in the box car when Man o' War traveled. His stall in the stable was next to the royal stall. Even the old hunter seemed to realize that Man o' War was a monarch, and though he always was with him, he always gave the king the right of way. Man o' War never had to put him in his place. He knew it from the start.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. McGeehan. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THIS powerful YALE Focusing Searchlight, No. 3205, is ready for any emergency—in camp, on the river, on the open road. It bites through blackest night with a beam of brilliant light that reveals objects clearly and boldly at a distance of over 750 feet—more than an eighth of a mile away!

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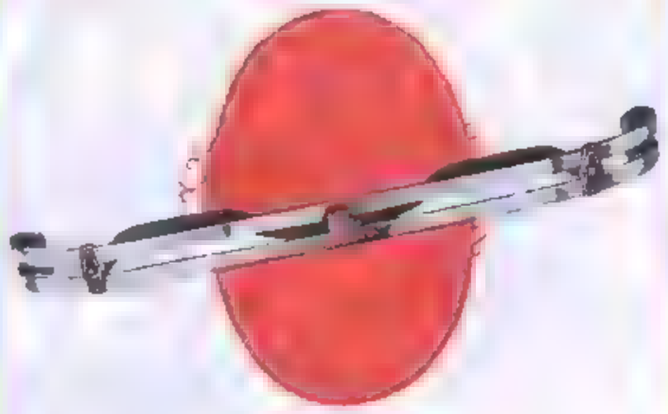
Guessing at speed is not only difficult but dangerous. A Stewart-Warner Speedometer can be purchased for less than the amount of one "speeding-fine." Model 490 gives you your speed and total mileage and a colored dial automatically informs you when to change oil. A patented compensating device insures accuracy at all speeds and in all temperatures. This speedometer is built on the famous magnetic principle. *Complete, $9.00. West of 100° Meridian* $9.25

Model 160 has the same features as Model 490 plus a trip-mileage register and a complete system of colored dials that tell when to lubricate various parts of the car. *Complete, $12.50. Western price, $13.00.*



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All-Steel Bumpers

Every part of the Stewart-Warner Bumper is made of steel—not of cast-iron that may snap from a blow. The design of the bumper gives unusual strength which is supplemented by the all-steel back-brace. The bars are rounded at the ends to avoid catching the edge of garage doors or the fenders of other cars. The lustrous, nickel finish is lasting—not easily tarnished. If you want *protection* as well as beauty, be sure to specify Stewart-Warner All-Steel Bumpers. Bumpers and Fender Guards may be had in both two and three bar models.

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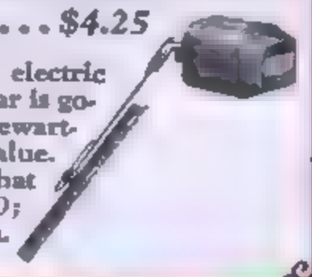
A big exclusive feature of this Vacuum Windshield Cleaner is the application of power at both ends of the piston. This gives a more powerful action at all speeds. The blade is driven swiftly, steadily across the glass, held firmly against it by a tension spring. No "chattering" or smearing. A greater swiping area—160°. This year 'round necessity may be had for all cars at the low price of $4.25



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STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER COR'N CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SODA BICARB

(Continued from Page 11)

John shrugged his shoulders. "So long as her filet is just right," he said with a cruel candor, "and that new doctor attentive, I don't think she'll care."

"And your father?"

John laughed. "Father belongs to the former generation of financiers. If a woman is pretty and doesn't abuse her grammar, he endows her with all the virtues he hasn't got himself and goes about his business." He stared at the glittering, smooth-rolling morning traffic of the Croisette, at the edge of which, on green metal chairs, he and David were sitting. Beyond the trees on the other side were glimpses of the harbor and of a score of trim white yachts flying the flags of every wealthy nation. The air was soft, but cool and sparkling. David Croft sighed. It was hard to be serious in Cannes. One forgot marriage and thought only of courtship; you heard only the dance music and found it difficult to keep in mind the inevitable weariness when the dance was ended.

"I sympathize completely," he said, "with your point of view that you love a woman and marry her for herself and not for her history; only don't forget that that position, like most, has a catch in it. One swallow doesn't make a summer, but a whole flock of them usually does. A lady who picks a pocket once—or twice, or even three times—may be forgiven, but a professional pickpocket usually has the habit and the habit expresses a certain trend of character."

John Haight flushed at last. "You've already admitted you know nothing about her," he said.

David Croft arose slowly, a pleasant lean figure in his gray flannels; insouciant, sunburned, smiling, clear-eyed, a touch of gray at his temples.

"I have explained," he said, "the alternatives, and I have done it with distaste because I like Rita. Either the lady is an adventuress or she isn't. In the former instance there is a good deal to be considered before marrying her; in the second there is, without question, an equal amount, for you then have perverseness and laziness to take into account, and I don't know which is the poorer choice. As a matter of fact, as I have been trying to tell you, an appearance of evil is as sure an indication of personality as evil itself. I agree with you—you marry a woman's personality; that's just my point." He interrupted himself abruptly. "Come along," he said; "it's noon. Let's go to the Casino for a mandarin curaçao."

John stared again at the sea before he, too, got to his feet. "I have only one objection to Rita," he commented thoughtfully—"she's so darn uncommunicative. But then I'm spoiled—we all of us talk too much."

"You're bravely logical, my son, aren't you?" suggested David. "You love a lady for her glamour, but you can't quite swallow the thing that makes her glamorous. Reticence is glamour, frankness isn't. That's one trouble with your generation. It hasn't any glamour. The people you think glamorously frank are always hiding a lot. It's that that makes them glamorous, not their frankness."

But he was pleased. This was the first rift in John's armor, and one easy to widen. John was too modern a young man to care much for deliberate deception. That was probably the one thing he would not forgive; and on the other hand, if he, David Croft, knew anything of women, deception, deliberate or otherwise, was not an uncommon occurrence in Rita Thalberg's life. She would choose it again and again merely to save herself trouble—present trouble, not eventual trouble, for deception usually eases the moment at the expense of the future; merely to maintain her own romantic conception of herself. For Rita was not modern. Well, he, David Croft, in this new unpleasant rôle of gossip and unwanted adviser to self-confident youth, would keep his eyes open for some such lead. As for himself, deception, if it was not too fundamental and if it was not cruel in its intent, did not bother him much. Life, and a natural humility and sensitiveness, had taught him to forgive other sensitive people who sought, by a covering of evasion or minor lies, to protect themselves from the constant fingering of the world.

And then, the next moment, John Haight said something astonishing. "I wish Rita wouldn't take drugs," he blurted out uncertainly and reluctantly.

David stared at him. "Drugs? What do you mean?" For an instant he felt that this explained Rita, her laziness, her secretiveness, but reflection convinced him it could not be so. He had known users of drugs. Rita was overpoweringly lazy, but her laziness was not frantic, nor were there any other of the well-marked symptoms. "Oh, no," he smiled. "You must be mistaken."

John's face was mulish. "I am not. She takes morphine. She takes it again and again after meals—in water." He shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "Oh, of course I don't mean she's exactly a drug fiend, and I know half a dozen people who take things in moderation, but it's hard to keep on taking them in moderation. The habit grows."

David, remembering a little snuffbox that Rita carried and from which she took a white powder to be placed in water, started to laugh, and then checked himself. Vaguely he felt that here might be a key to the situation.

"How do you know it is morphine?" he asked.

"She told me. I insisted upon knowing."

"Oh, you insisted! It is bad to insist with Rita. Usually she lies."

John flushed again. "That is just one thing she doesn't," he announced stubbornly. "She tells you nothing if she can help it, but when she does she doesn't lie."

"Doesn't she? And you still want to marry her, knowing this habit?"

"Why not? It's curable—lots of people take drugs. That is, it's curable if it hasn't gone too far. And I'll supply Rita with enough excitement so she won't want morphine."

David Croft was learning; his education was being completed. He was discovering where sophistication, unchecked, leads you. Finding nothing in itself wrong, John Haight placed all habits in more or less the same category. Expecting the worst, he was very likely to find the worst when half the time the worst wasn't there. He had merely turned the Victorian thesis about. Instead of there being so much good in every man that the critic had need of care, there was so much bad in every man—and every woman—that the critic had no need of care whatsoever.

David wondered if it would not be possible to appeal directly to Rita. Not being modern, Rita might be open to what John would call sentimental reasons. David and Rita understood each other fairly well, and David suspected beneath Rita's languor and evasiveness a vague sense of sportsmanship. He found opportunity two days later when he lunched with her. He often lunched with her, and he noticed that as a rule no one else was there, so that showed Rita liked him.

After luncheon they went out into the garden and sat in long chairs. Between them was a small orange table on which were coffee cups and a silver coffeepot, and over them was a gay umbrella of red-and-orange canvas, and in front of them, beyond a balustrade of pink stucco, the roofs of other villas, emerging from palms and eucalyptus trees, fell away to the distant shimmering sea. It was warm—it was the first week in April—and the garden was filled with the chirping of birds, occasional and meditative, and with white sunshine,

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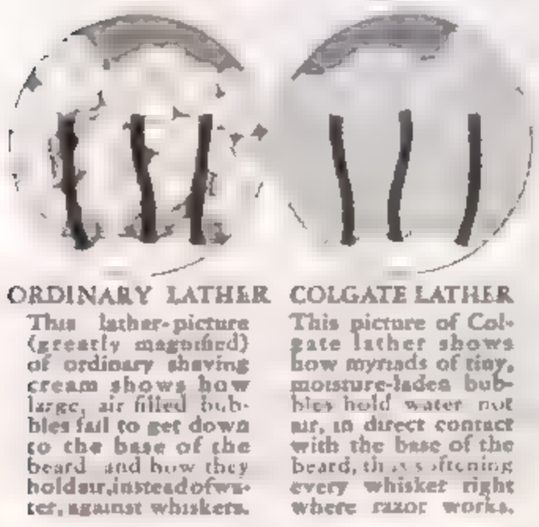

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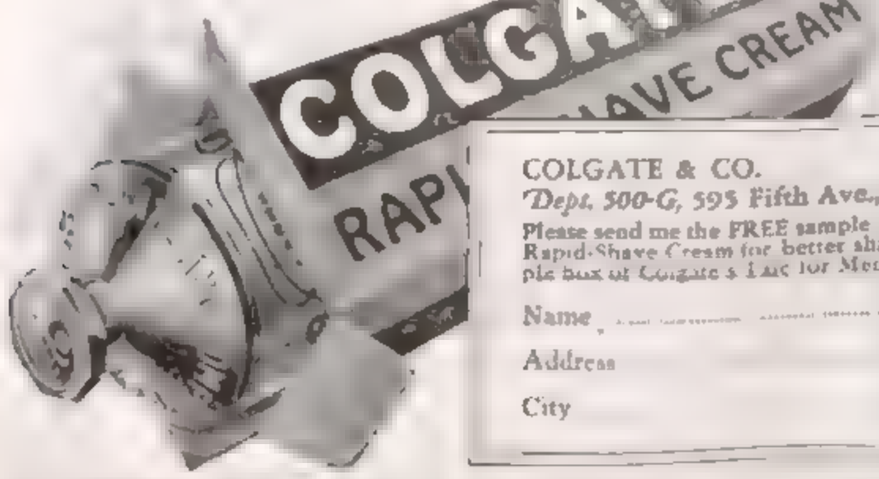

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

and with the black shadows of clipped bushes and hedges.

David sipped his coffee and stared from under lowered eyelids at Rita's half-averted face. She was really very beautiful—Rita. After all, if you were rich enough—and John Haight was—why not collect her as a museum piece? She was really very beautiful—tall and slim and slowly graceful. Above her shoulders rose a small virginal neck and a little head covered with blue-black hair, cut short and brushed straight back. Her blue eyes were deep and large and candid—a great help in maintaining secrecy—and her red mouth was straight and sensitive, closed in such a way that it gave her a look of perpetually refusing to answer a question. As a background to this mouth and these eyes was an oval face and a complexion of that delicate buttercup-tinted cream that made even more difficult the placing of nationality.

"Rita," said David lazily, "where do you come from anyway?"

She turned, startled, and then smiled—brilliantly, as if she suspected an attack.

"I have been many things. I was mar-r-ied when I was eighteen. A wife takes her husband's race. I was last an Austr-r-ian."

David looked absent-minded. "So I have heard. How old are you now?"

"Thir-r-ty-four."

"Oh, I thought it was only thirty."

"Yes?"

"He is dead—your husband?"

"The Austr-r-ian? . . . In the war—thank God."

"And you like being a widow?"

"Ver-r-y much. It is the fir-r-st f-r-r-eedom I have had since I was a girl. Also I have money, which most widows haven't."

"And you don't want to marry again?"

"Per-r-haps. . . . Sometimes. But I am afr-r-aid. It is ver-r-y terrible if you are unfortunate." She looked down at her hand that lay along the arm of her chair and studied her fingers as she opened and closed them thoughtfully.

"Thank goodness," David said to himself, "that here, despite all her secretiveness and double-dealing, is a person that at least isn't modern. When you pin her down, she answers your questions and reacts normally. You know what she's going to do."

Rita emerged from her reverie. "All my life has been a pr-r-ocess of tr-r-ying to eliminate what I have tr-r-ied and what has hur-r-t me," she said. "Fir-r-st I tr-r-ied to forget my youth—which hur-r-t me. Then I tr-r-ied to forget women—who hur-r-t me." She raised her head and laughed. "But I cannot forget men—much as they have hur-r-t me. I try it; it is no good. They fill my house. I succeed partially by having as a rule only men I despise. You understand? Da-veed, I detest women. Two women destr-r-oyed my only chances for happiness. Why shouldn't I live as I want? I am thir-r-ty-four, I have money of my own. . . . Cannes!" She elevated her shoulders in contempt.

"Why don't you try entertaining nice men for a while?" David asked.

"Where are they? Besides, they would not come without their wives. And also, when I catch a glimpse of nice men like you, like your Cousin John—it only complicates matters." She paused abruptly and turned her eyes slowly and insolently upon David. "You are asking a gr-r-eat many questions, my fr-r-iend. Why are you asking so many questions? It is unlike you. Not to ask questions is the pr-r-ice of my fr-r-iendship."

"Nonsense!" said David sharply. "We are now talking about serious things, and in serious things questions are asked and answered. I want to know if you intend marrying my immature cousin, John Haight? There is a chance to marry a nice man. . . . Your answer is very important."

There was a long silence of hot white sunshine and of birds occasionally chirruping. Rita's eyes, still staring into David's, grew rounder and harder. She shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"You are insolent, my fr-r-iend," she said.

"Oh, Lord," said David to himself, "I was wrong after all! They are all alike—modern or old-fashioned. They hate the truth and evade it. The truth no sooner comes up over the horizon than the world shies off like a frightened horse."

Aloud he announced again, "Nonsense! Nonsense!" he said. "I am not a European, Rita—I'm an American. Up to a certain point I will play your game—I will indulge in secret diplomacy—but beyond that point I come out into the open. Besides, even in Europe, secret diplomacy nowadays is losing ground—that is, in personal relationships. The modern note is straightforwardness." He returned her stare, his eyebrows level. "It is very important—your answer."

But he realized that in some sort of unknown fashion he had been jockeyed into a false position; it was necessary to abandon his plan of appealing to Rita's fairness. She had put him upon the defensive. Very well, the best defense was always offense. He smiled vaguely, glancing about him between narrowed eyelids, seeking to collect his resources. His eyes lit upon the little snuffbox on the table, a chaste small snuffbox of the time of Louis XV, hard metal inlaid with silver. Its edges were rubbed and had taken on a soft patina from the countless fingers that had caressed it. He leaned over and placed his hand on it, smiling up at Rita.

"Why haven't you taken your morphine?" he asked softly.

He saw her start and then collect herself. "I did not feel the need for it," she said. She reached out for the box.

David chuckled and, sitting back in his chair, opened the box and placed a pinch of the white powder it contained on his tongue. He tasted it ruminatively, his eyes turning from speculation to bright amusement. "Here it is," he said, giving the box to Rita. He stood up, his hands in his coat pockets.

"Rita," he asked, "why do you fib so much? Is it merely habit or has it a purpose?—a purpose, in this instance, I suppose, but a purpose largely due to the years you have posed to yourself and to the world as a mysterious and beautiful creature not subject to the common and absurd ills of mankind. Partially that, and partially an abhorrence of direct questioning, and partially a trick of being secretly amused by the folly of others. You are not even thirty-four, my dear—you are closer to forty. . . . No, no, wait until I finish! I have a lot to say. And it may mean happiness for you. I am still enough of an American to feel that people may obtain some degree of happiness if they try. . . . And what is the use of all this abracadabra? What is the use of it? What do you get out of it? What is the sense to it? Who would care if you were forty or not? You are a lovely woman in yourself, all the lovelier for being forty and being so lovely. You need neither lies nor pose. And surely neither by lies nor pose will you find contentment. They are old-fashioned—you are living in a Europe of twenty years ago. People don't enjoy intrigue any more. Do you think that even Stefanopolous, or d'Atrois, or any other of those creaky beaus of yours are fooled? They are not. Even they are too modern to be deceived. They play your game as I do; but, unlike myself, they snigger afterward." He paused. "Golf," he said, and laughed, "might cure you of your need of—morphine. Only my young cousin would be fooled, and that, paradoxically enough, is because he is so sure that he couldn't be fooled. Modernity—in love—has no weapons against your sort of deception."

He looked down at her. This, too, would be a test. If she were what he imagined her to be—and suddenly and unreasonably he hoped she was—she would answer him not at all, or coldly, or with the ingenuousness that lies in every person, even trying not to weep, or best of all—but this was too much

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

to expect—with the candor and good humor for which he yearned. If she were what she might very well be, and what he thought her in his more pessimistic moments —— Well, he had before in his life unloosed sudden rages and scurrility held in check. He could stand it, but he shivered a little as he waited. To his relief he saw her throat working and was instantly overcome with remorse. "I'm so sorry," he said. "I'm so sorry—but it was necessary. Surely you cannot mistake my real affection and admiration for you?"

She turned her head slowly and looked up at him with wide eyes, the blue of the irises darkened. He thought he was not mistaken in believing that she was hesitating just this side of tears. She held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said. "You have br-r-oken up the best fr-r-iendship I have had in some time."

He stammered, "But, Rita, my dear, don't be foolish. I "

"Good-by."

"All right." He grew cold again. "This is always the end of a friendship that presumes to give advice. Good-by." He leaned over and kissed her hand. "And from now on," he continued, straightening up, "it will be war. Is that it? Very well, you have chosen. I shall fight you at every point where John Haight is concerned, and without compunction. For instance, I shall not go straight to him and tell him what your morphine really is—that would be too crude and might have an effect opposite from the one I desire. He is in no mood just at present for frontal attack, even if he believed me. Besides, you would have actual morphine ready for him should he decide to investigate for himself. No, I shall lay traps for you. I shall spoil your game in the way that will hurt you most. I'm sorry, Rita, my dear, but you force me to it. I am afraid soon I shall have to make you appear ridiculous. Indeed"—he looked around for the snuffbox, but it was gone—"I shall use this childish deception, this snuffbox of yours, as a symbol—a symbol to show what the glamour of Europe really is. You are unassailable otherwise. Laughter might cure him." He turned on his heel, then paused and faced about again. "Back home," he said, "we call your morphine by another name and we use it for unadorned purposes. . . . Good-by."

He left the garden stiffly. He had worked himself up to a real anger by now; a righteous anger, he felt. All the annoyance he had been collecting throughout his life with useless façades and useless rigmaroles, with foolish games, was asserting itself. His ingrained national hatred of affectation, of chicanery, had conquered his usual urbanity. He felt tremendously American. During the war ten million men had been killed by chicanery—by affectation, you might almost say. Moreover, he was not going to have his cousin laughed at, even if, in his bland juvenile assurance, that young man thought such a thing impossible, even if the person laughing was not actually aware that she was doing so. And now he had a marvelous weapon in his hand, a weapon so absurd that if he used it rightly its use would be final. Let the lovely Rita suffer once after a meal where he and John were present and see what would happen!

His chance did not come for a fortnight. Naturally he did not lunch with Rita any more, and it so happened that neither he nor John Haight supped or dined with her. Meanwhile Rita, on the occasions upon which they met, regarded him with thoughtful blue eyes.

"You have told John nothing," she said. "I know that."

"No, I have told him nothing."

"You are unnecessar-r-ily cr-r-uel"

"You are unnecessarily foolish. All you have to do I am giving my game away - is to tell John the truth, you know, and stand a little temporary punishment. Or, on the other hand, all you have to do is to tell me you don't intend to marry John."

"I can do neither. I have thought about it. . . . I can do neither."

"No, I suppose not. Habit is strong."

"It is not so much that, but you have made a mountain of my little joke."

"Was it really a joke?"

She hesitated in her dancing and looked into his eyes. "How can I tell? It is the fir-r-st time in years I have had to analyze my actions or statements. You have made me."

A vista opened up to David's imagination—a vista of a perverse and languid mind, reacting not deeper than an inch or two below the surface and denying always the real intelligence and possible fineness that might lie underneath.

"You should marry an excellent husband," he said, "who would beat you."

"I have al-r-r-eady had one husband who beat me, but he was not excellent."

That was a Friday night at the Casino, and the next day—Saturday . . . a fine late April morning, suddenly cool again, with a breeze from the northwest . . . the large white yacht of Benjamin Bush, the salt king, or baron, or whatever he was, of San Diego, California, glided into the harbor. Mr. Bush was like his yacht—white, hard and saltily glittering. A big, smooth, silver-haired, clean-shaven man, with the kindly, absent-minded coldness of the excessively rich American. Once a year he took long mysterious trips on his yacht, which seemed to leave not the slightest impression on his mind, and once a year he dropped in at a Mediterranean port; but this was the first time, within David's knowledge, that he had honored Cannes. David, however, had met him at Dinard, for wherever he went, Mr. Bush gave large parties in a preoccupied sort of way. None of his dinner guests ever seemed really to know him.

On Sunday, David, driving in his small car with John to Grasse and back, passed an immense gray car, on the back seat of which were Rita and Mr. Bush.

"Ha!" said David to himself. "Now that is one of the few really indiscreet things I have ever known Rita to do. There is no question now—none at all. You can go about with Greeks and Rumanians and blackleg Englishmen, and they are so unimportant that people may give you credit for thinking no more of them than the vermin they are. But Mr. Bush ——"

He wondered if John had seen what he had seen, but his cousin's preoccupation with the tawny village, set on top of a hill underneath which they were passing, assured him he had not. "It is only a question of time before he does, though," thought David, "and then it will be *fini*. And a good thing too."

He was astonished when, early the next morning—early for Rita; somewhere around half-past ten—Rita called him up and asked him to dine with her that night at the Casino. "I am asking John too," she said. "Just you two—you and John."

There was something in her voice that suggested importance to David, even finality. "Anything especial?" he demanded.

"Oh, no, nothing especial."

"Rita, I have missed lunching with you."

She laughed at the other end of the wire. "Have you?"

But there was something especial, or perhaps it was the warm weather, or the harbor at night, thick with the purple darkness of a Mediterranean spring dusk, here and there the lights of a fishing boat or a yacht showing, that made David feel so prophetic. Anything might happen in a Mediterranean spring dusk. He and John went into the Casino, almost deserted by now, preparing to close in a week. Rita had refused their escort, saying that she would come in her own car and would be waiting for them.

In the foyer she was sitting in a big chair and, as they approached, arose and stood smiling. "Spring dusk," said David to himself "and so, my son, your spectacles are rosy. But for forty No, she can't be forty—thirty-seven, perhaps. The perfect age Anyway she's lovely."

"I have a little table in the corner," said Rita, and led the way down the short flight of steps into the restaurant. There were only a few people besides themselves. Through the open windows, the night, scented and cool, investigated the long room from which, during the winter months, it had been so sedulously excluded.

"I like all places best out of season," said Rita. She looked at David and smiled. "It suits my laziness, you will say? . . . Thank you, Henri"—the last in French to the waiter.

"Most people like places best out of season," suggested David. "Most people are solitary and are only gay and gregarious against their wills. . . . Gracious! You have had the table arranged beautifully, haven't you?" He looked down at the masses of pink roses.

"It is a fête," announced Rita. "You will sit at my right, Da-veed; you at my left, John. So." She seated herself and glanced at the menu and nodded her head. "With dessert, my fr-r-iends, I will tell you why the fête is given. But I am giving it to you because you are really my two best fr-r-iends of the season—my two best fr-r-iends for a long time. Yes, decidedly my two best fr-r-iends."

Then there was something especial. David applied himself to his caviar, to his clear soup, to his sole, to the thin slices of chicken with rice, to the spinach, to the *coupe* of sliced fruits, iced. There had been a white wine and champagne as well. David had remained largely silent, watching Rita and John. At first it had amused him to see Rita and John together, and then it had bored him and annoyed him a trifle. John was too darn modern and forthright. You had to treat women a little differently from men. Rita unquestionably was a woman, and John shouldn't treat all women like American flappers. On the other hand, Rita was too alluring—too late-European and post-Victorian. She allowed men to insult her by their manner and pretended she liked it. A happy medium was the solution—half John, half Rita, something that permitted ease and frankness, but did not altogether destroy charm.

Rita selected an apricot from the dish on the table and cut it in two. She put a half in her mouth and lingered over it luxuriously, then she took a sip of champagne and raised her head brightly and smiled at David and John.

"And now," she said, "for the reason of the fête."

David sat forward in his chair, alert.

Rita opened the beaded bag she carried, and taking out the small snuffbox, laid it on the table. David, without removing his eyes from hers, extended his arm and closed his hand over it.

"You will not need it," she said softly. David was embarrassed. "No, you will not need it. This, my fr-r-iends, is a farewell fête. Tomorrow I go away." David started.

"Where to?" asked John, suddenly red and angry.

Rita smiled. "I am going away with Mr. Bush."

"By Jove!" murmured David.

"As his wife," amended Rita.

"His wife?"

"For the second time. I was mar-r-ied to Mr. Bush when I was eighteen I divor-r-ced him and mar-r-ied again."

"Von Thalberg?"

"Yes, Von Thalberg"

David threw back his head and laughed helplessly "And so you are an American, after all," he said. "It is almost too much on top of your morphine You see, John? You see? It all comes out as I told you. Like the contents of Rita's snuffbox which I will explain to you some day. . . . Glamour, my son."

"See? What do I see?" asked John gruffly. He was sitting back in his chair, sullen and remote, staring at Rita with narrowed eyes.

"Oh, no," said Rita coaxingly, "you will not explain—not until John is a mature man. That would be stupid and too cruel." She got to her feet and her eyes grew hard as they met those of David, and then she laughed with unexpected frankness. "And Mr. Bush won't mind. He, too, has my — illness. We will settle down to a quiet old age"

"But you are an American, aren't you?" insisted David, rising.

Rita sighed, and David, for the first time, felt that momentarily she was disliking him. "I do not know what you mean," she said, "and for once in your per-fect life you seem to be mistaken, my fr-r-iend. I was American for the five years I lived with Mr. Bush. . . . I am Czech, but I do not mention it. The Czechs have no temperament."

David grinned with sudden delight. Rita ran so invariably true to form.

She held out her hand. "And now I must be going to Mr. Bush. He will be waiting for me by the door."

"I will go with you," said David.

"Not I," said John. He looked at Rita challengingly. "I will begin to treat people as they have treated me—without consideration." He picked up his champagne glass. "Glamour!" he sniffed bitterly. He looked suddenly very young and petulant and red.

Rita's eyes softened. "I am so sor-r-y," she murmured. "So sor-r-y. I —— But you will not r-remember me long. You will forget me soon. I am not worth r-remember-r-ing. I am so sor-r-y. You will not say good night?"

"Yes, certainly I'll say good night." John bent awkwardly over Rita's hand and then straightened up and watched her as she and David walked down the long room. It was with a feeling of relief that surprised him that he told the waiter to bring another bottle of champagne.

Near the door David saw Mr. Bush, in gorgeous evening clothes, waiting. David's somewhat too cautious soul suddenly revolted. He did not understand why he had always disliked Mr. Bush so much, but he did dislike him—he disliked him exceedingly. The perfume of Rita's shoulders surrounded David; he heard the faint sound her silken-clad legs made as they brushed against each other, and for some quaint reason that made her suddenly real as she had never been before. Life was disheartening. He liked Rita. In a moment she would be gone—gone for good, probably; gone with that big frosty man who looked like some sort of indigestible cake, and who had treated her badly in the first place or she wouldn't have left him.

"Well, good-by," he said, pausing and smiling and holding out his hand.

"Good-by. Won't you speak to Mr. Bush?" She sighed. "There will not be much glamour with Mr. Bush. . . . I know him. But it will be safe. Won't you speak to him?" She used the word "glamour" as if it were a secret, newly discovered, between David and herself. She started to withdraw her hand.

"It is a pity, Da-veed, you never loved me," she said, "for per-r-haps I could really have loved you."

David found himself with a hatred for Mr. Bush so intense that it had become almost dangerous; he also found himself speaking in a thin far-away voice. "I do love you," he said, "and you cannot go."

Her hand stirred in his. "Cannot go?"

"No. I did not know until this minute, but next week we'll get married."

"And Mr. Bush?"

"Tell him you've changed your mind."

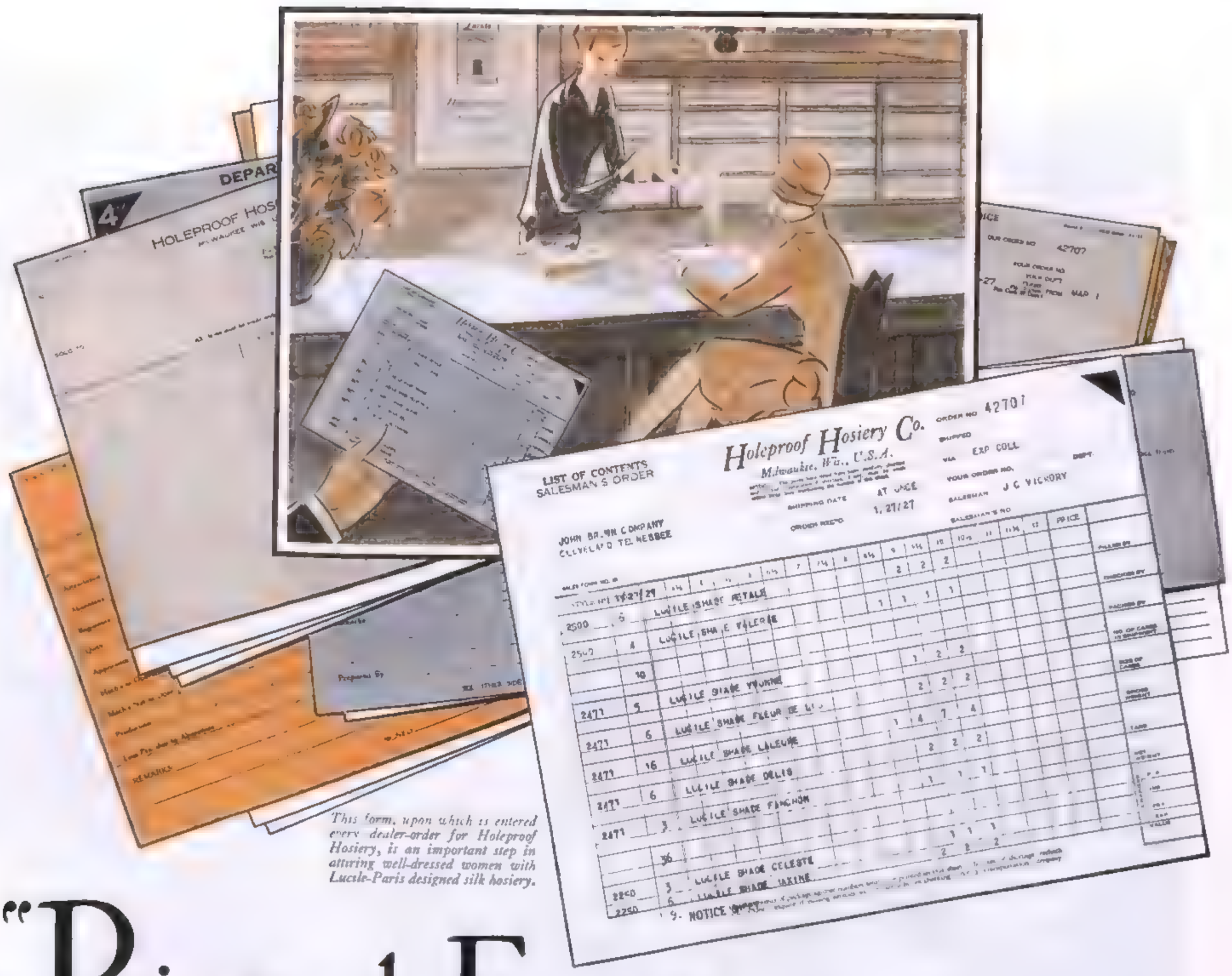
"And John?"

"I can't help that. I can't help John. We've both treated him rottenly, but I can't help it. The joke's on me."

"And you do not mind me lazy, lying?"

"Not at the moment." David shook his head from side to side as if he were weary of explanation. "Oh," he said, "let's stop asking each other questions. What can a man do when he's in love? We'll fight it out."

Rita hesitated a moment. Her hand crept out of David's and then back. "Ver-r-y well," she said slowly. "But you'll have to see Mr. Bush—he is ver-r-y disagreeable. It was he who fir-r-st gave me indigestion."



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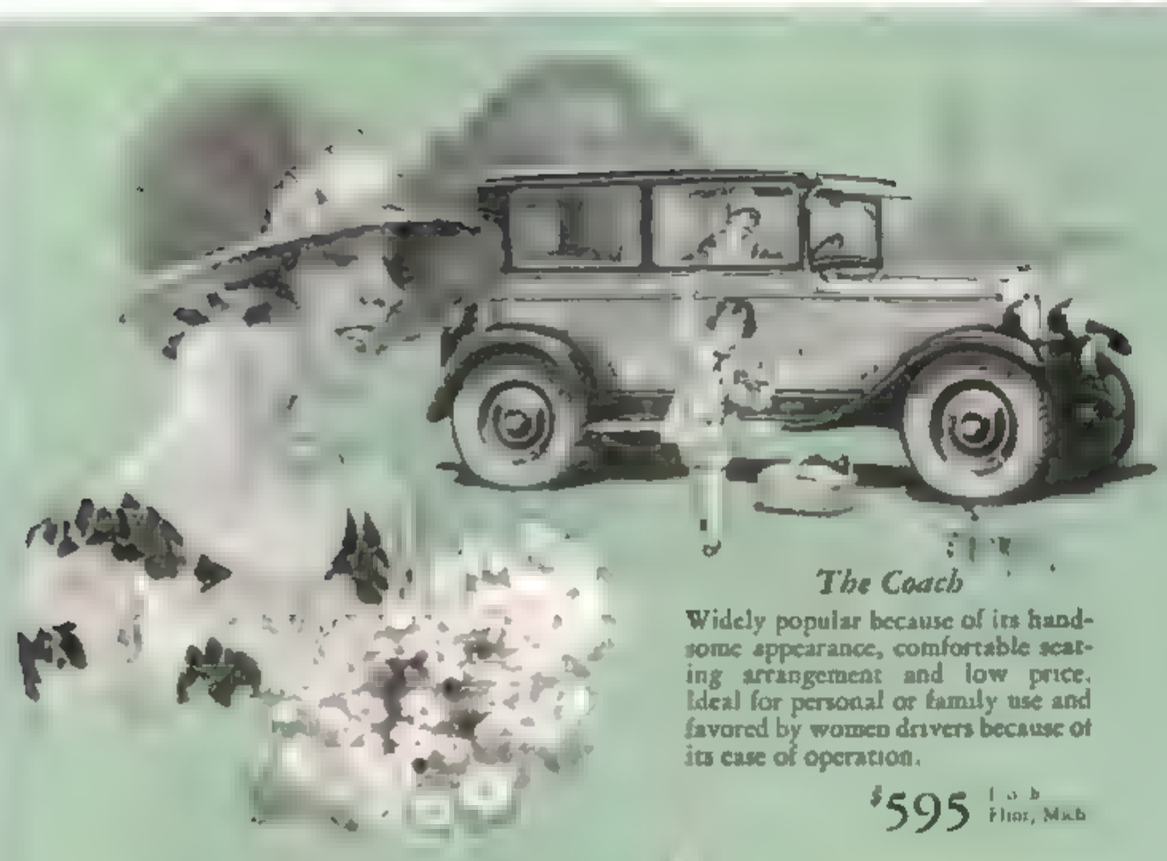

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THE NEW COMPETITION

(Continued from Page 27)

business. The majority of our great enterprises were one-man or one-family affairs, as is still generally the case abroad.

The break from European methods commenced about the beginning of the present century. Many of our outstanding business leaders had made the start of their fortunes during the fat years following the Civil War, and were ready to drop out of active affairs. In Europe, this would have entailed no problem, for there the manufacturing plant was and still is largely a feudal affair. The son of the owner is trained to no other thought than that some day he will step into his father's shoes.

But in America it was no part of tradition that a son should follow his father's calling; the son perhaps had chosen art or the law or the ministry; and so when the manufacturer wished to retire from business there was no one to carry it on as a family enterprise. In the case of a business, many times involving millions of dollars, it was impossible to find an individual with money enough to become a buyer. When the owner wished to get out of harness, the logical move was to incorporate the enterprise and sell stock to numbers of people as an investment. This, precisely, is what occurred in a multiplicity of cases about the turn of the century; and because it did occur, American business took on a faster gait. American selling speeded itself up to the point where its pace astonishes the European observers who come to see why we are so prosperous.

Two Kinds of Competition

But, you say, why should this make for more intensive selling? Why should corporations go at a faster gait than individual owners? By all rules it ought to be the other way. Everyone knows a man will work harder for himself than for anyone else. Corporations are run by salaried men; and everyone knows that a salaried man, or one with little financial interest, never pushes things so hard or so efficiently as the actual owner—the man who will get the profits, if any.

Yes, this is so, many times. It is nearly always true when the owner of the business still has his fortune to make. In such a case he works and pushes harder than anyone. But when his fortune is made, things are different. Let us suppose he has got his business on such a solid basis that he owes no money to the banks or to the producers of raw materials. He pays all his bills in ten days and maintains at all times a comfortable cash reserve. He has no particular business worries. He makes, in normal times, $1,000,000 a year from his business.

Then a period of depression comes and his profits are only $500,000. This does not particularly worry him, because his business is in no danger and he cannot possibly spend his income anyhow. So there is no compelling reason for speeding up his sales efforts. He merely lops off an expense here and there, possibly reduces his working force a little, and trims his sails to existing conditions. He knows he makes good goods and is confident he will have his million-dollar-a-year profit again when the business depression is over.

But what does the corporation do when faced with the same slack conditions? It has to speed up. It cannot afford to let its profits drop from $1,000,000 to $500,000. This made little difference to the rich man who formerly owned the business in its entirety; but it makes a tremendous difference now that the business is owned by 10,000 stockholders. It is the difference between a dividend of 8 per cent and a dividend of 4 per cent. To many stockholders it may mean the difference between riding in a car and walking. It may mean that a son cannot be sent to college, or that the dining-room carpet must do for another year. Whether he wants to or not, the corporation president must drive ahead.

Competition is not going to decrease. No doubt it will increase. It has already got to the point where every industry faces two distinct kinds of competition. There is the old sort of competition, where individual firms in the same industry compete against one another. There is also the new competition, where entire industries fight other entire industries.

It is hardly necessary to explain the old competition. You were, let us say, a manufacturer of cast-iron dogs for lawn decoration. You paid no attention to the manufacturers of sundials or of marble fountains, though these did often displace your product on the lawns of the best families. Merely you kept an eye on the operations of other cast-iron-dog manufacturers. If one of these brought out a new style of dog, or cut his prices 10 per cent, or began selling direct to consumers instead of doing business through dealers, you met his move and, if possible, went him one better. This was direct and one-track competition. You did not need to belong to a national association or go to annual conventions. You knew what to do and you did it, personally, directly.

The new competition that came in when so many individually owned factories began to be changed into corporations was no such simple matter. Massed production plus the relentless pressure of stockholders made more intensive selling necessary; and the astute managers of plants making sundials and fountains began to tell home owners that their products were far more important than cast-iron dogs, and more tasteful for lawn ornamentation.

The new competition hit you personally. Your business began to slip away from you; not to other cast-iron-dog manufacturers, but to these competitors from other industries. Then you realized that you ought to be on more friendly terms with the men in your own profession as a matter of mutual self-protection. You helped to organize the National Association of Cast-Iron-Dog Manufacturers, a body designed to keep the public informed as to the value of your product and to procure for its members a fair share of the country's income.

Your Own House in Order

Perhaps the national association helped to revive your drooping industry, or perhaps it served only as a comfortable berth for the national secretary and his corps of assistants in the Chicago headquarters. It all depended upon the attitude of your membership. If the members believed the association possessed some occult and coercive power that would bring home owners to their senses without further effort, then it became merely a good job for the secretary.

You got something for your money only in proportion as you considered your association a clearing house for ideas, a headquarters where your practical problems might be threshed out, to the end that each member might become a more skillful manufacturer and learn to sell his products more economically.

Concretely, you get something out of your national association in proportion as you first set your own industry in order. Your mobilization of manufacturers is only a beginning. You cannot say you have done a good job unless you take into account the problems of everyone connected with the cast-iron-dog trade. Are the wholesale dealers operating economically and efficiently? Are the retailers doing the same? If there is a single snag anywhere between your factory and the front lawns of the ultimate purchasers of cast-iron dogs, then your association will make little headway against the inroads of competing products no matter how imposing your national headquarters may be, or how much money you spend to make the public cast-iron-dog conscious.

In the long run, every business question is settled on the basis of price. This is particularly so in the United States, where every man is trying to live as well as every other man and pretty generally succeeding in his attempt. Pessimistic writers say we are the most standardized nation in the world, but we are not. Quite the contrary, in fact. As a private citizen you have, let us say, fifty dollars a week to live on. If you lived in Europe, your problem in spending this money would be quite simple, because you would merely buy the things that tradition had taught you were suitable for one of your class. But in America there are no such traditions, and so you look around with an unbiased mind to find out where you are going to get the most for your money.

A million times a day, every day in the year, apparently noncompetitive industries come into sharp, downright conflict. It is safe to say that four times out of five the battle is decided on price. Years ago the majority of decisions might have been made on quality. But quality decisions are largely eliminated now for the simple reason that there is little of shoddy manufactured in America. At every price level the purchaser is sure to get something that will perform its functions satisfactorily.

Tradition in Distribution

A great deal has been said and written during these past few years about the astonishing trend toward style purchasing. It is said that the humble dishpan, even, must have pleasing form in order to find purchasers. There is nothing astonishing about this when the facts are considered. Massed machine production and straightforward merchandising have eliminated the element of chance from retail buying. The word "cheat" has pretty well been dropped from the business vocabulary. The customer knows he is going to get a good article no matter what price he pays, so his mind is free to pick that which best pleases his artistic sense.

Because America is a democratic country, and because every citizen is trying to live as well as every other citizen, competition is keener than in any other country on earth. But it is, first of all, a price competition. And price competition does not mean what the factory gets for an article, but what the ultimate consumer has to pay for the article. Economies of mass production can easily be nullified if the road is not smoothed between the factory and the ultimate consumer. Entire industries prosper or stagnate according to the price tags in the shop windows or on the counters of retail merchants.

How is an industry to make its ultimate prices attractive enough to get its share of the country's income? The obvious answer is: To cut down the expense of handling, to reduce the cost of getting the product from the factory to the citizen's home. But in many industries there are sharp differences of opinion as to how this is to be done. In some cases the differences of opinion are so keen that the industry finds itself handicapped in competition with other industries.

Even in the United States, tradition dies hard. From Europe we inherited the tradition that the manufacturer must sell to the wholesaler, the wholesaler sell to the retailer and the retailer sell to the private citizen. In many industries fierce battles are going on over this question, and this is why so many industries are houses divided among themselves. It is of little use to raise campaign funds to make the country moth-ball conscious or book-end conscious if the moth-ball industry or the book-end industry has not yet decided how to mark its products so the ultimate price will be low enough to attract the dollars of the public in competition with rival industries.

You do not get far in modern business unless you have a definite policy. Many

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industries appear not to have a policy. When you got your National Cast-Iron-Dog Manufacturers Association organized, you found your members inclined to pull in different ways. Some of the manufacturers contended that the wholesaler was an unnecessary burden on the industry, and so sold direct to retail dealers. Other manufacturers went further and eliminated both wholesaler and retailer, selling direct to the public through their own factory branches. Still other manufacturers vended their cast-iron dogs to home owners through squads of house-to-house canvassers. Each of these various schools of thought put out widespread propaganda to convince the public that its method of selling was more economical than any other method.

Loud cries of protest went up from wholesale and retail cast-iron-dog dealers. Each of these branches of the trade organized its own national association and each prepared to fight any innovation that threatened to squeeze its members out of the industry. The wholesalers' association in convention passed an indignant set of resolutions showing the dire results that would accrue if the wholesalers' constructive activities were eliminated from American business, and mobilized a corps of astute press agents to spread this viewpoint. The retailers' association memorialized the Congress and state legislatures, demanding laws that would prohibit both manufacturers and wholesalers from direct dealings with the public.

Selling Terms, Not Merchandise

The net result of this discord was a falling off of sales of cast-iron dogs everywhere. The public could not know which of the many factions was right. Each group accused the other groups of unethical conduct. Each claimed to vend most economically. The ordinary citizen contemplating the decoration of his front lawn was so puzzled by the multiplicity of claims that he decided there must be something wrong with the entire cast-iron-dog industry, and so purchased a sundial or fountain.

There is nothing hallowed in any particular method of getting merchandise from the manufacturer to the consumer. Aside from downright dishonesty, there is nothing unethical. A manufacturer has a perfect right to sell direct to the public. He is justified in selling to chain stores at a lower price than to independent retailers if he believes the larger purchases of the chains make this profitable to him. If a number of retailers make a deal with some single manufacturer by which they get a special discount for group buying, it is well within their province. If a wholesaler decides to sell at retail, he is doing nothing unethical, even though the local merchants' association brands it as such.

The worst that can be said about such things is that when generally practiced in an industry they can hurt the industry's chances in the competition for the public's spending money. Nothing succeeds quite so well as a definite policy. The automobile industry is an outstanding example. Coming into the field with no traditions or prejudices, it was comparatively easy for the early automobile manufacturers to decide on a merchandising policy that suited their product. Practically all followed a plan that included wholesale distributors and retail dealers. But though both the wholesaler and retailer may be independent business men, furnishing their own capital, they bind themselves by contract to carry out the practices laid down by the manufacturer.

The amazing growth of the automobile industry is proof of the soundness of the policy. The industry has, to be sure, the advantage of dealing in a tremendously attractive article, but hardly anyone will contend that it could have made such quick success if there had been long-drawn-out bickering as to the best means of getting automobiles into the hands of users. What would have happened if one manufacturer had sold through uncontrolled wholesalers, another to retailers and the third to the general public by means of house-to-house solicitors—in a word, if the automobile industry as a whole had adopted no particular policy? Merely that the public would have lacked confidence. The same car might have been sold at one price in one part of the country and another price in some other section. The citizen thinking of owning a car would have shopped around. Irresponsible dealers would have made private terms with each purchaser, and no one would know whether he was getting as favorable a bargain as his neighbor.

The present policy of the automobile industry may not be the best; it may be subject to future modifications, but one thing is sure—those who control its destinies will not make radical changes based on hunches or for purposes of gaining temporary advantages.

Manifestly, not all industries can do business in precisely the same way that the automobile industry does business. But for every industry there is one way that suits it best. Yet who is to decide on the best way? The automobile industry, for instance, has found that installment selling promotes sales. It is hardly probable that automobiles would have become so generally owned without installment selling. A car costs considerable money. If the average citizen were obliged to save up the full purchase price in advance, it is likely he would be tempted somewhere along the route to invest his savings in something else.

Installment selling is not always economic, yet many industries are going into it without the slightest idea as to where it may lead. Indiscriminate installment selling is merely one symptom of the new competition. Every industry would rather sell its products for cash. But where the sledding becomes hard, there is the inevitable tendency to grant easier terms in order to attract customers. But it is possible to make terms so easy that you are really peddling terms, not selling merchandise. In the automobile business, installment selling can be done in a businesslike, dignified manner. The price of the car is so much. The cost of carrying the deferred payments is so much. The car itself stands for security in case the purchaser fails to make his payments.

The Place of the Wholesaler

No such condition exists in installment sales of such perishable merchandise as men's clothing, women's dresses, automobile tires, hats, shoes, now widely sold on time payments. From a hard business standpoint, it is not safe to sell an article on installments unless the resale value of the article lasts longer than the installment contract.

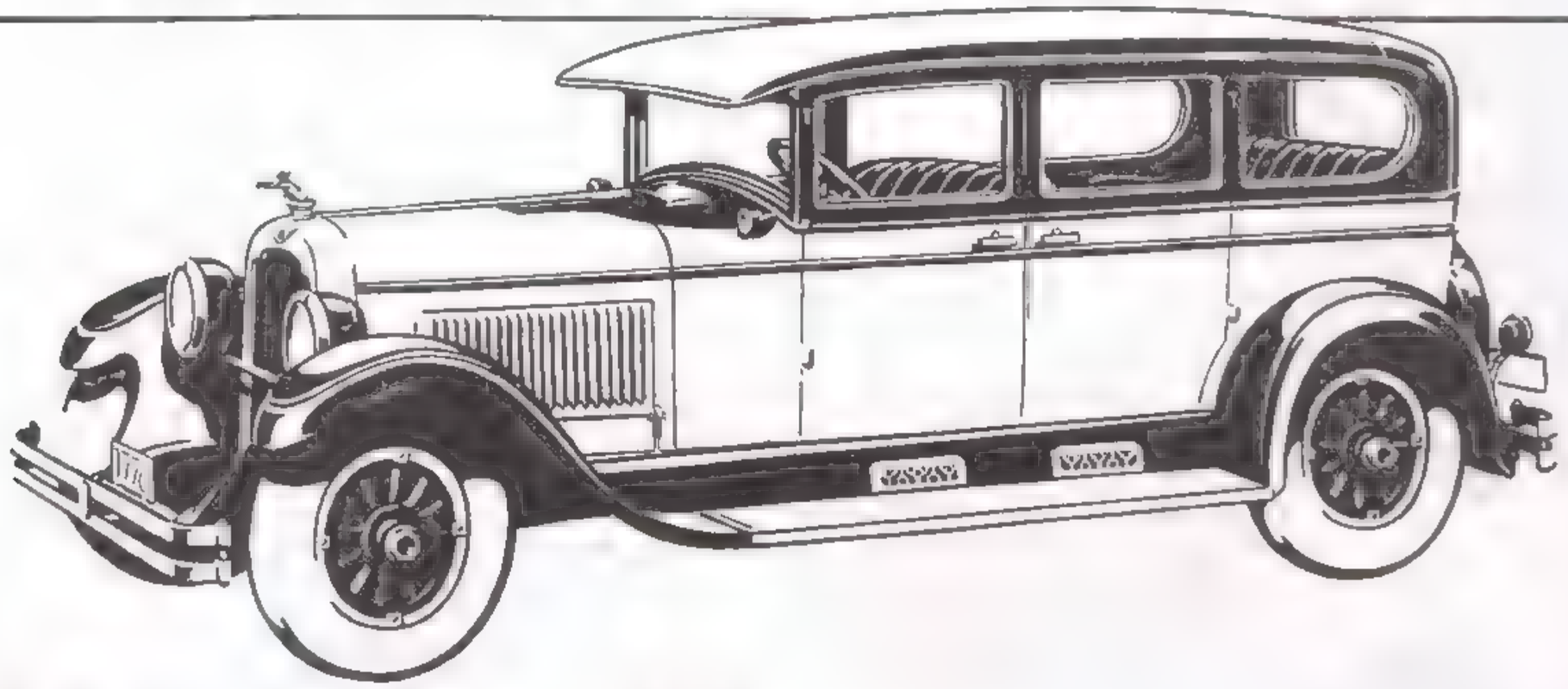
Should there ever come a time of depression and widespread unemployment, this hard truth will make itself generally known. The industry that tries to get its share of the country's income by selling terms instead of merchandise is building on dangerous ground.

How many steps should there be between the producer and the public? As has been said, we inherit a tradition that there should be a wholesaler and a retailer. During recent years there has been a tendency in many industries to get rid of the wholesaler. In the clothing industry, in dry goods, shoes, furniture, there are fewer wholesale houses than a dozen years ago. Every industry realizes that it must sell its products to the public at the lowest possible price if it is to meet the competition of other industries, and the elimination of the wholesaler's profit seems to many the easiest way.

This article is intended as no brief for any class; it is entirely agreed that some lines may be sold to the public at a more economic price if the wholesaler is left out of the picture; but it is also respectfully stated that in many lines the wholesaler fairly earns his profit. Let us again use the

(Continued on Page 84

The FLYING CLOUD



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The Flying Cloud is *not* a passenger car.

She is a PLEASURE car—a pleasure to see, a pleasure to ride in, a pleasure to drive, a pleasure to own.

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[IMPORTED BY]

John Wanamaker

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO MEMPHIS LOS ANGELES

Wholesale Golf Distributors

(Continued from Page 82)

cast-iron-dog industry as an example, because there is no such industry and no toes will be stepped upon.

For many years you manufactured cast-iron dogs and sold your entire output through about twenty wholesale houses, located in various cities throughout the country. These wholesale houses, of course, did not confine themselves to cast-iron dogs, but handled merchandise of many kinds. Your salesmen called on each of them four times a year to take orders and to inform them of new and salable items that you were getting out. Sometimes you felt the wholesalers did not push your goods as hard as they might, but on the whole they furnished a reasonably good outlet. You allowed them a profit of 15 per cent, with an added 2 per cent if they paid their bills within thirty days.

There came a time when you wanted to expand, and you organized your business into a corporation, selling stock to numbers of people in your town. Your new board of directors, live and ambitious business men, investigated your selling arrangements and came to the conclusion that wholesaler distribution was not only old-fashioned but distinctly limiting to sales. It was decided, after due investigation, to eliminate the wholesalers and sell direct to retail dealers. Two major factors dictated this course—you would save the wholesalers' 15 per cent profit; you would also increase your business, because your salesmen would talk cast-iron dogs exclusively, while the wholesalers' traveling men had to divide their attention among many other lines.

Service at a Price

It was a big job to change your selling methods. In the first place you had to organize an entire new sales force, because instead of calling on twenty wholesalers you had to call on many hundred retail merchants. Here you were under an expensive handicap. Many of these merchants were in small towns and bought only $100 worth or so of your cast-iron dogs a year. The wholesalers could afford to send their salesmen to call on these small-town merchants because they offered many items in addition to cast-iron dogs, and in the aggregate the bill would be enough to make the visit worth while. But when your factory salesman went to such a town, offering your product exclusively, he could not possibly get an order large enough to pay his expenses. You operated in many sections, therefore, at an actual loss.

Another handicap was that of credit. When you did business through the twenty wholesale houses, a single bookkeeper looked after all collections. When you began to sell to hundreds of retailers all over the country, you had to organize an elaborate bookkeeping and credit department. You had to find out which of the retailers could be depended on to mail in their checks and which had to be handled on a C. O. D. basis. At long range, these things were difficult—much more difficult than for the wholesaler, who covered only a limited territory. At the end of your first year of direct selling you found you had actually saved nothing by eliminating the wholesalers' 15 per cent profit.

The foregoing somewhat represents the case in favor of the wholesaler. What is there against him? Why has he been steadily losing ground?

The charge most generally made against him is that he tries to sell so many different items that he gives none proper representation. You want him to make a special feature of your cast-iron dogs. But he doesn't care whether he sells your line of cast-iron dogs or someone else's line of sundials. He makes his 15 per cent profit on both. Perhaps he intimates to you that if you will allow him a larger profit he will give your line more attention. Or he wants you to send one of your factory experts out to travel with his salesmen occasionally in order to demonstrate the desirability of your line to the retailers. But if you do either of these things, you reason, you might as well sell direct and be done with it.

Another and more serious charge made by many is the fact that the wholesaler has worked himself out of business by his own ambition. Primarily, the function of the wholesaler is that of warehouseman. As such, he performs a distinct service, because he maintains stocks of merchandise in cities where such stocks are needed to supply the retailers of the territories.

But, it is claimed, wholesalers are no longer content to be warehousemen. The typical warehouse is a plain and practical building beside the railway tracks, where everything is subordinated to the housing of goods. Even the office is stuck in some remote corner. But, it is further claimed, with prosperity, many wholesalers have allowed pride to dictate elaborate buildings and equipment. An entire floor, perhaps, is given over to suites of private offices, reception rooms, conference chambers. Under such conditions many wholesalers cannot operate on a profit that manufacturers believe economic. Rather than pay the profit the wholesaler thinks he must have, manufacturers do business direct with the retail trade. If the wholesaler would stick to the function for which he was originally intended—namely, that of warehouseman—many believe he would have a much better chance to stay in the American picture.

One thing is sure: You do not get service for nothing, and if an industry generally eliminates the wholesaler, then the manufacturers themselves must take on a good portion of the wholesaler's expense. They must at any rate establish warehouses in different sections of the country so the retailers can get their supplies promptly and in reasonable quantities. If an industry eliminated both wholesaler and retailer, then the manufacturers must themselves maintain retail stores, and these stores cost money to run, no matter who runs them.

Price is the main factor in this American competition between industries. Most Americans are good business people, whether or not engaged in business. Even the well-to-do, with whom cost of living is no particular problem, unconsciously buy the things that appeal to their reason as the best values. If any one industry fails to keep its prices down through faulty methods of distribution, it is surely going to have its volume reduced.

A Selfish Object

But who is to decide what is faulty distribution or otherwise? It goes without saying that those industries will fare best in this new competition which first decide on a policy of distribution best suited to their needs. Offhand, one would say the best judges of a good or bad policy should be all the men who have their money invested in the industry—manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers alike. This, precisely, is the idea that has been put into practice by one of the oldest and most strongly financed American industries.

In 1924 the National Retail Hardware Association sponsored a plan by which the three branches of the hardware trade should cooperate through a national council composed of representatives of hardware manufacturers, hardware wholesalers and hardware retailers. The council has but one object and that a frankly selfish one—namely, to increase the prosperity of the hardware industry. Its working method is set forth in few words: "Finding the facts—by assembling data from all three branches of the trade."

During the three years of its existence, the council has unearthed facts that should be of value to every industry. Representing no one branch, it has impartially investigated manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers alike and put an accusing finger on methods that tend to raise prices of hardware to the public and handicap the chances of hardware in its contest for a share of the country's income.

One of the problems attacked is that *bête noire* of every industry, the installment plan. Shall the hardware industry adopt installment selling? Yes, in articles that retain enough of resale value to make such operations reasonably safe. But with this pronouncement goes a bit of practical information. A state hardware association has made a survey of conditions in one town of its territory and finds this: "Eight hundred and forty-six individuals of the community owe local business men $460,000; 146 of the individuals were rated as bad pay, or dead beats." It was also learned that the average length of time taken to pay installment accounts was seventy weeks.

As might be expected from a council composed of hard-headed business men, the comment on this situation is to the point.

"Installment selling may increase turnover," says the report. "But there is little use in quickly turning merchandise into slow accounts."

The Boss' Example

In its survey of conditions, the council boldly attacks a question that many industries have heretofore kept discreetly in the background: Has this new competition between industries led to efforts so expensive as to be unprofitable? Has it sped up selling too much? In other words, are the real economies of massed factory production being nullified by the expense of too many salesmen?

The investigations seem to indicate that this is the case. Manufacturers and wholesalers generally report that they call on their trade twice as often as they did ten years ago. Some stated that they called four times as often as formerly.

Here, certainly, is legitimate criticism of those overeager manufacturers and wholesalers who allow their zeal for volume to increase the prices the public must pay for hardware. But the retail merchant is also made to shoulder his share of the blame. He is told plainly that his recent tendency toward hand-to-mouth buying raises the cost of doing business throughout the entire industry.

It costs approximately as much to fill a $5 order as a $100 order. If the retailer tries to make the manufacturer and wholesaler carry his stock for him, he is merely shifting expense from one branch of the industry to another branch. A prominent manufacturer is quoted as saying: "Our average order today is less than one-quarter what it was ten years ago."

To each branch of its industry the council issues a concrete bit of advice. For the manufacturer there is thus: "Have a clear-cut distribution policy and live up to it."

The wholesaler is thus addressed: "Be a wholesaler. Do not finance irresponsible dealers, take chances with unworthy credit risks or encourage inexperienced men to go into the retail business."

Here is the message to the retailer: "Modernize your stores, price in plain figures, and otherwise make it easy for customers to buy. Place orders in advance for seasonable goods."

Hardly anyone will question the wisdom of the foregoing paragraphs or doubt that the messages might apply to every industry. In its final summation, the council touches a universal question:

"It unfortunately appears to be true that those in managerial positions very frequently and in far too many cases are most willing to invent reasons and to accept the smallest suggestions for play. The work is there for them to do. If the boss does not do it, those who work for him should not be criticized for a similar desire to shirk responsibility.

"Set a good example to your employes by working hard yourself and require them to follow it."

53

It might be *your* home!

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Thousands of bakers, closely watching costs, use Graham Brothers Trucks and Commercial Cars.

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Now, with the new engine, they have even more acceleration, more power and greater economy. Compare this new engine with any engine ever built into any truck.

Bakers value especially the dependability for which Graham Brothers Trucks, bodies as well as chassis, are noted in all lines of business. Only Graham Brothers great volume production makes possible such exceptionally low prices.

$670 ¾-TON CHASSIS

$885 1-TON CHASSIS (G-BOY)

$1245 1½-TON CHASSIS

$1445* 2-TON CHASSIS

*Dual Rear Wheels Optional

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THE COLLECTOR'S BEST BET

(Continued from Page 21

contemporaries, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan, Cabot and Vespucci. Martyr's Decades of the New World should quicken the pulse of every lover of American history, for it contains most of the knowledge we have of the very earliest "inventions," as they were called.

Elsewhere I have told of my purchase of the Ellsworth copy of the Gutenberg Bible. Included in the lot with it was one of the earliest charts showing the east coast of America. It dates around 1501–02. I was present at the sale of this famous map, known as the King-Hamy chart, when it brought $17,600, and was one of the unhappy underbidders thereon. I thought it was lost to me and my heirs forevermore. However, when the Ellsworth collection was sold, I radioed my bid from mid-Atlantic and secured it.

Early portolano charts, as these first navigator's maps are called, are extremely interesting. They indicate, step by step, the latest discoveries as they were made. You can see for yourself, if you follow the development from the first faint coast lines on the earliest charts to the recognizable later outlines, the wonderful progress made by various explorers in less than a century. Every year new ports, new bays, new islands, new harbors of refuge are seen. The first mariners in the waters of the New Islands, as they were called, sent their original and very rough working charts, made from the actual observations of pilots, to the great cartographers in Spain and Italy. These men were really artists. Baptista Agnese was one of the most famous of the chart makers. He and his colleagues all produced beautiful illuminated atlases containing elaborately decorated maps, gorgeously bound, which they sold to the great princes and merchants of the day. The maps were very much in demand as table books for the libraries of wealthy men.

But there are very few of the first drafts of the early maps left. The rolls of parchment which originated in the rough pilot house of an early sailing vessel were often damaged by ocean spray and rats' teeth; under such strenuous conditions they could last but a short while. Probably not five, altogether, survive. Yet lately I have had the unexampled good fortune to obtain two actual pilots' charts, the first one used on the voyage of Cortés; the other must have accompanied Pizarro on his magnificent conquest of Peru. The former shows but the barest outline of the coasts of the two Americas; the second, only fifteen years later, presents a much more detailed diagram of the shores, indicating the advance in geographical knowledge during this brief period.

H. de Soto to Juan Ruiz, Dr.

Probably the two finest and most highly finished examples of the map maker's art are two table books: the Spitzer chart in the John Carter Brown Library in Providence, and the famous Jacques Cartier atlas in the collection of the late Mr. Henry E. Huntington. Another magnificent collection of these portolano charts is in the library of the Hispanic Society in New York City, formed by the great student and collector, Mr. Archer M. Huntington.

Now the young book enthusiast, if he has a limited amount of money, must not feel out of the running when he sees that many of the rarer examples of Americana are beyond his means. Indeed, the discriminating collector seeks not only the great and costly pieces, such as Richard Hakluyt's Divers Voyages Touching the Discoverie of America, 1582—complete with both maps—Thomas Hariot's Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia, 1588; Francis Drake's West Indian Voyage, 1589; or that wonderful collection—the most elaborate ever compiled about America—known as De Bry's Voyages. Of course, everyone would like to secure these descriptions of the early discoveries. Such fascinating accounts as those bequeathed to posterity by Fray Bartolomé de las Casas, the first real historian of the Spanish Conquest, and his successor, Cieza de León—these will always be coveted, it goes without saying. It is the little things, however, that I think most appealing.

For instance, within the past few months I found and purchased the first tailor bill in the New World. It was the original invoice sent to Hernando de Soto in 1536, several years before he made his momentous discovery of the Mississippi River. The bill was dated from Lima, the City of the Kings, which had only been founded in 1531. There were forty items listed, bolts of the finest black velvets and satins, yards and yards of scarlet taffeta for linings. Can you see the great *conquistador* flashing his way through some primeval jungle, clad like the king's courtier that he was, even in the wildnerness? But to me the most startling thing about this bill of $1400 for one month's raiment is that it was—receipted! How the tailors on Fifth Avenue would gloat over this relic of their earliest predecessor! Perhaps some way will be found to make a facsimile of the first receipted weapon of their trade. It should be hung in every tailoring establishment along the Avenue as a gentle reminder to tardy patrons. But although the clothes and the tailor who made them, as well as the customer who wore them, have all long since evaporated, Juan Ruiz, the tailor's name, will live. It is forever connected with the name of Hernando de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi.

Rare and True Relations

Virginia in the early days included practically all the English possessions in America. Consequently New England was part of Virginia. The first books relating to this English colony in the New World are all of abounding interest. The history of settlements, such as these, of fierce and frequent fights with Indians, or the gentler tale of Raleigh and his pipe of tobacco, reads like a dime novel. Of course all these descriptions are entrancingly rare and the acquisition of any one of them will make a dent in the most astute pocketbook. As a rule, these tracts were ephemeral publications not unlike much of the pamphlet literature that is issued today. They were small quarto volumes, sometimes comprised of only eight or ten leaves. After they were read they doubtless were cast into the seventeenth-century equivalent of the waste-paper basket, and that is why so few are in existence today. These cherished survivors have been preserved because they were bound together in volumes at the time they were issued.

Recently, in the library of an old London house, I came across one of these precious collections containing twenty-three of the rarest pamphlets relating to America. Bound therein were such collectors' darlings as Brereton's Brief and true Relation of the Discovery of the Northern Part of Virginia, 1602; James Rosier's A True Relation of the most prosperous Voyage made this present year 1605 in the Discovery of the Land of Virginia, published in London in 1605. And imbedded in the center of the volume, like a choice nugget, was the first work of the redoubtable Captain John Smith, entitled A True Relation of such Occurences and Accidents of Noate as hath hapned in Virginia, London, 1608.

"Have you any other books or pamphlets relating to America?" I asked the distinguished owner after I had purchased this volume, which was worth many thousands of pounds. He thought for so long before answering that I was afraid he had nothing. When I had almost given up hope he said suddenly, "Would you be interested in a presentation copy of Captain Smith's General Historie of Virginia, 1624?"

"What are you trying to do? Pull my leg?"

"No, really," he replied. "Here it is." He walked the length of the great room to an enormous bookcase with glass doors, and tenderly extracted a tall slim book. The arms of England were impressed in gold upon the covers. To say I was astounded is to express it mildly. And there, covering the whole flyleaf in front of the beautifully engraved title page, was the only known specimen of handwriting of the celebrated Governour and Admirall of New England, as Captain Smith was dubbed thereon. Since this dedication is entirely unknown, I give it here to be printed for the first time:

To The Worshipfull the Master Wardens & Societie of the Cordwayners of ye Cittie of London.
Worthie Gentlemen

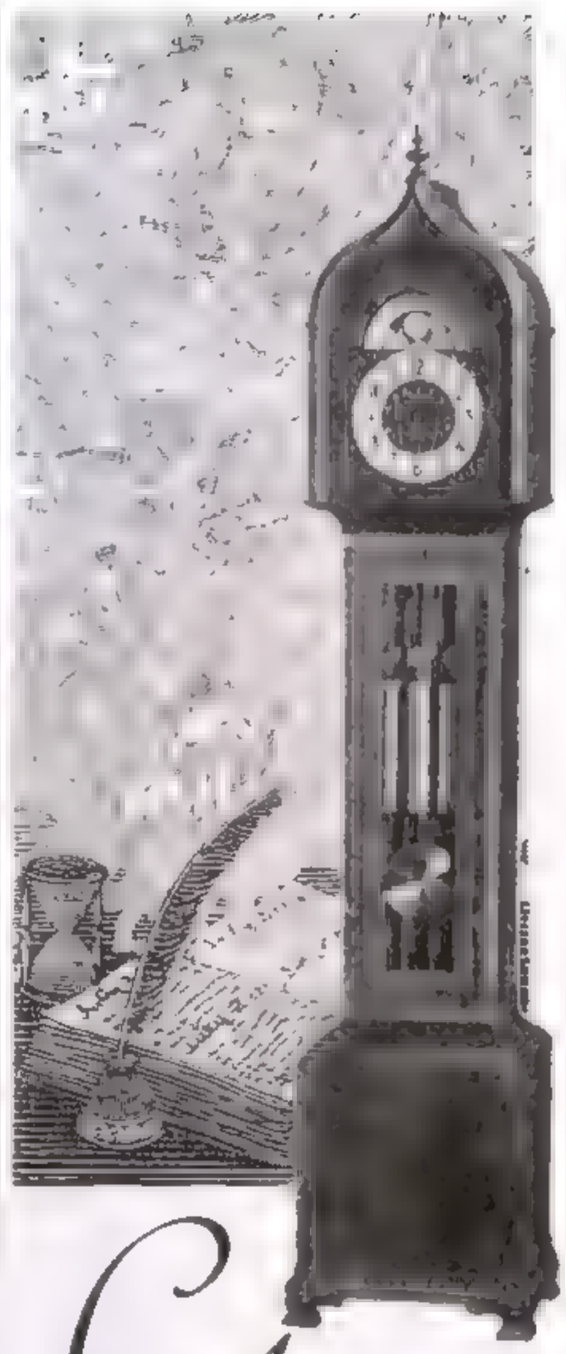
Not only in regard of your Courtesie & Love, Butt also of ye Continuall Use I have had of your Labours, & the hope you may make some use of mine, I salute you with this cronologicall discourse, whereof you may understand with what infinite Difficulties & Dangers these Plantations first began, with their yearlie proceedings, & the plaine description & Condition of those Countries; How many of your Companie have bin Adventurers, whose Names are omitted or not nominated in the Alphabett I know not, therefore I intreate you better to informe me, that I may hereafter imprint you amongst the Rest, Butt of this I am sure for want of shooes among the Oyster Bankes wee tore our hatts & Clothes & those being worne, wee tied Barkes of trees about our ffeete to keepe them from being Cutt by the shelles amongst which wee must goe or starve, yett how many thousand of shooes hath bin transported to these plantations, how many Soldiers, Marriners & Saylers have bin & are likely to be encreased thereby, what vent your Commodities have had & still have, & how many shippe & men of all ffaculties have bin & are yearelie imployed I leave to your owne Judgments, & yett by reason of ill manadging, the Returnes have neither answered the generall Expectation, nor my desire; the Causes thereof you may read at large in this Booke for your better satisfaction, & I pray you take it not in ill part that I present the same to you in this manuscript Epistle soe Late, for both it & I myself have bin soe overtired by attendances that this Work of mine doth seeme to be Superannuated before it's Birth, notwithstanding Lett me intreat you to give it Lodging in your Hall Freelie to be perused for ever, in memorie of your Noblenesse towards mee, & my Love to God, my Countrie, your Societie, & those Plantations, Ever resting

Your's to use
John Smith.

A Scenario by John Smith

Smith's Virginia is in many respects the standard example of English Americana. The narrative is trippingly told, and if Captain Smith exaggerates and invents, so much the better! He is the prime story teller among historians. Were he alive today he would probably prove himself the greatest scenario writer of all time, especially if he wrote such colorful thrillers so filled with action as was the Pocahontas episode. Here it is in part:

"The Queene of Appomatuck was appointed to bring him"—Smith—"water to wash his hands, and another brought him a bunch of feathers, instead of a Towell to dry them; having feasted him after their best barbarous manner they could, a long consultation was held, but the conclusion was, two great stones were brought before Powhatan; then as many as could layd hand on him, dragged him to them,



Storehouse of Memories

TO live with a Colonial Clock is to feel a growing attachment for its companionable personality. Its cheerful countenance and calmly melodious chimes become a part of your very life. And as it ticks away the minutes, your Colonial Clock faithfully preserves your life's diary, becoming a storehouse of memories cherished beyond measure.

In selecting the clock best qualified to merit your pride and to perpetuate your memory for all time, there is but one important rule to follow. See that it carries the "Colonial" name. Therein is your warranty of possessing the truest, the finest obtainable in clock-making art. Be your taste modest or pretentious, in both style and price there is a Colonial Clock to please you.

Where You Buy the Better Furniture and the Better Jewelry-There Youill Find Colonial Clocks

Finest Imported Chime Movements — Send For This Free Book — Solid Honduras Mahogany Cases

WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF HALL CLOCKS

Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan

COLONIAL CLOCKS
—FOR ALL TIME—

and thereon laid his head, and being ready with their clubs, to beate out his braines, Pocahontas the Kings dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevaile, got his head in her armes, and laid her owne upon his to save him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should live to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper. . . ."

I myself like best his touching note about the first white child born in British America:

"And the 18th"—August, 1587—"Ellinor the Governours daughter, and wife to Ananias Dare, was delivered of a daughter in Roanoak; which, being the first Christian there borne, was called Virginia."

The Pedigree of a Book

The early history of the settlement of New England according to its present bounds is perhaps more austere than the narrative of Ponce de León in Florida or the exploits of Jacques Cartier in New France. Nevertheless, the story contains many soul-stirring incidents. It is as chock-full of romantic relations as the Thousand and One Nights. No one realized this more clearly and beautifully than Nathaniel Hawthorne. A dear friend of mine and one of the most discriminating and earnest collectors in this country, whose judgment in any matter of taste is final, owns the Hawthorne family copy of William Hubbard's Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians in New England, printed in Boston by John Foster, 1677. It is in its original sheep binding. This book had been the cherished property of the Hawthorne family of Salem for 250 years. The name of the first immigrant founder of the family is at the top of the title page: "William Hawthorne, Senior, his booke, 1677." It is he who is described in the introduction to The Scarlet Letter as "grave, bearded, sable cloaked . . . with his Bible and his sword. . . ."

The second owner, his son, and not less famous as the notorious Witch Judge of Salem, placed his autograph at the bottom of the title page: "John Hathorne his booke." The book next descended to his son, who wrote on the flyleaf: "Joseph Hathorne His Book 1739-40." And so it went from father to son for many more generations, finally becoming the possession of Nathaniel Hawthorne. After his name, in which he reinserted the original w, he wrote, "given him by his Kinswoman, Miss Susan Ingersoll, 1838." Few old books of intrinsic value have a record of ownership as direct and interesting as this. From Maj William Hawthorne, the founder of the family, who led more than one expedition against the Indians, to Nathaniel Hawthorne, the gentlest of men, is indeed a far cry

New England is fortunate in possessing two interesting and authentic manuscript narratives of its earliest history. Governor Winthrop's Journal or Historie of New England is one, and William Bradford's Historie of Plimouth Plantation, the other. Both, although written in a somewhat formal manner, contain the most realistic description of life in the colonies. Probably the two most important printed books of this period are George Mourt's A Relation or Journal of the Beginning and Proceedings of the English Plantation settled at Plimouth in New England, London, 1622, and the first published history of Massachusetts, William Wood's New England's Prospect, London, 1634.

The first work published in English about New York is entitled The Second Part of the Tragedy of Amboyna, 1653. It is really a controversial pamphlet in which the early Dutch colonists were accused of trying to induce the Indians to murder the English settlers who had come down from New England. But the first true history of New York was Daniel Denton's A Brief Description of New York First Called New Netherlands, 1670. In those days it was the fashion to malign the Dutch, and families such as the De Peysters and the Van Rensselaers were not as socially prominent as their descendants are today.

The first account of Pennsylvania was written by none other than William Penn himself, and published in London in 1681. Although Penn had never seen this country at the time, he wrote a most glowing account of it, proving that the press-agent bacillus was even then alive. This wonderful Quaker wanted colonists to develop the grant which was given him in settlement of the Crown's debt to his father. It is no wonder that in a virulent tract the better classes of England showed their distaste for his business activities, which they considered unbecoming to his religion and his position. This naughty little pamphlet is entitled William Penn's Conversion from a Gentleman to a Quaker!

One could dwell for an indefinite time upon the books and tracts dealing with the fascinating events of the early life in the colonies. Every leaflet printed in this country from the time the first press was established in Cambridge in 1640, until the year 1700, is of value; after that date they must relate to historical events or prominent personages to prove their worth. Every early newspaper printed in America, every broad sheet, every autograph letter or manuscript containing real meat for the historian is of value.

Many youthful collectors approach those older ones who have been through the mill, asking for tips. In the beginning they all believe there is some secret which may be learned by diligent questioners. Well, here is a secret, but it is an open one. If the young bibliofiend will search in the older towns of the thirteen original colonies, he is bound in time to turn up unknown treasures! I only wish I had the time to do some quiet delving myself.

Do not forget that all material relating to the history of the West is just as important as that of the Eastern states, and often more picturesque, and perhaps even more romantic. Take, for instance, the first book published in San Francisco in 1848–49. It will in time be just as valuable as the first book printed in Philadelphia in 1685. The 3000 miles between the two cities, one on the Atlantic Coast, the other on the Pacific, show the tide of settlement of our country.

It was only about seventy-five years ago that the first guidebooks were published in Eastern cities, showing ways to travel to the Far West, giving tables of distances and other information for the emigrant. They were the road maps of the stalwart pioneer who packed wife, children and chattels into a covered wagon and took the shortest route to that part of the uninhabited plains which they hoped would be their El Dorado.

All these are important stones in the foundation of history. There are books printed within the past twenty-five years which contain important source material concerning the particular part of the country they describe. Some of these books bring very high prices even today. What would Zenas Leonard have thought had he known that his simple little narrative, published at Clearfield, Pennsylvania, in 1839, would in less than ninety years be battled for in the auction rooms? This tale of his adventures of five years' trapping for furs and trading with Indians in the Rocky Mountains is sought today as a most desirable addition to a library of Americana. I saw a copy sell at auction not long ago for $1700.

Although the printed books relating to America are fascinating and instructive, autographs make the incidents they describe alive and vivid for us. Every true collector is strongly moved when he sees the autograph of a great personage in his country's history. And after all, the printed word must have a certain coldness and formality. Indeed, it is perhaps a part of its beauty. But words written down by the actor himself as he helps to complete the drama are personal things which unfailingly appeal to the imagination.

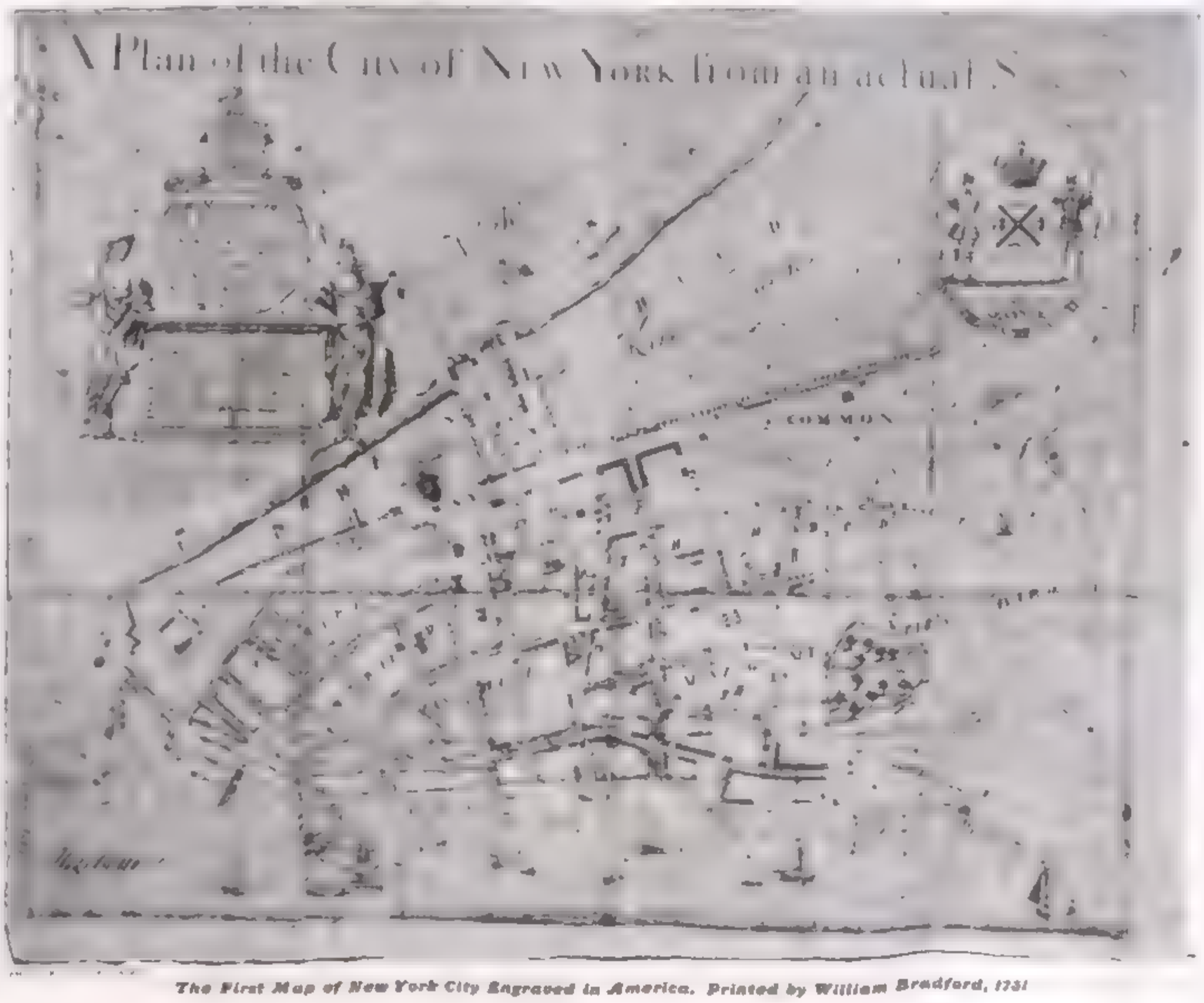
Signatures by the Letter

No wonder collectors everywhere are doing their utmost to uncover from the débris of a past age autograph letters relating to the Revolution, and particularly to the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence. The highest auction price of any autograph was paid on March sixteenth of this year for a Button Gwinnett signature. When the auctioneer of the Anderson Galleries in New York City knocked it down to me for $51,000, I was tickled to death. It was the only 1776 Button Gwinnett letter about national affairs that had ever been sold. This particular autograph is now the most famous one in the world, and at the price paid figures about $3600 a letter. It is a strange commentary on the vagaries of fame that you can buy a signature of Napoleon for ten dollars a letter. While this series of articles has been appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, the quotations on Button Gwinnett Preferred have jumped 65 per cent.

A shocking tale is told of the rapid rise of American autograph material. A friend of mine decided to sell at auction his magnificent collection of letters of signers, famous generals, Presidents of the United States and other historical characters. He had bought them not many years ago. When the evening of the sale arrived Mr. G. was there with his wife. He carried a catalogue marked with the cost of each item. The first number in the sale, which cost him $45, brought $250; the next, for which he had paid $80, fetched $800, and so on, until about fifteen items were sold.

His wife, who was watching his catalogue over his shoulder, and who could hardly contain herself any longer, exclaimed, "My, Doctor R. is going strong

(Continued on Page 93)



The First Map of New York City Engraved in America. Printed by William Bradford, 1731

Behind the warning arms that protect your life

Why the battery that operates the train signals is a dependable battery for your car

THE semaphore tilts upward. A yellow light flashes, "Caution!" The engineer applies the brakes . . . and carefully your train glides on until the block is clear.

The power that moves these warning arms is the power from Exide Batteries—whose sure performance is relied upon to operate the signal systems of the leading railroads.

When Exide Batteries are preferred for such vital service it is easy to understand why millions of motorists prefer to use the dependable Exide in their cars.

Three other points that make the Exide a logical favorite

Point 1. There is no battery whose history is more closely connected with the development of the motor car in America. Back in 1911 it was an Exide Battery that started and lighted the first electrically equipped car. And ever since that day the demand for Exide Batteries has grown consistently with the demand for automobiles. This has been due solely to the high quality of Exide Batteries—constantly reflected in their long life and low cost of upkeep.

Exide Batteries are made by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries for every purpose. This leadership is evidence conclusive that Exide Batteries perform according to expectations.

Point 2. Exide Batteries are sold and serviced by more than 8000 competent dealers in cities and towns all over the United States. Hence when your battery requires attention you can get the batteryman promptly and easily.

Point 3. The cost of an Exide is no more than you pay for other makes. In fact, the Exide frequently sells for less than batteries of lesser reputation. This low cost, together with exceptional long life, makes the Exide a decided economy.

Exide

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY

FOR YOUR RADIO . . . *There is an Exide Radio Battery of the right size for every set and a type for every tube. Also power units that stay charged from your house current. At radio and Exide Battery dealers'.*

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA · · EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

SEIBERLING ALL-TREADS

MORE

Old-Fashioned Ideals
Fulfilled by
Modern Methods

The ideal to which Seiberling works is a pledge to you who buy tires: "Not how *cheaply,*" —but always "How WELL can we build?"

Never skimping on cotton or on rubber, Seiberling actually has added to both.

Today's Seiberling Balloons contain

25% more cotton

The first Seiberling Tire was revolutionary in design, with tread rubber extending in one piece from bead to bead.

Then tough side-bars were added for protection against side-wall wear—

And all the time methods and processes were developed and improved, until now Seiberling All-Tread Tires are built to standards of accuracy hitherto unknown in the industry.

BUT METHODS ARE NOT—AND NEVER HAVE BEEN—SUBSTITUTES FOR MATERIAL.

In today's Seiberling Balloon Tires EVERY cord is a HEAVIER cord, and there are MORE CORDS to every inch—STRONGER material—BETTER material—MORE material—MORE TIRE!

EVERYTHING'S INCREASED BUT THE PRICE.

MORE RUBBER—
MORE COTTON—
TIRE

Not only the most modern design—

Not only the best and most modern of tested methods—

Not only standards of precision and accuracy hitherto unattainable in the tire manufacturing industry—

But, in addition to these, MORE ACTUAL MATERIALS—MORE TIRE.

The tread of all Seiberling Balloons has been redesigned—widened—the amount of rubber increased.

Today's Seiberling Balloons contain

20% more rubber

Starting from scratch five years ago, under the leadership of F. A. Seiberling, pioneer and builder of over fifty million tires, this company today stands in the front rank of tire manufacturers.

There has been no magic in this growth—merely a strict adherence to an old-fashioned policy:

"ALWAYS THE BEST TIRE THAT SEIBERLING KNOWS HOW TO BUILD."

Today Seiberling All-Treads are original equipment on Chrysler Imperial "80," Marmon, Peerless—are the choice of three hundred motor coach lines.

Confirming our belief that a tire which is HONESTLY BUILT can be HONESTLY SOLD.

SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO
Seiberling Rubber Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.
Seiberling Tyre Company of Great Britain, Ltd.,
10 Summer Row, Birmingham, England

Farmers—

an order for a "CATERPILLAR" Tractor is a Declaration of Independence

Independence

of weather and soil conditions: "Caterpillars" have power to shatter the soil in dry seasons ...the sure-footedness to hold at work in wet.

Freedom

from much of the farm drudgery... *confidence* in the well-balanced design and stout materials in the "Caterpillar" track-type tractor that lengthen its life and shorten repair bills.

And finally, the *independence* that comes from accumulated profits... the *freedom* from worry!

No matter what the size of farm... any farm that must support a family deserves a "Caterpillar".

"CATERPILLAR"
Tractor Prices

2-TON . . $1850
Peoria, Illinois

THIRTY . $3000
Peoria or San Leandro

SIXTY . . $5000
Peoria or San Leandro

BETTER
QUICKER
CHEAPER

There is a
"Caterpillar" Dealer
Near You

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO.
Executive Offices: San Leandro, California, U. S. A.
Sales Offices and Factories:
Peoria, Illinois San Leandro, California
Distributing Warehouse: Albany, N. Y.
New York Office: 50 Church Street
Successor to
BEST C. L. Best Tractor Co. The Holt Manufacturing Company HOLT

CATERPILLAR
REG U S PAT OFF

(Continued from Page 88)

tonight. Why, that letter which just sold for $1650 you bought from him only a little while ago for $360. I feel like laughing out loud."

"If you do," her husband threatened, "I'll take you by the hair, drag you outside and strangle you!" At this his wife was quiescent for a few minutes. The prices were still mounting. She then wrote on a card which she passed to Mr. G.: "I can smile, can't I?"

"That goes for smiling too," he replied.

About five years ago I was especially interested in all material relating to Paul Revere and his celebrated ride. In the midst of my researches a gentleman called upon me one day and showed me a series of volumes which contained most important papers relating to the Revolutionary period. On looking through them I was amazed to run across the following outstanding document, which is dated Cambridge, April 29, 1775, ten days after Revere's famous exploit. It is as follows:

"This may certify that the bearer Mr. Paul Revere is a messenger to the Committee of Safety and that all dispatch and assistance be given him in all instances that the business of the Collony may be facilitated. JOS. WARREN, CHAIR[MA]N."

From an Eyewitness

Poor General Warren, who signed Revere's commission as messenger, was killed a few weeks later at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Although I freely admit that this letter belongs in the archives of New England, you may be sure I keep it well within my reach. I don't care to have those doughty New England historians, such as Dr. Charles L. Nichols, Clarence S. Brigham, George Parker Winship and Lawrence C. Wroth, come pouncing down as a mighty host and demand it of me.

It is surprising how things fall the collector's way in series. As I have related in a previous article, I have the only certified copy of the Declaration of Independence that is outside the public archives. But I always hankered after a letter written by a signer who was an eyewitness on that July Fourth, one hundred and fifty years ago—a letter telling about the actual signing of the Declaration of Independence. For twenty-two long years I searched for it, and was delightfully shocked one day to read in an auction catalogue a description of the following letter by Cæsar Rodney, the signer from Delaware, to his brother, Thomas Rodney, dated Philadelphia, July 4, 1776. You may be sure I gobbled up this letter.

Rodney wrote:

"I arrived in Congress tho detained by thunder and rain time enough to give my voice in the matter of Independence. It is now determined by the thirteen United Colonies without even one desenting Colony. We have now got through with the whole of the Declaration and ordered it to be printed so that you will soon have the pleasure of seeing it. Hand bills of it will be printed and sent to the armies, cities, county towns, etc—to be published or rather proclaimed in form. . . ."

I have always been peculiarly interested in anything which related to the origin and history of the American flag, and I have always wanted, with my infernal and almost feminine curiosity, to find out when it was first raised. I had found references at various times to its appearance sometime during the second year of the Revolution, but could not discover the exact date in any of the items of Americana which I had collected. One day about nine years ago I was reading a manuscript Journal of the most Material Occurrences proceeding the Siege of Fort Schuyler, by William Colbreath. As I turned the leaves of the manuscript my attention was arrested by the following:

"Augt 3d (1777) Early this morning a Continental Flagg made by the Officers of Col. Ganseroorts Regiment was hoisted and a Cannon Levelled at the Enemies Camp was fired on the Occasion. . . ."

This is the only authoritative account known of the first raising of the American battle flag, and it was on this day that the British troops saw for the first time the new standard of America.

Some years ago I received a seductive appeal from a Boston collector. He had purchased some wonderful books which, though they filled his shelves, depleted his purse. And yet he could still write: "Dear Doctor: Please tempt me!" How often do I wish the sirens would tempt me, especially if the little charmers were in the form of autograph letters and manuscripts relating to Lincoln and his time. Believe me, I'll never be too old to be caught by their allure.

Of all periods in American history, none is more inspiring and dramatic than that of the Civil War. It is one of the most kaleidoscopic times in all history, with three men of outstanding character in it—Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant and Robert E. Lee. Any scrap of material relating to them is bound to increase in value. Lincoln letters today are rarer than Washington's, and nearly all of his great pieces are written in his own hand.

Of course, collectors prefer what are known as A. L. S.—autograph letter signed—instead of the L. S., or a letter merely signed by Lincoln—that is, not in his handwriting but written by an official stenographer. Thank God, those were the days before the typewriter, and every letter contains an intimate appeal which the machine can never give. That puts me in mind of a good one.

About three months ago a lady came to see me in New York and asked to be shown some Lincoln letters. I used the cataloguer's phraseology and spoke of holographs, fair copies, A. L. S., and the usual rigmarole of the collector. I then exhibited a letter of Lincoln's which I treasured, because it is perhaps the only one in which Lincoln swore. It was addressed to John T. Stuart, his law partner, dated Vandalia, Illinois, February 14, 1839, and he refers to a man named Ewing as follows:

"Ewing won't do anything. He is not worth a damn. Your friend,

"A. LINCOLN."

The lady exclaimed, "I know what you mean by A. L. S. I did not understand you at first. You mean Abraham Lincoln swore!"

Lincoln and the Party

Americana really is the collector's best bet. I can never be too grateful to Uncle Moses for his advice to me. I have kept zealously almost every piece relating to the Civil War, and I think that I have succeeded in the past thirty years in gathering the finest collection relating to it, except the National Collection in Washington. I have such remarkable Lincoln documents as his first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, entirely in his autograph, written six months before it was finally put into operation on January 1, 1863; his famous Baltimore address, in which he gives his celebrated definition of liberty; the original manuscript of his speech about the formation of the Republican Party; and many other pieces of the greatest historical significance, which can never come a collector's way again.

I cannot resist giving Lincoln's speech on the party of which he was the most illustrious leader:

"Upon those men who are, in sentiment, opposed to the spread, and nationalization of slavery, rests the task of preventing it. The Republican Organization is the embodiment of that sentiment; though as yet, it by no means embraces all the individuals holding that sentiment. The party is newly formed, and in forming, old party ties had to be broken, and the attractions of party pride, and influential leaders, were wholly wanting. In spite of all differences, prejudices, and animosities, its members were drawn together by a paramount common danger. They formed and maneuvered in the face of the disciplined enemy, and in the teeth of all his persistent misrepresentations. Of course, they fell far short of gathering in all of their own. And yet, a year ago, they stood up, an army over thirteen hundred thousand strong. That army is, today, the best hope of the nation, and of the world. Their work is before them, and from which they may not guiltlessly turn away."

I have spoken of the unfurling of the first American battle flag. The following is Lincoln's beautiful acknowledgment of a flag sent him by some ladies of a patriotic society:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
"Aug. 10, 1863.

"Permit me to return my grateful acknowledgements to the fair manufacturer and generous donors of the beautiful present which accompanies their note of the 20th July. If anything could enhance to me the value of this representation of our national ensign, so elegantly executed and so gracefully bestowed, it would be the consideration that its price has been devoted to the comfort and restoration of those heroic men who have suffered and bled in our flag's defense. We never should, and I am sure, never shall be niggard of gratitude and benefaction to the soldiers who have endured toil, privations and wounds, that the nation may live. Yours very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

The Flag of the Confederacy

I do not want to be accused of waving too often our emblem. But I must give in full two letters relating to the Confederate flag. They are not particularly valuable in a money sense, but I do not think any amount would tempt me to sell them. They are the kind that cannot fail to melt the heart of an old bachelor with a fondness for children. The first is addressed by General Leroy P. Walker, Secretary of War in the Confederate cabinet, to General Beauregard, from Richmond, Virginia, September 14, 1861, and says:

"*My dear General:* The enclosed note from my little daughter was written by her without suggestion or alterations in any way, and the design for a flag is entirely her own conception. She has insisted so strongly on sending it to you that I did not feel at liberty to refuse her. I consent the more readily because I am sure you will appreciate it in the spirit in which it is sent.

"She signs herself with the usual vanity of her sex—'daughter of the Secretary of War'—and this gives me the opportunity to say that my official connection with the Army is about to terminate, having tendered my resignation to the President a few days since.

"What I have done in this office has been honestly done, and when the history of this war is written I feel that the laggard justice of popular approval will be bestowed.

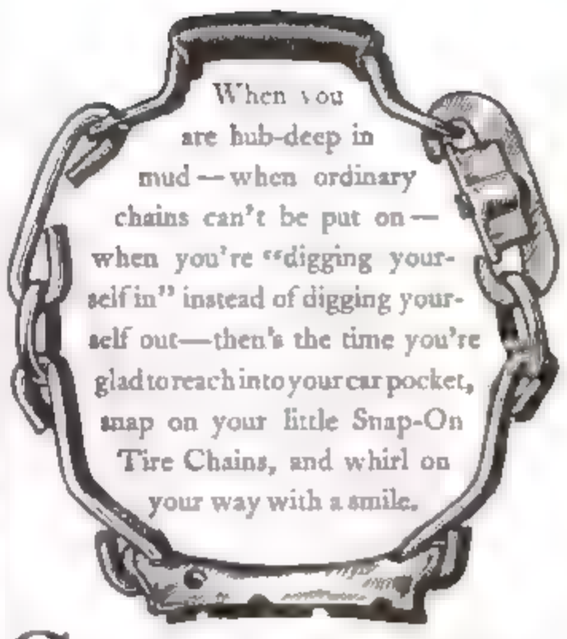
"I am etc.,
"Most truly,
yr friend L. P. WALKER."

And here is the second letter:

"*General Beauregard:* I send you a design entirely my own for a Confederate flag. I have never been satisfied with the Confederate flag, because it is too much like that of the United States. I am a little girl nine years old and though I have never seen you I feel as though I knew you

"Your admirer
"MATILDA POPE WALKER.
"Daughter of the Secretary of War."
Richmond, Virginia. Sept. 14.

I feel that I must return for a moment to Lincoln. Although I have letters of the greatest historical import not only from the martyr President himself but from nearly all his generals and members of his cabinet, I prefer the notebook of Surgeon C. S. Taft, who was at Lincoln's bedside at the time of


When you
are hub-deep in
mud — when ordinary
chains can't be put on —
when you're "digging yourself in" instead of digging yourself out—then's the time you're glad to reach into your car pocket, snap on your little Snap-On Tire Chains, and whirl on your way with a smile.

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TIRE CHAINS

DON'T motor without them. On hard surfaced roads they lie flat on the tire and you won't feel them. When the wheel slips they tip partly on edge and dig in. Can't slap mud guards or chafe tires. They grip on mud, sand, snow or ice. Can be used over ordinary chains or rubber chains to prevent wheels turning inside chains.
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If your dealer hasn't stocked them it will not be well send chains parcel post on receipt of price. Better get 6 or more at once. State size.

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A KOOL KOOSHION
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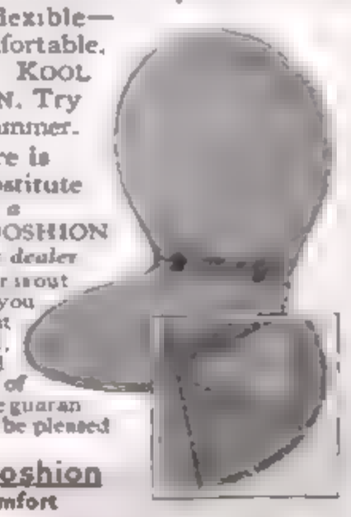
No Substitute
for a
KOOL KOOSHION
Ask your dealer
If your dealer is out we will send you any number at $2.75 each, post paid ($3.00 west of Rockies) We guarantee you will be pleased



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Model 56

Same rifle in Sporting form. $21.00.

Lyman No. 42 Windgauge Receiver Sight (as shownonModel57 illustrated) furnished extra at $3.50.

"JUST about the slickest match target and light small-game rifle that has been produced to date in this country or any other." That's the verdict of a recognized .22 caliber expert on the Winchester Model 57. We believe you will echo that verdict when you handle one. Another Winchester thoroughbred.

WINCHESTER
REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

his death. You can hear in it not only the last tragic heart beats of one of the truly great characters of all time but the knell of a soul-stirring epoch. The meager words that follow, extracted from the notebook, are to me more moving than all the fine writing in the world:

"The wound ceased to bleed or discharge about 5:30 A.M. and from that time the breathing was stertorous but gradually increased in frequency and decreased in strength up to the last breath, which was drawn at 21 minutes and 55 seconds after 7; the heart did not cease to beat until 22'10" past 7; my hand was upon the President's heart and my eye upon the watch of the Surgeon General who was standing by my side."

The finest character after Lincoln in the whole Civil War was undoubtedly that great gentleman and descendant of gentlemen, Robert E. Lee. From my schooldays I had read of his life of nobility and sorrow. The letter in which he resigned his commission, addressed to General Winfield Scott, who commanded the American Army, has always been to me the highest example of patriotism and the soldier's ideal credo. The words, "save in defence of my native state, I never again desire to draw my sword," have been indelibly impressed upon every mind. I know of no letter that I would sooner possess, and it was thirty years before I could finally call it my own. I give it here without further comment.

"ARLINGTON, WASHINGTON CITY P. O. 20TH APRIL, 1861, LIEUT. GEN. WINFIELD SCOTT, COM. ARMY.

"*General:* Since my interview with you on the 18th inst., I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from the service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, all the ability I possessed. During the whole of that time, more than thirty years, I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors, the most cordial friendship from my companions. To no one General have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it had always been my urgent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry with me to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. Save in the defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

"ROBERT E. LEE."

Four years elapsed. The war was over. General Lee had surrendered. The following letter, which I hold, to his old friend, General Beauregard, is one of the finest letters ever written by the hand of man.

LEXINGTON VA., 3rd Oct '65.

"*My dear Gen:* I am glad to see no indication in your letter of an intention to leave the Country. I think the South requires the aid of her sons now, more than at any period of her history. As you ask my purpose, I will state that I have no thought of abandoning her, unless compelled to do so.

"After the surrender of the S. Armies in April, the revolution in the opinions & feelings of the people, seemed so complete, & the return of the S. States into the Union of all the States, so inevitable; that it became in my opinion, the duty of every citizen, the Contest being virtually ended, to cease opposition, & place himself in a position to serve the country. I therefore upon the promulgation of the proclamation of Pres. Johnson, which indicated apparently his policy in restoring peace, determined to comply with its requirements; & on the 13 of June, applied to be embraced within its provisions. I have not heard the result of my application, but since then have been elected to the Presidency of Washington College, & have entered upon the duties of the office, in the hope of being of some benefit to the noble youth of our country.

"I need not tell you, that true patriotism requires of men sometimes, to act exactly contrary at one period, to that which it does at another; & that the motive which impels them, viz, the desire to do right, is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions undergo change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this. Washington himself is an example, at one time he fought against the French, under Braddock, in the service of the King of Great Britain; at another he fought with the French at Yorktown, under the orders of the Continental Congress of America, against him. He has not been branded by the world with reproach for this, but his course has been applauded.

"With sentiments of great esteem
"I am most truly yours
"R. E. LEE."

To me, Ulysses S. Grant has always been a gigantic figure. He is probably the greatest general this country has ever produced. Nowhere are his simplicity and greatness better shown than in his letters. For some reason they are not yet appreciated at their proper worth. But the time will come when their extraordinary merits will be recognized. They are written in that direct style, free of all elaboration, not unlike Lincoln's, but without his peculiar felicity of phrase. They are the words of a soldier, not a statesman. Two of the letters which I have are, it seems to me, without parallel for conciseness and beauty. The first, written at the beginning of the war, is to his father:

"May 30th, 1861,
GALENA, ILLINOIS.

Dear Father: I have now been home near a week, but return to Springfield today. I have tendered my services to the government and go today to make myself useful, if possible, from this until our national difficulties are ended. During the six days I have been at home, I have felt all the time as if a duty was being neglected that was paramount to any other duty I ever owed. I have every reason to be well satisfied with myself for the services already rendered but to stop now would not do. Yours truly,

"U. S. GRANT."

The second, at the war's end, is probably the finest single document in private hands today, as it is the original official telegram which ended the greatest conflict in American history. Why I was allowed to get this is one of the mysteries of collecting. It should not be in the hands of any one person but ought to be in the safekeeping of the Government. It was written in obvious haste, in his own hand, at the moment General Lee surrendered, on a page in the notebook of Grant's orderly, General Badeau.

"APPOMATTOX COURT HOUSE,
April 9th, 1865. 4:30 O'CLOCK P. M.
HON. E. M. STANTON, SEC. OF WAR,
WASHINGTON.

"Gen. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Va. this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show the condition fully.

"U. S. GRANT, LT. GEN."

The demand for things American is not a passing fancy. It will increase in the same way as a stone gathers moss. The prices now paid for early American furniture, pottery, glass, pictures are but an indication of a movement yet in its infancy. Even collectors in England, such as that eminent enthusiast, Sir R. Leicester Harmsworth, Bart., are gathering objects of interest relating to this country. It is only meet and proper that Americans themselves should tenderly cherish the primal, honest, unpretentious things to which this country owes its greatness.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Doctor Rosenbach, as told to Avery Strakosch.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

minnows they certainly kept me busy reeling 'em in. You know bass are funny. At certain seasons of the year they ——" He was interrupted by the man getting up to leave. "Pardon me," said the angler, "did I say anything to offend you?"

"Not at all; but I'm a curator of an aquarium, and I'm on my vacation."

—*Spencer A. Spencer.*

Shaksperean Road Songs

THE limousine so rich of hue,
The roadster orange tan,
The wanton flivver black and blue,
The landau and the van,
The touring car, the coach and, hark,
The truck that twitters sweet—
All these full many a man doth mark,
And dares not cross the street.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who dares to speed with me,
And tune our merry boat
To get the speed-cop's goat?

Come hither, come hither, come hither,
So shall we share
The hoosegow's fare,
And pay our fine together!

Jog on, jog on, the footpath ways,
And none shall cramp your style-a;
But he who on the high road strays
May pass out in a mile-a.

Come away, come away, death;
This cock-eyed world I am sore on;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a hit-run moron.
My ante-mortem statement true,
Oh, prepare it,
That when insurance falleth due,
My kin may share it!

How should I your true love know
From another guy?
By the dents his fenders show,
By his vacant eye;
By his flivver, roaring, red,
By his siren's dim;

Down the road he lately sped;
What has went with him?
He has gone to jail, lady,
He has gone to jail;
He ruint a traffic officer,
And none would go his bail.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Domestic Animal

THE little cage called marriage
Is such a pretty one;
I'll let it trap me too, I fear,
As other maids have done.

At love, the bait, I'll nibble;
And then I'll step inside;
And live my life within a cage,
Although the world is wide.

And then I'll tell the free maids,
Who're safe from bolt and bar,
Oh, very confidentially,
How lovely cages are.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

"Why do I?" asked the Grocer

"Why do I sell Heinz 57 Varieties?" asked the grocer.

"I'll tell you why—and it's a good 'why'.

"Some years ago a salesman came into the store and introduced himself as the Heinz man.

"Full up," said I, "don't want a thing, so don't open your sample case.

"Well, that young fellow came right back at me—'I'm not here to *sell* you anything—I'm here to *tell* you something, and if that's the only thing I do today, then I'll call it a good day's work'.

"Go ahead," said I.

"Said he"—'Did you ever hear of a food concern that developed its own tomato seed under a million square feet of glass, grew the seedlings in its own hot houses, supervised the growth of the tomatoes until they were red on the vine, and then converted them into Tomato Ketchup the same day they were picked?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern that sent its own buyers to a dozen different parts of the world to procure spices where they actually grow, instead of buying them at home, on paper sight unseen?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern that picked over beans twice by hand in order to have every bean perfect?—

'Did you ever hear of a food concern which really baked its beans, in real ovens, to make them delicious, golden brown, easy-to-digest?—

'Did you ever hear of an olive oil producer who used only the first pressing for his olive oil, or of an importer of olive oil who pressed his own oil at the source abroad?—

'Did you ever hear of a pickle house that made its own vinegars and aged them in the wood to develop the finest flavor, aroma, and zest?—and that, by the way, is what makes Heinz Pickles so good—Heinz own vinegar.'

"Well, sir, that young fellow talked on for a full hour—told more about real pure food making than I had ever dreamed of.

"Then he said: 'That's it. That's why I represent the House of Heinz. I quit selling food long ago. Now, I'm selling quality—not just merchandise.'

"I've been a Heinz 57 dealer ever since. Why, you might just as well take the furnace from under my store as to take the 57 line off my shelves.

"Why?

"Because the quality of the 57 line means prestige for my store and myself.

"Because if the House of Heinz has built its success on quality, so can I.

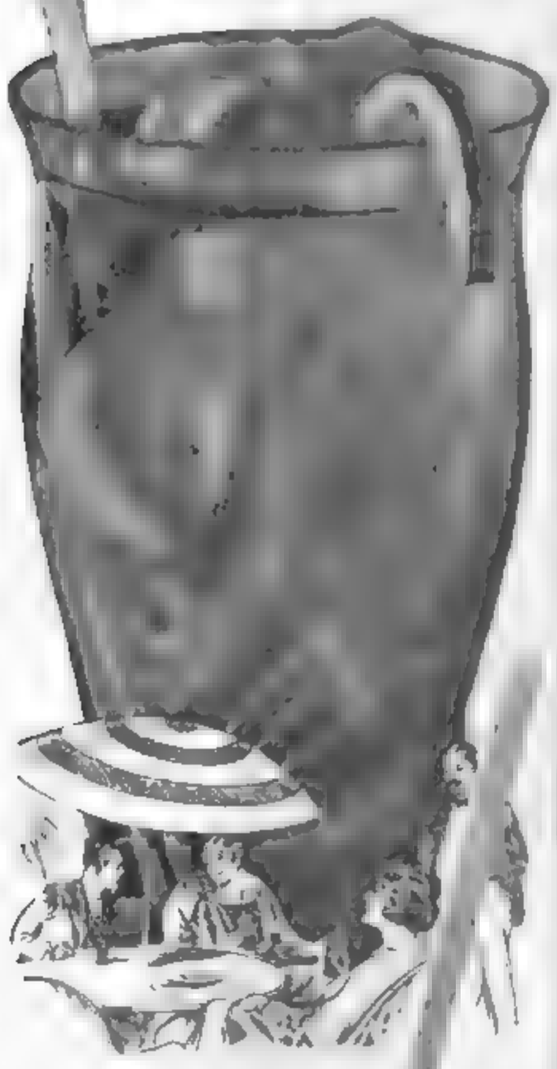
"And there is this about it—the House of Heinz makes the 57 Varieties the best it knows how, then adds only a reasonable price for its services. "The best or nothing" is its motto.

"That is why the House of Heinz has been in business for 58 years. It has built its business on quality—and that's good enough for me." • *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

HEINZ 57

When in Pittsburgh, visit the Heinz Kitchens

Drink it through
STONE'S
Sanitary
STRAWS



Iced Tea Refreshes—
Served With Straws

DAINTY, golden-tinted Stone's Straws add the finishing touch to Iced Tea and other cold drinks. The clever hostess always uses them.

In serving milk to children, use Stone's Straws. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Machine made, they are absolutely sanitary. Always use them at the Soda Fountain.

Get the convenient 10c Home Package from your druggist today.

Dealers: Always order STONE'S STRAWS by name.

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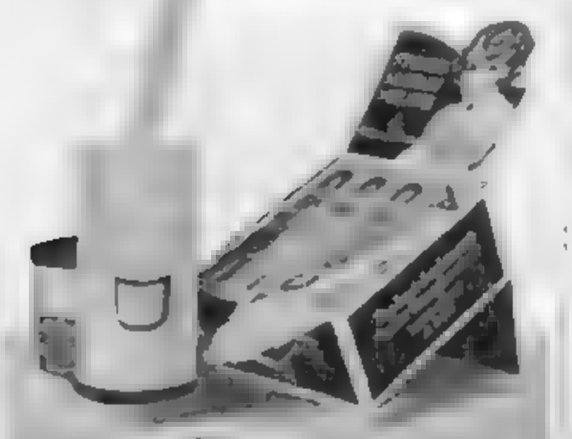

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

MY DEAR

Continued from Page 25

"That was a bad beating for the poor man," said Danby joyously.

But Jenny's thoughts were away in the other room, wrapped in curtains, measuring the floor.

Bad Boy Danby's thoughts ran willfully to the grotesque little humors of life. Here he had been, snug in her room, warmed by consciousness of her proximity, for nearly a week, and all proprieties satisfied. Now, just because they were apparently going to be married, propriety raised its head, pursed its lips and ordered his removal. He would have liked to say—for Hamilton had made him very petulant—"If we're going to be married so soon, Jenny, why should I go at all? Wouldn't it be lovely if I stayed? Wouldn't it solve all this tiresome hurry of getting rooms ready?"

But looking at him, seeing his eyes lingering on her, she was guessing his unformed thought exactly.

"Now we're going to be married, it's different. Now you're better, it's different. Now we—we—we're crazy about each other," she said shyly and with a lilt like a love song in her voice, "and now that we'd like to stay together from this very minute, we just can't. That's all there is about it. We just can't. You see?"

Tenderness suffused Bad Boy Danby. "Of course I see, Jenny. Of course I see."

"If you knew how things go in this alley ——"

"I do know."

"I've always thought I'd be different. I'd try to—well, getting married has seemed so beautiful to me. All the women about here think I'm too proud; they think I think too much of myself; they ——"

"By Jove, be proud, Jenny! I'm proud of you."

"When I get married I want it to be just as if I was a lady."

"My lady Jenny!" And he kissed her hands, and said, "I could kiss your little feet."

"Mrs. Leave, now, would say, 'Why trouble to change about? You'll soon be all fixed up.' But I've had my ideas ——" She lapsed into an earnest dreaming silence.

He saw her ideas. Willing as he would have been to grasp at the ideas of Mrs. Leave on the subject, he was silenced. He was humbled, and his mind said to his tired body: "You must get out. Be decent."

All at once, from her musings, she cried, "There's no bed in the other room, my dear. Nor—nor anything."

"I can lie on the floor tonight."

"Oh!"

"Hasn't Jenny ever slept on the floor, then?"

There was laughter; there was kissing: there was strange excitement; there were the high wild hopes of youth and passion. He was in the bare room opposite Jenny's, alone—not on the floor though; her basket chair, her straight cane chair, her tin box, all put end to end, formed his couch. He had her spare blanket, a gray thing, a castoff, bought for nearly nothing at a government sale of army stores. Moonbeams ran, white, through the uncurtained window and washed over him like a tide.

He had a dark, sardonic, weary feeling in him that all was moonbeams—all this. Was he actually going to marry this gorgeous young working girl? Work for a greengrocer? Earn his keep with his hands? Live in Greengrove Alley? Was it real? But just as he had been carried away on other tides, lazy, exultant, unresisting, so he let himself be carried away on the tide of the moonbeams. He slept.

Tomorrow. There was furnishing. She knew all about it. "Pay-on-hire purchase. There's a big place in the Whitechapel Road. And in three weeks we can change the furniture about. . . . This is a be-eau-tiful room. This'll be our living room." And her room would be their bedroom.

Wasn't it strange, he thought—strange and absurd? Men who had been with him at Christ Church—how they would stare and laugh, and look uneasy, and hurry away, if they could see him now! Of course everyone knew he had been sent down, but they would visualize for him—with an uncle like Sir Lucas—some jolly job in the Colonies—fruit farming, or ranching, or something.

That morning when he awoke, stretched himself on his ridiculous couch, and thought of the events of last night, he was quiet and contemplative. But in his mind burned, all the same, one fiery spot—for Jenny. He remembered her hair against his face, her mouth on his, her thin young body in his arms. In three weeks he would be married to her.

He drew on his clothes and looked cautiously from his door. There on the mat lay her basin, a clean towel, coarse soap and his safety razor. She was already up and ministering to him. And he heard her singing as she moved about her room to the tinkle of crockery and a fire crackling. So he filled the basin from the cold-water tap on the landing, and going back into his bare room, began to make himself decent for her.

In a few moments he heard her tapping. "A kettle of hot water for you, my dear."

He opened his door to the sound of her door shutting again, and took in the small overworked kettle that spent its life on the hob of Jenny's grate. Well, it was better bathing than he'd had, anyway, in Summer Street.

Soon he went across the landing again and knocked. They were alone on the top floor of this tall, narrow building, isolated ideally; none of the sordid life below coming up to them, save in vague smells, or voices. And so he began to think happily about their life here in three weeks' time, and just as he was envisaging it, she opened the door.

The breeze blew through her room, already brushed and tidied. She was all fresh and glorious, with pink in her usually pale cheeks and her lips rich red. Love had been at her, painting her.

"Here you are—coming to breakfast with me!"

He shut the door. Laughter, morning kissing, their hearts beating: wild young hope springing from no fount save youth and joy: it was all just as it had been last night.

"This is how it will be every morning, Jack."

"Yes, call me 'Jack,'" he said, and smiled widely. "That's what I'm called."

"Not here. They say 'John.'"

"I didn't want anyone here to call me 'Jack,' except you."

She had bread and a generous amount of cheap fat bacon, beautifully frizzled. She poured out tea. He saw that the geranium had been set in the center of the table. Her delight in her home—her home that she was offering him—was obvious and touching

They spoke of material immediate things, at her instigation, for life pressed upon them. She had little money in her purse, owing to the last week's depletions. She did not remind him of that, but spoke earnestly of Mr. Simmons. Mr. Simmons was a fair man. He worked you hard, but he paid you regularly, and he was reasonable. He wanted a strong young fellow.

"I'm going round there at once, Jenny."

"He'll pay you thirty shillings a week: thirty-five if you suit, and when you're used to the business."

"Any prospects beyond thirty-five?"

She said anxiously, "Well, you see, it wouldn't pay him to pay more. The business wouldn't carry it. But at thirty-five shillings there are dozens of young fellows who'd take it up—only he wants someone a little different. He wants intelligence, Jack." She looked at him with pride.

"That's a lot to want for thirty-five bob."

"I don't know of anything better."

"Nor I," said Danby. "I'll go. And I promise you I'll land the job."

"Work!" she urged. "Work! Any work is better than no work!"

It was. He was seized with a hot desire to prove to her that he wasn't just the helpless loafer she took in. He had thought pride was dead in him, but it wasn't. It sprang up again, suddenly, to match her pride. "When do you suppose I'll begin, Jenny?"

"This morning. You'll begin at once if Mr. Simmons likes you."

"By Jove."

And again, how absurd! How grotesquely unreal! To depend for daily bread upon the whims of a Simmons! A tradesman who should, surely, be fawning upon one for one's custom.

"It ought to matter more if I liked Simmons," he reflected sorely. The boot was on the other leg now.

She was saying softly, in the manner of a woman with a secret up her sleeve, "If you aren't back in half an hour I'll know you've got the job, you're working. But, if you get it, listen, Jack; he'll give you half an hour for your dinner sometime, early or late. When you get a minute off, pop round here."

"You bet I shall."

"Pop round here, and just see!"

"I shall see you."

"More than me. More than just me! Much, much more!"

So he went off with the feeling—still absurd, still grotesque, of course—of a little boy who is hanging up his stocking for Santa Claus.

It seemed to him a pathetically long time since there had been presents in that stocking, till she came with her gifts. Running furtively downstairs and slipping out into the alley for the first time since the great fight, he revisualized the past months, grim and dreadful. At first he hadn't cared; naturally life would see him through somehow. But then, the advertisements, in the foremost daily paper, of the gentleman—himself—of public school and university education, who was willing to travel and could drive a car, and sought congenial employment, hadn't brought in a single reply. His bright confidence dashed, he had looked about him—about and about. He was unwanted. Ah, those dark months of wasting, shame, anger and apprehension!

Mr. Simmons wanted him now though. "Sent by Jenny Croft, is you?" said Mr. Simmons, looking him up and down. He started work—congenial or not—straightway.

He didn't get home, after all, till late in the afternoon, for an hour before the evening rush of business—always greater after six o'clock in such neighborhoods, Mr. Simmons informed him, for the enlightenment of his ignorance. He hastened up the alley, feeling empty and wan, but curiously invigorated, because, just as she had said, any work was better than no work. At home he found her working upon the great surprise.

She had abandoned Mr. Dealy's interests for that day and was toiling at the furnishing of the room across the landing. She had been out, bought stuff, made and hung the curtains; she had scrubbed the floor. There were a bed and table. A smell of yellow soap and carbolic—better in that house than the scents of all the perfumers of the West End—met his nostrils. She sprang up from her knees, where she crouched on the floor mending an old hearthrug, and no queen could have been prouder.

Continued on Page 98

CREO-DIPT SIDE-WALLS AND ROOF WERE THE CHOICE OF ARCHITECT AYMAR EMBURY II, NEW YORK CITY, FOR THIS MODEL HOME AT PINEHURST, N. C.

How to choose a house *that grows old gracefully*

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Or mail the coupon now for the portfolio of photographs of all sizes of Creo-Dipt houses, together with helpful Creo-Dipt color chart. CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC., 1207 Oliver Street, No. Tonawanda, N. Y. *In Canada:* Creo-Dipt Company, Ltd., 1610 Royal Bank Building, Toronto. Sales offices in principal cities. Leading lumber dealers everywhere have *genuine* Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles in stock.

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(Continued from Page 96

"The best we can do for the present," she cried. "Until your money begins to come in."

He saw how very, very good that poor best looked to her. The geranium stood on the table. "You're going to have that," she pointed to it. "That plant's for this room."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes!"

They kissed.

He saw the simplicity of life. How little one needed! A bed, a table, yellow soap, cold water, tea, bread and bacon. And, for beauty, the geranium. All anxieties and frets fell from him, leaving him quiescent and content.

Good days followed. It wasn't bad, working for Mr. Simmons. His strength was soon equal to it. It was only his impatience that he had to control. Out of his first week's money he paid the first installment on the bed and table—both secondhand. He handed to Jenny all that was left, like a good workingman. She explained how it would have to be apportioned. New boots—on the installment plan—an overcoat from the secondhand shop; his share of their housekeeping expenses; and actually a trifle left for tobacco and two Saturday-night seats at the nearest cinema. They sat together at the table, counting it out, copper by copper, solemnly.

"Are there any prospects at all in a job like mine?" he asked her, and she answered promptly:

"We'll save. Between us we'll do well. We might have a little shop of our own one day."

"Do you think so?"

"Let it be our ambition!"

He laughed a good deal during the first week, getting some of his sense of irresponsible humor back. He wasn't the grinning yet saturnine Danby of the Rose and Lily any more; all the alley knew that he had reformed and was going to marry Jenny.

Exactly what the Alley thought about them it did not divulge. Heiner had spread his tales. But the Alley was good-natured, and unless provoked, minded its own business.

Jenny and Danby bought boxes and crates and he spent his evenings carpentering. She knew all about furniture made out of boxes. Her sewing machine toiled overtime at upholstery work.

Mrs. Leave derided her unceasingly, but crept up to look, all the same, and to say, "My, isn't that stuff pretty? I'd have some for our room, but what's the good, all crowded up with children?

"Shall you," she asked of Jenny, "be getting a wedding dress?"

"I doubt it."

"You'd look nice dressed up."

"My Jack'll have to go in his old clothes."

"Ah, well, p'r'aps your good times'll come later," said Mrs. Leave, from experience disbelieving the fond illusion.

"Times are good enough," said Jenny, with a shy, sly smile, bending over her machine.

"Hope 'e thinks so too."

There were the Sundays—three of them—before the irrevocable day. The irrevocable day must, Jenny explained to Danby, be fixed for the day of early closing. They had no choice. It was the only day on which he would have time to get married. He adjusted himself to this new world, in some ways so free, in some ways so circumscribed, enslaved.

The Sundays were sweet. In the mornings they went to church to hear their banns read out by Matthew Hamilton; in the afternoons he took his Jenny, on an omnibus top, for a treat. They walked in parks—not Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens; he avoided those. They went to the outlying humbler spaces—Dulwich Park and Brockwell Park and Acton Park and the lovely Heath. They walked arm in arm and sat on the green grass, and flourished in the April sun, and admired the spring flowers. Life was very, very simple. Indeed, it slept. Hushed by her, it was no trouble at all.

V

THE artist Le Maur was still calling at Dealy's now and again in his long maroon car with the maroon-liveried chauffeur, and he was still asking Dealy irritably, "Where's that abysmal little fool? Hasn't been to see me yet! Tell her to come, and be sharp about it." Mrs. Dealy was still assuring him that Jenny Croft indeed was a born fool, but that he'd have her yet. The hunchback cutter still twittered to himself about fortunes in faces, when he heard them. Only Jenny had forgotten Le Maur and all his works. She wasn't going regularly to Dealy's; Danby was dropping the parcels of finished articles on his way to work, and picking up the parcels of unfinished things on his way home. This gave her more time at the machine, and she was all impatience to beautify the home without impoverishing her lean pocket.

One day—it was the week after the banns had been published for the second time and there remained but one reading between Jenny and perfect bliss—Dealy told Victor le Maur of the tall, rangy young man who carried the parcels, and opined that Jenny Croft was, maybe, getting married.

"'Course, she ain't married yet," said Mr. Dealy.

Looking up, the hunchback cutter muttered, "If I was a gal with a face like that, d' you think I'd marry? Not me!"

Sitting down, Le Maur sketched the hunchbacked man snipping at his shoddy cloth upon the heavy deal table, outlined against the dirty window panes behind him. He was there for an hour sketching, his nostrils twitching at the malodorous air, but Jenny Croft did not come in, bright and burning.

He went back in his car to his big studio that overlooked the shining river, and he found there, waiting for him, a sitter; a beautiful emaciated girl with great bistered eyes, rose-color mouth, divinely turned legs—Lady Rosamund Lacey, a modern of the moderns, the most famous, the most photographed, the most desirable girl of her hour and class. But she was not Jenny. He could find hundreds of lithe, emaciated female figures, thousands of pairs of heavy eyes, tens of thousands of carmined mouths. Only once in his life had he seen a Jenny Croft.

He kissed his visitor's little white hand petulantly.

"Do you want me to sit today?" she asked, studying his face intensely for signs of his feeling this morning, for Victor le Maur reigned like a despot among her kind.

"Want? Want?" he cried. "I don't want anyone to sit to me today, Rosamund, except just one girl out of a slum." He described to her, as if he were reciting a poem, Jenny.

"Very beautiful?" said Lady Rosamund when his voice ceased, on an upward note of urgency.

"Not so beautiful as you are."

"Figure or face?"

"My sweet, I've no doubt that your dressmaker would prefer your figure to hers—so obediently as you've trained it—and as for face, no doubt you win on points. And so, as I can't have her yet, sit down!"

Lady Rosamund sat upon the accustomed seat, took the accustomed pose. She said, "When you bring her here you must let me see her."

"When I bring her here I shall show her to the world."

"Why will she not come?"

"I fear she prefers what I am sure she would speak of as honest work."

"She doesn't sound at all paintable," said Lady Rosamund a little acridly; for Le Maur had never had eyes for her save painter's eyes, nor more caressing feeling for her than tolerance, in spite of all her frank, her flagrant, her half cynical, half eager encouragements.

"You don't understand, dear. She is the earth."

"Well, what am I?"

"A cultivated orchid from the hothouse of the town."

And he painted for two hours in total silence.

Up in their top-floor rooms in Greengrove Alley, Jenny and her lover made the handsome box ottoman that would certainly be the star furnishing turn of their home. He did the sawing and the carpentering, she planned the upholstery.

"Almost a sofa," she would say in her pleasure. "Quite as good as a sofa. Shan't we have a lovely home, Jack?"

He liked keeping himself occupied all the time now. He had an urge for work, now that his strength had come back, and his young blood was so riotous these spring days. His thoughts would keep traveling in any idle moment. They would keep flying to the jolly things that had obtained, even as late as last summer. He had been sent down from Oxford, but he still had had money in his pocket, and naturally, he had thought, something good would turn up. Something absolutely right always turned up for the right sort of people. No need to mope about; there were Hurlingham and Ranelagh in full swing where he could see his own kind; and there was a certain pretty shop girl he used to take on the river sometimes on Saturdays. Also, he had had a good cricket season in spite of all misfortunes. But then there came that autumn; then there fell that winter of horror.

Summer was coming again now; its heralds flew on the April air; all those good things were happening again—tennis lawns had been relaid; cricket pitches were being rolled into green velvet; women were ordering their court frocks; debutantes were thinking, in high spirits, of dances; people were out upon the white roads in new cars.

Hammering away in a garret, he couldn't help imagining. The leisure of great gardens on a hot day, the jolly, hard red tennis courts, the tea under the trees, with some agreeable lady dispensing it; the cocktails certain butlers mixed so well—particularly had the Riverside butler, old Stone, mixed them like a master. He thought of a good dinner in prospect, and before the good dinner, good comfortable valeting. What everyday little things to cause one's heart so to cry out!

"What are you thinking of, Jack?" said Jenny, stopping her machine a moment.

"Me? Nothing. Only how to fix these two sides together."

She left him alone to fix them, though she could have helped, like a mother letting a child learn for itself. And, indeed, she felt as much of a mother as a lover.

"Are you sorry, Jack, that none of your relations will be at the wedding?"

"Good Lord, no!"

In a minute he asked, envisaging a new prospect, "Will—will any of yours come?"

"I haven't got any."

"Jenny, it can be very, very quiet? Just you and me and witnesses and Hamilton?"

"That's all."

"We needn't even let these people here know the day."

"No." And she said proudly, "It will be a different sort of wedding from any I remember here."

"What do they do at weddings here?"

"Drink all they can buy."

"The beer standard instead of the champagne standard," he thought to himself. After all, he had been drunk on occasions himself; only to be drunk in the Rose and Lily was, of course, more disgusting than to be drunk expensively, in a white shirt.

"You're twice the man you were," she said delightedly, looking at his big frame stooped over the boxes.

"That's your doing, Jenny." And then, to drive the memories from his head, he dropped his tools, and came over to put his arms about her, and kiss her and assure himself: "It's the future a fellow's got to think of; not the spilt milk, after all."

She had a plan in her head of which she had not told him. She was keeping back, every time that Dealy paid her, a little money, for a purpose. And though now her finances and Jack's were to be, as it were, a joint account, she hugged a secret nest egg. After the wedding service at 2:30—the earliest he could hope definitely to be free from Mr. Simmons, although it would be early closing day for the shops of that neighborhood—they were coming home to tea. She had vague hopes of persuading Hamilton to share this tea, make a real wedding feast of it. For there was to be a bride cake.

Never, in her recollection, had a bride cake entered Greengrove Alley. Beer and sausage, salmon from tins, fried fish and chips had graced many a tenement room on such occasion, but never the silver whiteness, the beauty, of a wedding cake.

There was a small confectioner's near Dealy's, where she had gone and bargained for the cake. More than one tier—that was her vision—a cake of more than one tier; gleaming white as frost and with little decorations of silver. More than one tier was two. Two tiers were the most the confectioner could possibly promise for the money; "—— and then," he explained, "the cake won't be a' large round, y' understand."

"I would rather have it high."

She could see now this high cake, in the center of the table. Or would the geranium be in the center, and the cake rather more toward one end, set before Jack? No, the bride cut the cake always, the bridegroom standing by. The geranium would then keep the place where it was really happiest—on the window ledge.

She went on with her sewing. "Smoke your pipe, Jack," she said with a secret smile, thinking of what she was preparing.

She was conscious, under all her happiness, of a tremendous necessity to live up to him. He was a gentleman. She saw that even Mr. Hamilton recognized it. She must keep up the standard of living, be dainty, be proud. No preparations were too great for such a marriage. She planned nearly all night and stitched nearly all day.

Even now the confectioner was making the cake. "It should be made early," he said. "Rich cakes had ought to stand. Rich cakes shouldn't be eat too new."

She knew in her heart that she was very much alone now with Danby. Her championship and choice of him had segregated her. Even the favor of Heiner did not single her out like the courtship of Jack. She knew all the women and girls were saying, more or less spitefully, "She always set herself up. Much may she get out of it!"

Yes, she had always set herself up, and out of the lottery of life in mean streets she had drawn this wonder.

She kept glancing aside from the flounce she was hemming for the ottoman, for the joy of looking at him in his shirt sleeves, his pipe gripped in his teeth, bent over his work. Absorbed in it, wasn't he? As entranced as she. He loved getting his home ready, didn't he? And her heart was full of singing, that all she had ever hoped and prayed and fought for was here, that all visions were materializing and dreams coming true. And she was glad and triumphant that she hadn't given up and gone the way of other girls; that she had—for no reason mortal eye could see—fiercely and instinctively preserved herself. She was innocently and ignorantly and deeply happy that to her had come this great immortality.

He looked splendid! Splendid! Splendid! His eyes had their old bright, defiant look, but his mouth could wear a real smile upon it, instead of a half-doubting sneer. He, too, looked happy; twice the man he had been.

She got up and put the kettle on for the nightly cocoa which they shared before he went off to his room across the landing.

He thought to himself—the thought would keep coming: "Only a few days more—next week I'll actually be married to Jenny." And again his mind passed

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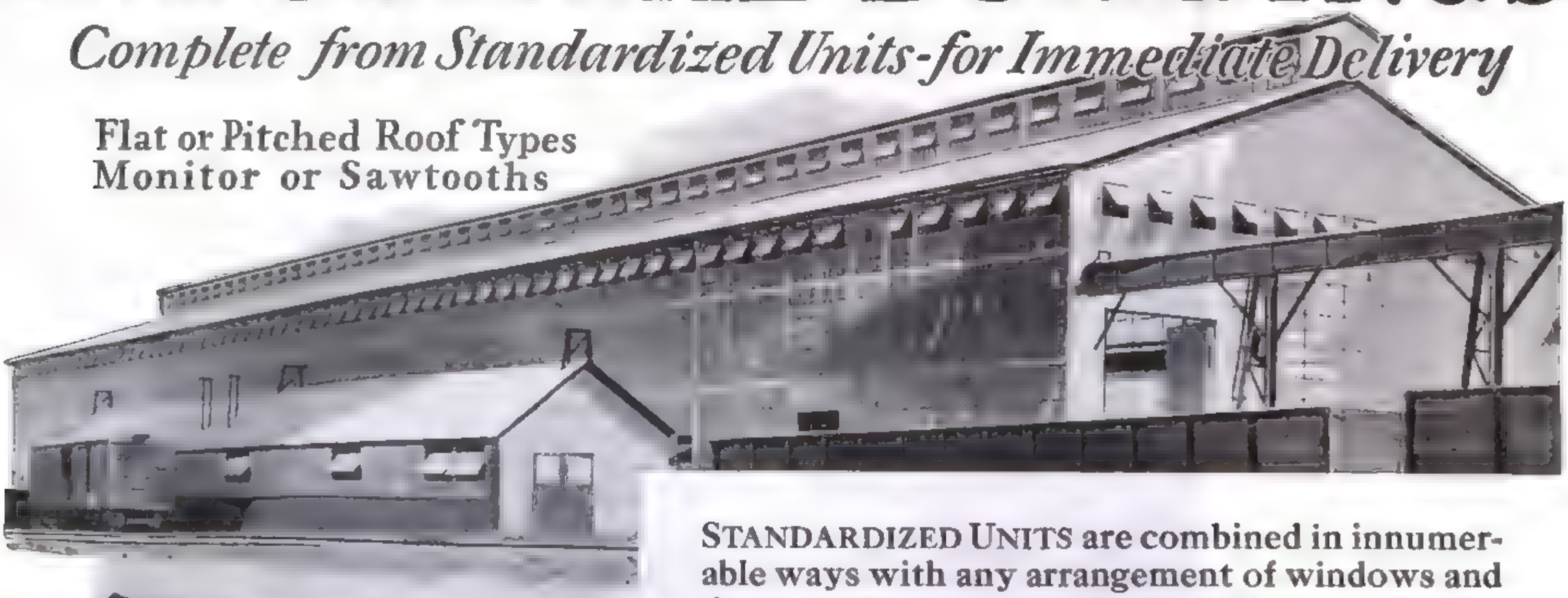

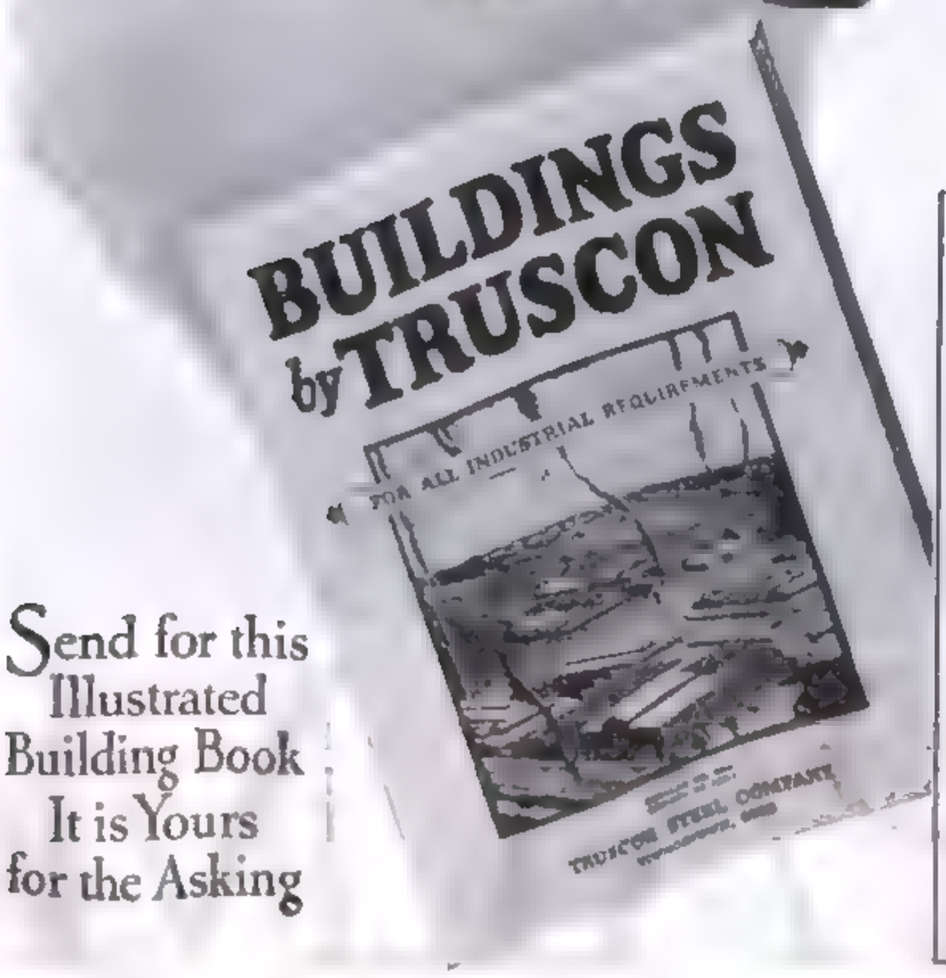

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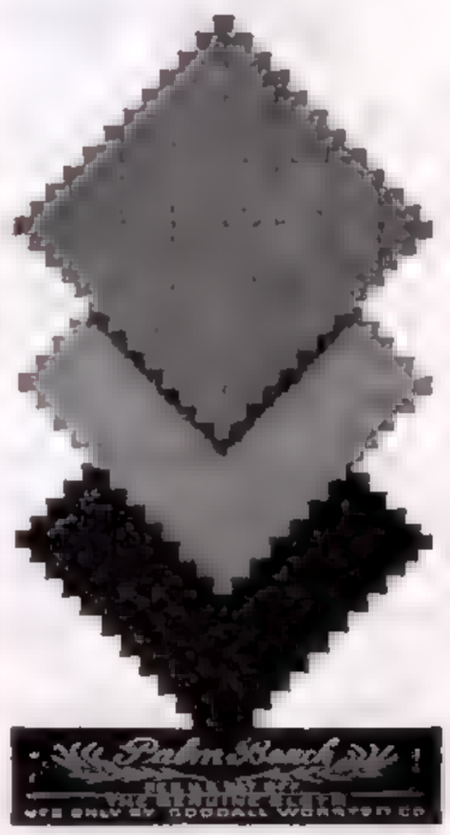

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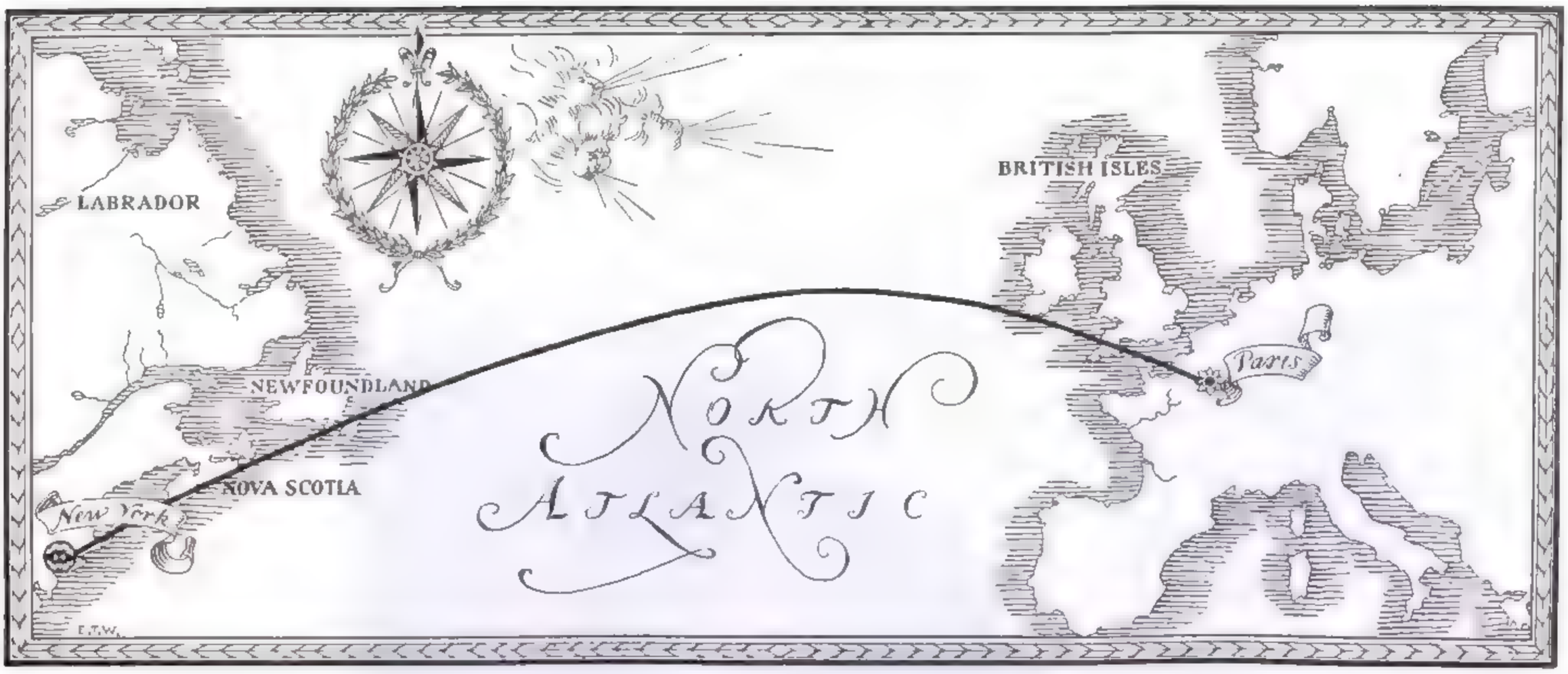

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over immediate memories, to those so informed with glamour: all the women who moved in his thoughts, and who were buying their frocks for the first court of the season, and all the young girls who were dreaming of the great balls to come. About this time—say at the Embassy Club in Bond Street ——

"Sweetheart," he said, straightening up, "I'll go out and buy a paper. Back in a minute."

She thought gravely: "Those horses: the Derby will be run in two months." But, of course, men were all the same. Rich or poor, they must have their bit on a horse—the rich man his hundreds and thousands, the poor man his sixpence. He wanted his paper to see the odds. All right. And she was wondering about the piece of steak she had frying in the pan. She liked to feed him well; keep up the standard of living.

Danby was not buying the evening paper to get the latest form of Derby candidates, however. He didn't mean to back horses again now. No, not by so much as a penny. He wanted a paper to read about the world; about who was at the Embassy Club last night, and who at the Ritz at lunchtime today; and for the article on the prospects of the polo season; and, also, he just wanted the movement of escape that going out to buy a paper made. Although, of course, he would come back. He would come back to the lighted room—which he sometimes thought of absurdly as the Room of the Geranium—he would come back to his dear.

Buying the evening paper alone gave him a feeling of ease; it was doing something that one did in the good lost days when one bought papers—any number of them—any time, at will, and regardless of pence. With the Evening Bulletin, he returned home.

She was still attending to the frying of that lump of meat. Her fireplace had no oven; the choice was between boiling and frying, and no one in Greengrove Alley, on the top floors, would have quarreled with that. The table had been laid for two in his absence. He sat down and looked at her, and thought how beautiful she was, and, just as to Victor le Maur, she seemed to him to be the earth. She was a symbol of the earth—of mountains and deserts, prairies and jungles, seas and skies, flowers and song—also of the dangers and deaths and furies and passions of the earth. Only, unlike Victor le Maur, he could not formulate it. He only felt it. She drew him with a magnetism so intense that he hated the time that still lay before their marriage. He wanted next week scorchingly.

He opened his paper, and looked first, automatically, for the racing tips, though he wasn't betting any more. Then he saw the headline:

DEATH OF BARONET'S ONLY SON

Philip was dead, old Lucas' son, killed in a train accident in France. He read on, about the bringing home of the body, about the funeral arrangements, the memorial services to be conducted both in London and the country; the references to Sir Lucas' wife's death years ago; to his now childlessness; the references to the beauty of his country seat and the art treasures in his town house.

Philip was dead, the good companion, the kind elder boy with whom he had played during many summer holidays down at Riverside; Philip, the fine young man, full of hope and promise, from whom old Lucas expected so much. Tremendous plans and ambitions had flowered for Philip. Jack remembered those splendid days they had spent together. He sat with a heartache, looking at the headline. His eyes were dry and burning. In spite of Jenny, he felt weary of the world. And after he had sat there motionless, pressing into that one minute his fierce sorrow for Philip, he thought of Sir Lucas. He could see the old man now—large, thin, gray, with his firebrand eyes—his Uncle Lucas, who had been so kind to him, and so immutably hard.

The beefsteak sizzled in Jenny's pan.

He could see the dining room of the old house; a room like an ancient banqueting hall, with the long table down the middle, with the great candelabra lighted upon it; and the glow of choice fruits in the center, and the gleam on the vintage port that went round; and the portraits of the dead looking down from the walls on that table at which they, too, had sat long ago.

He thought desperately and gently: "I'll write to the old boy, at least. Tell him I'm sorry. If I don't even put an address, he can't say I'm after anything."

"You're reading something special," Jenny remarked.

He lowered the paper, his face steady. Even she wasn't to know the name he had done his damnedest and stupidest to soil. No, even she mustn't ever know his beginnings; because the future was all he could give her. He knew he owed the family that.

"No, I'm not," he answered.

"The meat's done."

So they sat together and ate and drank and talked. Bad Boy Danby wasn't yet a close or sympathetic observer of others—not even of his Jenny, except in the ways that she delighted him. The color of her hair, her smile, her eyes, her thin grace—he knew every variation of those, her bodily beauties, though he had not yet ever answered the vague questions he sometimes asked himself as to her mind: As to why the sun seemed brighter to her than to himself, flowers sweeter, babies funnier, the streets more marvelous, and life altogether more beautiful. But he could not be entirely blind to the change in her these days; it was like a miraculous blooming. She was soft and radiant and could not be tired; she was quiet and rapturous and shining. Each day she seemed to put forth more and more happy blossoms. And tonight, for all his youth and egotism, and for all his absorption in what had happened to Riverside, he knew all this; he could not but guess that she saw, everywhere about her, divine wonders. But then she knew so little.

"So much, and so little," he thought.

She didn't know how warm and sweet it was in the South of France just now; she didn't know how orange trees and camellias and magnolias and pomegranates flowered; she didn't know of long white roads where high-powered cars traveled, bearing people to sparkling places to dine and sup and dance and gamble. She didn't know the headiness of Paris. She didn't know how women—not so pretty as herself, and yet beauties of fame—chose clothes she had never even imagined. She didn't know how tirelessly they spent on their massages, their perfumes, their coiffures; and how intoxicatingly the admiration of men rewarded their pains. She didn't know golden shores and blue seas. She didn't know hunting fields or race courses. She didn't know ancient rooms in candlelight, with gallant portraits looking down.

Only, in her way, she knew more than he. She knew how to keep her world intact about her. There was a famous painter. She had told him of Victor le Maur with as little concern as she might speak of a pavement artist. Surely it was strange that she couldn't be tempted, couldn't be coaxed, bribed or driven! Strange and wonderful. Of course he was thankful, adoring her.

"You are a thoughtful boy tonight."

"Yes, I'm thinking."

"What about?"

"You." It was easiest to leave it there. She was truly always in his thoughts. He hated and hated the days that still lay between them.

"I always think of you, Jenny."

In the lover's caresses that followed, she nearly told him about the great surprise. She barely controlled her eager tongue. But the joy of his anticipation wouldn't be half like the joy of his sheer amazement, when—so few days from now—he would enter this room with her and see upon this table a two-tiered cake.

She thrust the splendid secret back into her heart.

He said presently, "I'll wash up for you, Jenny; just like I shall do every evening after we're married."

He believed that, simpler in this than she. She did not believe it. This was the sort of thing she really knew about. She didn't know anything about white roads in France, the Côte d'Azur, the beauty parlors of Paris. But she did know that no man continued to wash up crocks for long after he married. She laughed and kept silence.

But she allowed herself to sit idly by the fire for just that one occasion, while he washed up. And she thought, meantime, of all the magnificent services she would render to her man. He was going to pull himself up—up—up again; perhaps even to that sphere where she could not but know he belonged—up out of Greengrove Alley, she with him. These two rooms were but a beginning.

She attended to the geranium, searching it for promise of fresh buds, and she found a bud of two that might be opening in time to look upon the two-tiered cake. She was overjoyed that all omens were so good.

"I'm lucky in everything!" she proved to Jack. "Lucky in everything!"

"Even to be alive seems lucky," he said.

But he was thinking of Philip, with no life in him, rather than of Jenny and himself.

When they had kissed good night he went into his own room and sat down to write to Sir Lucas, on one of the few remaining sheets of what had once been a quite decent pocket notebook. He wrote hesitatingly, with his stub of pencil.

Dear Uncle Lucas: I read of Phil's death, and I've got to tell you how sorry I am. You never want to hear of me again, I know, but I've got to tell you. Phil and I were such friends years ago that I'm almost as sorry for myself as I am for you. No, that's not true. The loss is all yours, and I've no right to share it.

I won't put any address, or you'll think I'm expecting you to write back; wanting something. I'm not.

I'm pretty low down in the world, but have taken care not to drag in the family. I call myself "Danby," not for any reason except that it was a name I picked out by chance in a paper. I don't suppose Jack Riverside will ever emerge again, and I'm damned sure John Danby will never make anyone concerned particularly proud of him. But I had to write.

JACK

Mr. Simmons worked him like a horse; it was the process known as "trying him out," to see if he would endure. He endured. But all the same, he sometimes wanted to invite Mr. Simmons to a round, with or without the gloves, in his own back yard. Then, with Mr. Simmons deposited among his own cabbages and potatoes by a straight one to the jaw, to put on his coat and to walk out a free man.

Jenny answered such contemplations: "Never mind—never mind. It's only while you're working yourself up. We'll save every week; in a couple of years we'll be able to take a little shop of our own. We'll expand gradually; two shops—three—then shops in better neighborhoods, then a Stores—it's how half the merchant princes have begun. You're beginning small, but who knows how you'll end? So never mind—never you mind, my dear." Her "my dear," so melodious with passion; yet at once humble and so tender.

"And how does Jenny think she'll end?"

She just wanted to end as the wife of her merchant prince and the mother of his children. She just wanted the luxury of sewing little delicate frocks and smocks and rompers by hand, instead of seaming tough clothes on her machine for strangers.

It was all very well. But, he thought again, she didn't know the roaming spaces down in Devon; she didn't know that down in the woods at Riverside at this moment were such carpets of bluebells as she had never seen. She didn't know of the hard tennis courts in the walled gardens waiting for gay young men to play on them. Nor of the good talk that went on about the long table in the ancient banqueting hall in the

(Continued on Page 105)

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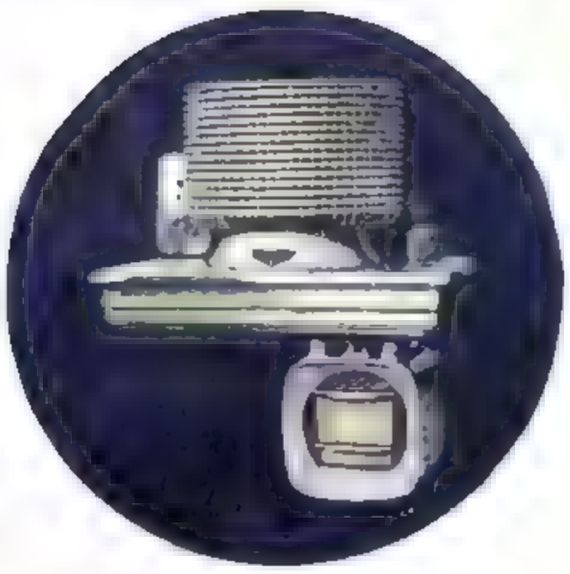

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 103)

heavenly summer weather, when famous men came down from their lawmaking in gray Westminster. She didn't know the softness and allure of the Riverside class of women

Every night he knew this afresh; every night, after the work was done and they stood together for the last minutes at her open window, looking out over a vista of roofs darkened and softened by the smoky paintbrush of the night. Each time that they stood there in the deep dusk, she was telling him of the great future; the city, even here, was to her a treasure town for their wanderings. . . . Hasn't today been fine? Won't tomorrow be lovelier? Isn't life most glorious? Look! Look! Look, how the big stars shine!

■

"HOW dare the young brute write to me!" said the old man furiously. But the fury was weak; it had not its old virility; it was flavored with the salt of tears shed, in mourning, desolate privacy, for Philip.

Philip's funeral was over. Life seemed to have stopped. His only son was dead; killed in some stupid unnecessary accident on a rottenly managed French railway. He had "made a dash," as he put it, South for a few days, on some young-man errand—old Lucas in secret knew all about it; to see some pretty rapid young married woman at Cannes. No harm would be done. She could take care of herself and so could Philip; not like that mad fool of a boy, his cousin—and suddenly, with a crash, all was over.

Lucas felt immeasurably old. No one to live for now; and the sap in his own body drying up perceptibly, the resilience he had felt even in late middle age now irresponsive to his mind's need of it. The great house so quiet; the gardens so uselessly busy, with all the new improvements going forward as ordered, as if nothing had happened; the new automobile, ordered months ago to please Philip, in the garage; the colt, Furnace, out of Rosalie by Cadet, in training for the Derby and showing such form! Philip's horse—the hope of his heart—and Philip would never see him run.

Coming in from the funeral alone—though half the countryside, of course, had been there, or sent representatives, or, at least, their cars to follow poor Philip—Lucas went to his library and sat down. And presently, knowing all was finished and accepting it, at last he stretched out his hand to the letters and telegrams that lay on his desk; there were cables, too, from almost all parts of the world. And he began to open them and read the condolences which could not help him. His brother's widow, silly Ellaline, had wired from her *pension* at Nice. She was so terribly sorry to think that he, too, was bereaved.

He too. He caught her meaning. Fool of a woman always. A nagging sort, in a puling way, who never let go of a grievance. She was quietly thrusting at him for his repudiation of her lost son. He too. Lucas drew the corners of his mouth down a little when he thought of Ellaline, living at Nice on his provision. If she thought that his unbearable loss would make him sorrier for her, she was, as usual, mistaken.

He knew that she had never cared for her son as greatly as he had cared for Philip. Her emotions were not of heroic size. They were rabbit-sized sort of emotions. He was unstirred by her reproachful sympathy. And then he read on and on and on—messages from men who had been his friends since boyhood, messages from great and small—until he came, low down in the orderly piles that had been placed for his reading, to the nondescript white envelope with the post-office stamp embossed upon it—the kind of envelope people use when they do not buy their individual and particular note paper. Inside he found a thin leaf from a notebook—from Jack.

Still with the corners of his grim mouth drawn down, Lucas read it and put it aside. But after the rest were finished he returned to Jack's letter, putting it down on the writing table before him, reading and rereading it, with his head sunk between his hands. Common paper from a notebook, written in pencil, with no address.

He saw, indeed, that the fellow didn't want anything. So much was clear even to Lucas, dumb with loss, furious, thwarted and suffering. If anything was good, that was good. And during the hours that were left of that day, he returned again and again to the letter, and he thought: "The boy stands on his own feet then. He doesn't come whining back."

Philip's place was empty. If only Jack hadn't been such a devastating young fool! If only, again and again, he hadn't disgraced himself, with the crowning disgrace and vexation of being sent down from Oxford! If only he had shown some signs of playing up to his name! He would be slipping into Philip's place now; he would be stepping into an empty heart, a makeshift, a mere guest there, but still a Riverside, to pick up the plans of life and carry on.

What friends they'd been, Philip and Jack; Philip six years the elder, but just as much of a boy in his wilder moments; and after all, his wilder moments, too, were many. It was merely that he had more ballast, more executive sense, more settled ambition than that boy of Ellaline's. Did six years' seniority account for that? Not entirely. Philip had never quite disgraced himself; Philip's youthful reputation had remained clear.

Would one blame it upon Ellaline perhaps? Such a fool of a woman; a mother with none of the Spartan in her, as mothers of sons should have. A shiftless woman who liked to be easy and untroubled and had never taken a firm line with her fatherless boy.

"Oh, Lucas, can't you forgive him? Can't you give him another start? It's so hard for high-spirited young men ——"

Weakness. He hated weakness. He had always had a vision of the hordes of the weak, overwhelming, overweighting, suffocating the small ranks of the strong; binding the hands of the strong—fifty to one. Squandering, making havoc purposelessly, and laying waste.

"Let him start himself, Ellaline."

"Start himself! Oh! Oh! What do you mean? How can a young man start himself?"

"I have grooms in my stables, chauffeurs in my garage, even drab little housemaids about the house—all of whom, presumably, started themselves. Is your son less than these?"

"It isn't the same thing! Oh! Oh, how can you?"

"My lawyer will explain to you exactly how I can."

His lawyers had explained it. Sir Lucas had done all he intended to do. His decisions were irrevocable. He would not again receive his nephew, who must henceforth make his own way. Emigration was suggested and spurned. His lawyers settled Ellaline quite comfortably at Nice, where she was glad to go to escape troubles and discussions. Jack was in rooms in Jermyn Street, flinging about such of his allowance as he had left. Jack was hunting here and there for congenial work, confident that it would be forthcoming. Jack owed money all over the West End, the young scoundrel! Jack had gone from Jermyn Street, disappeared, submerged. But now his letter in Lucas' hand made him very much alive again. Only he had given no address. There was only a postmark—Whitechapel, the East End. He must be pretty poor; in a shocking bad way. Lucas was glad the fellow was proud, too, being so poor.

Jenny had a calendar on which she marked off the days—five, four, three, two—until astoundingly soon, it seemed to Danby, the last day came—the day before their wedding. In one day more he would have bound himself to this life—this strangely happy life; this absurd, ludicrous outrageous life; this sweet passionate life—with Jenny.

They had all the furniture for the second room now—on the installment plan. He envisaged tomorrow, as he went about Mr. Simmons' strenuous and unceasing behests. Tomorrow his narrow bed would be moved beside Jenny's narrow bed; her room would become a bedroom pure and simple; his would be the living room; really, an arrangement of almost unprecedented luxury and refinement in Greengrove Alley. Two rooms for two people!

"Everybody as I can think of begins with one!" said Mrs. Leave strongly when she climbed from the ground floor to view the attractions at the top. She had not been invited, but she just came, the housewife hunger eating at her vitals too greedily to be denied. "My, you've made yourselves a sofer!" She felt the box ottoman. "My, you've been and got curtains for this winder too! Well, what d'you think you are? Dook an' duchess? Aw, lumme, this is somethink like a home!" Her cry: "George never give me nothink like this! But then," comforting herself for Jenny's superiority in the matter of husbands, "I guess you paid for more'n half of it, didn' y'?"

"We share. We're partners."

"H'm. You take care you ain't the workin' partner and he the mantelpiece ornament. That's all I got to say to you, my gel."

"I'm not worrying."

"Well, you're a kind gel, and nobody in this alley ain't wishing you no harm. I'll say that." She had brought a little present—a woolwork mat to stand heaven knows what nonexistent ornament on, only heaven and Mrs. Leave knew why. "Wishing you luck, Jenny. The children made it for me. They learns that sorter thing at school. It's all me and George can do, but it'll remind you that we wish you well."

All the alley knew of the wedding. The woman, Linda, who had sat for famous artists, who had long forgotten her, ran across with a gift, too—a little vase:

"Seeing you're crazy about flowers, I thought ——"

They embraced.

"I spose you'll never sit to Victor le Maur now, Jenny?"

"Never intended to."

"My, the independence of you! When I was a girl I went faint with joy if any of the big ones took an interest in me. And Victor le Maur too! Victor le Maur!"

"I don't want artists. I don't want anything but what I've got."

"A home," said the wrecked woman quietly, looking about her.

"A home."

At night when Jack came back there was always some little thing added to the other gifts. Horrific things in their so-small way: A cup and saucer from Wembley, so inscribed; Linda's red glass vase upon the Leaves' wool mat; a fancy milk jug—of incredibly humble status were his wedding presents.

Just one thing made them beautiful, shining over them all like a sun—joy.

"One more day, Jack! One more day! Tomorrow, my dear."

Joy too divine and wonderful for mere words and action; even for the soft and unconscious singing that came always from her throat, just as a bird sings upon a summer morning. Joy that she could feel, eat, sleep. Joy that enveloped people as she walked by them—strong, radiant, earthly joy.

The two-tiered cake was ready—she had had a message about it. She planned to bring it home privily the night before the great day, before Jack should have returned from work. She had planned its hiding place and safe-keeping. She had inquired about it whenever she made her journeys to and from Dealy's—not so frequent, now that Jack could sometimes take the parcels—and the confectioner's wife had, at each inquiry, given her happy news of it. "Dad's just taken it out of the oven. It smells a treat. As rich!" And next

(Continued on Page 107)

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No. 1718—Girls' patent leather one-strap pump with attractive cut-outs on vamp and quarter.

(Continued from Page 105)

time: "Dad's been at the almond paste for the top. Half an inch thick! My! It's a cake all right!" And then: "Dad's iced it!" And then: "Dad's doing the piping. He's making them little sugar roses, and putting some little frosty silver leaves on." And then, a message by a little girl: "Your cake's ready."

She couldn't go immediately for the marvel. She had a pressure of work and must take it to Dealy's. And then when she got to the Gents' Ready-Made Clothing Store, Mr. Dealy was out, and so kept her waiting for her money. As she waited she talked for a little while with the hunchbacked cutter, who had divined, in some subterranean way all his own, her approaching marriage. He had many sad and terrible things to say to her on the subject before Mr. Dealy returned and paid her and she was free to go.

Into the April evening she hurried; seven o'clock, and Danby wouldn't be back till 8:30, anyway; this being the day before early-closing day, and Mr. Simmons liking to make the best of it on that account. She made her way to the confectioner's shop in a narrow street off the Whitechapel Road, round the corner from Dealy's, but before she reached it she saw a little crowd of women and children about the low-browed window. Instantly she could guess at what they gazed, after what their hearts hankered. She reached the window and saw the cake—two-tiered, white and silver, magnificent For a few minutes she joined the small group and looked; she wished to hear their comments. She wanted to cry out to them: "I'm the bride!" and bravely restrained herself.

Their admiring exclamations and good-natured envy rose in a crescendo. The group grew. All that the boys and girls saw was the best cake ever, a dream of a cake, an impossible cake. But the women:

"C'm'on an' look, missis. Did y' ever see? A wedding cake." "Lor'!" "I never 'ad no wedding cake, did you?" "Ain't it lovely?" "Might be for a princess, mightn't it?" "I fink a girl as doesn't have a wedding cake misses a lot; it means a lot. Not that I had one meself." "She'll be happy for one day, anyways, whoever she is." "Well, good luck to her, pore thing." "She don't need us to say 'good luck.' She got it, wiv a cake like that." "I wonder if she'll wear white?"

She almost turned about and cried to them, though they were all strangers, "Yes, I'm wearing white. I've got out my last-summer voile."

She had indeed. She was going to wear white—another surprise for Jack. It was fine weather; the sun would shine. She had taken from its wrappings the best frock of last summer and two summers before that—cotton voile, washed like new—and the white straw hat with a rose, and the white canvas shoes cleaned like snow. As she said to Mrs. Leave, she wasn't going to try to buy a new frock, with Jack in his one suit of flannel so dreadfully worn; but an old frock was different, even though it were white—and there was something about white for a wedding.

Only one wedding in one life for one girl. Let it be white. But without telling the women and children, whose insatiate eyes were fixed upon the cake, she went in; and when she went in, the cake was lifted from the window and the little crowd dispersed.

"A three-pound cake, as ordered," said the confectioner, loath to part with his masterpiece. Twelve shillings. Not very large in circumference. How could it be? But a high cake, of two stories. He let it stand upon a silver-paper-covered platter. "The correct thing, miss. Didn't you know that?"

She took the box very, very carefully: and very, very carefully carried it home, walking slowly, keeping the cake upright.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PERFECTION—LIMITED

(Continued from Page 19)

some of your spare minutes reading this book on English literature. Later we will discuss and analyze together the various selections."

About this time I began to be attacked by a mysterious malady which I could not explain. Though formerly very energetic, I now began to feel tired. I would even wake up with this tired feeling. My appetite left me; I had headaches; and occasionally my knees would give way. In fact, I changed to such an extent that the boss said, "What is the matter with you, Hank? If your job interferes with an all-night poker party, all you have to do is to give up your job."

As a matter of fact, since that conversation with Elaine I had cut out all poker playing and, indeed, had given up all other vices indulged in before, including tobacco. And yet the malady not only affected me as described but grew steadily worse

When I mentioned my state to Geoff he advised physical culture for fifteen minutes night and morning, saying that it was only his daily exercises along these lines that had enabled him to attain a mark of 99 in his correspondence course in engineering. But after tackling these twice I decided I would do better to call on a doctor.

"I don't find anything wrong with you," said the latter, after hitting me all over, taking my temperature, and so on. "There is no physical reason why you should have a sense of oppression, with pains in the back and eyes every time you sit down to study, and your legs giving way under you whenever you start out to make a call. My idea would be that the cause is psychic."

"What is that?" I asked.

"I mean by that it is purely mental. Are you suffering from depression as the result of some personal misfortune? Is there anything which causes you steady worry? Is it a case of jealousy or suspicion?"

Up to this moment I had not thought of mental causes for my malady, but I now perceived that quite possibly the doctor was right. In spite of trying to ignore them I had noticed several little things which demanded explanations. And I saw that by brooding over these incidents I had become both jealous and suspicious.

First there was that peculiar expression observed on Geoffrey Fairfax when I had told him I wanted to get married; the second link in the chain was that by sending me to Mrs. Leathers he had really been responsible for my meeting Elaine Van Struyver; and, third, one evening when I had remarked, "These are the fair facts of the case," Elaine had turned pale, and when asked why had avoided the question with a forced laugh. Were these three incidents not connected?

After looking at the matter from all sides I concluded it was my duty to draw out Geoff and discover just how much he really knew both as to the existence of my fortune and as to the identity of the girl I hoped to marry.

"Geoff," I said that evening, while watching him like a hawk, "here is a surprise for you. Maybe you will be interested to find out that I do not have to work for a living, because I am independently wealthy."

"I read all about it last year in the Chicago paper and I congratulate you. I didn't feel like bringing up the subject myself, Hank, old man, because I felt you might have your reasons for not wishing me to."

I was astonished to hear him admit this so frankly, but I was not astonished that he was aware of my inheritance, because that was one of the things I had just suspected.

"Well, Geoff, then here is another piece of news that will certainly startle you. I never thought to tell you the name of the girl I am to marry till yesterday, when I found that she knew you." This last was a mere supposition. "Her name is Elaine Van Struyver."

He became pale and his voice trembled as he answered, "Yes, Hank, old man, I have the pleasure of Miss Van Struyver's acquaintance and she is a wonderful girl in every way and I congratulate you again. Now, if you will excuse, I will have to get back to my studies."

I did not move as I said, "Study seems to be the big thing in your life, Geoff."

"Yes," he said in a harsh voice, "I am doing the best I can for myself in an intellectual way and the only thing that hampers me is my lack of capital. Well, I have a good idea of what I am going to do to remove that obstacle."

He laughed in a grating style, while I walked out of the room and down the stairs with my knees giving way at every step.

III

THERE may be those who will consider me suspicious by nature thus to suppose that a plot was on foot, when I had no evidence whatever outside of these little incidents. But those incidents suggested a humiliating question which, as far as I was concerned, clinched the matter.

Unless it was all part of a plot why did Elaine want to marry me?

Any looking-glass proved that I was not as handsome or well built as were a half dozen of her admirers, to say nothing of Geoff. I had never been any kind of a sheik, even in high-school days. And when it came to conversational ability often Elaine would have to stop and give me definitions of what the long words meant.

I could think of several good reasons why I wanted to marry Elaine, but not one single reason why she should want to marry me except for the financial advantages involved, and how did she know I had money unless Geoff or Mrs. Leathers had told her? And why should Geoff tell her, when it was plain he liked her and wanted her himself? And why, if she loved me, should she turn pale and get all confused when I remarked two words that sounded like Fairfax? And assuming all the above was imagination, why had Geoff concealed the fact that he knew Elaine? Why had he not introduced me himself?

Naturally I was not so simple as to suppose they were getting ready to knock me on the head or slip something into my coffee; but a glance through a book entitled Bunco Games Exposed; How to Protect Yourself from Swindlers indicated any number of easy ways for designing persons to separate a man from his capital. I saw that if I should try to save myself by skipping out before the wedding all Elaine would have to do would be to take my letters and sue me for a hundred thousand dollars' worth of damages; and if I remembered rightly what I had written Elaine—and I did—she would win that case without the jury leaving the box.

An attempt to draw Mrs. Leathers out was not what could be called successful. She said, "This is my busy evening, Mr. Barker. The Ladies' Club for the Study of Evolution is giving a benefit dance next week, and if I don't get out these announcements for the morning mail I am liable to lose a meal ticket."

"What are they studying evolution for?"

"Tra-la-la. I suppose they hope to find out how to become fit enough to survive."

"Do the fit always survive?"

"They sure do. The fact that they are the survivors proves that they are the fit. Tell the nonsurvivors to laugh that off."

When I was by Elaine's side it did not seem possible to suspect her of anything.

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But after saying good night and beginning to feel—well, maybe everything is all right after all, I would drop into the library the next noon and come across some book like Crimes of Culture, and after fifteen minutes of turning over the leaves, would not know what to think. Previous to reading along these lines I had never supposed that cultured people ever descended to crime, but I soon had data to prove that they not only descended to it but often fairly reveled in it. Lucrezia Borgia, a very cultured lady of some time back, did not seem to know the meaning of remorse. "Why did you take the bread from your starving children and invest it in your researches?" they asked a French party of a scientific turn. "Oh," he said, "I thought the world needed a new kind of pottery more than it needed children," or words to that effect. "Yes," said Mr. Aram of England, "I killed him and threw his body into a cave, because his gold was not doing him any good and I felt I could use it in my researches in the science of language."

The more I brooded over possibilities, the worse I became mentally and physically, until I knew I would either have to get at the truth in the case or go crazy.

"Elaine," I said one evening, looking at her closely, "I met an old friend of yours the other day."

"Oh, is that so, Henry? Who was it?"

"His name is Geoffrey Fairfax."

She became a little paler. "Oh, yes, Henry, I know him well. He is an admirable young man in every way, and I am glad you have his acquaintance."

"I hope there is no complication, Elaine, between you and Geoff and that you would not be embarrassed to meet him once more."

She became even paler as she responded, "Of course not, Henry. Why do you ask?"

"I will tell you, Elaine. Friday evening at Millvale there will be a classical oratorio and concert. How would you like to drive down and see it?"

"Nothing would please me better, Henry, but I don't care to go alone; and you have your chemistry-laboratory hours and I know you don't wish to miss them."

"Exactly, Elaine," I answered, for I had anticipated this response, "but since Geoffrey is an old and dear friend of mine I am going to ask him to accompany you. How will that be?"

"That will be splendid, Henry," she said, her face flushing, "and I am sure I will enjoy it. Though I would enjoy it still more if I were going with you."

In spite of the fact that he had arranged to study shop management as preparation for an executive position for which he was about to apply, Geoffrey consented to be Elaine's escort. And I noticed that in accepting he showed the same embarrassment that had been exhibited by Elaine.

So far everything had gone well, and it looked as though I would have success with my plan, which was as follows: In addition to buying two reserved seats for Geoffrey and Elaine, I had purchased an extra place located directly behind them. And it was my intention to attend the concert thoroughly disguised by the use of a small black artificial mustache, smoked glasses, and a new suit and overcoat. Thus, safe from observation, I would overhear all they said, and without doubt any plot or secret understanding between them would be revealed.

Friday evening arrived. Taking the Millvale road a little before seven, I ran along feeling more and more depressed with each jiggle of the speedometer.

I do not know how the accident happened. I only remember I was indulging in an imaginary but spirited conversation in which I did not mince words, when, with an unexpected shimmy, the car left the road and ran into the ditch.

IV

WHEN I regained consciousness, which happened very gradually, the first sensation was that my right leg had been caught and that I was entirely covered by seat cushions and other things; my second sensation was that two parties on the bank above me were talking together. As my brain cleared I was about to yell for help, when the words choked in my throat; I had recognized Geoffrey's voice.

"No, Elaine, there is nothing to suggest that Hank is buried under the wreckage. From appearances, I should rather believe that, unharmed by the accident, he has gone to telephone some garage. Let us sit down and wait for him."

After a moment of thoughtful meditation I decided that things could not have happened better. Whatever, at the concert, would have been whispered, might here be openly and freely expressed, and I had only to wait and I would understand the mysterious reason that had induced Elaine to say she would marry me. Therefore, with teeth clenched, I listened for the intimate revelations to follow.

"Geoffrey, I wonder what Henry was doing out here at this hour of the evening? Do you suppose his chemistry professor was ill and had the class dismissed?"

"It is more than probable, Elaine. The *Bacillus influenzæ* has been quite active of late and many have been stricken. Vaccines have been tried, but the evidence of their value is not conclusive. How beautiful the stars are this evening."

"Particularly Aldebaran, Geoffrey."

"And the Corona Borealis."

"And how wonderfully the moon shines. It seems odd to realize, Geoffrey, that it is 238,817 miles from the earth, though this distance constantly varies, owing to the ellipticity of the earth's orbit. Have you noticed, Geoffrey, the quantity of bryophytes on the adjacent rocks?"

"Yes, Elaine. Rock formations in this vicinity are mainly Jurassic, though here and there we find traces of the Pleistocene."

"How strange to think of those far-gone days, Geoffrey, when the megatherium was a common sight."

"And the ichthyosaur, Elaine."

"And the pterodactyl, Geoffrey."

A silence fell between them during which I clenched my teeth and stiffened my muscles so as not to make the least noise which might disturb the revelations to follow.

"Elaine," said Geoffrey, after a minute, and in a low, tender voice, "lately I have been going in seriously for philosophy."

"Have you, Geoffrey?" she replied in the same sympathetic tones. "Some day I hope to be able to take it up seriously myself, though until the present, I am ashamed to confess, I have done no more than to read idly the works of the great philosophers."

"A certain knowledge of the subject, Elaine, is necessary to every real student, for philosophy should be considered as the coördination of the principles of each individual science. Our task as philosophers is to try to harmonize the claims of their postulates so far as they conflict."

"How true, Geoffrey—how true."

Though all this was very improving I experienced a great difficulty in keeping myself from asking them to hurry up and get down to brass tacks. I do not suppose my automobile was any heavier than any other automobile, but it felt that way.

"Elaine," said Geoffrey, in a voice so low I could hardly hear it, "thanks to my skimmings in philosophy I have learned that I was altogether too categoric in that conversation we had ten weeks ago."

"Whether you were too categoric or not, Geoffrey, I had no business contradicting you with such vehemence."

"You were perfectly justified in so doing, Elaine, for I was mistaken as to my facts. I should never have made such a broad statement about triangles, because from the standpoint of the non-Euclidean geometry you were right and I was wrong."

"It was not worth a quarrel, Geoffrey."

"At least we are again on good terms, Elaine, and ready to help each other once more." *(Continued on Page 110)*

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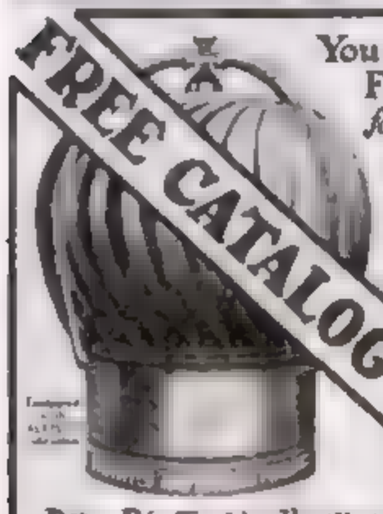

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(Continued from Page 108)

"And I am so glad, Geoffrey, because in the case of Henry there are times when I do not feel equal to the task alone."

The discomfort in my leg was no longer noticeable as I strained every nerve to follow the conversation which, I felt, from now on would be of the most vital interest to me in the matter of my future welfare.

"Of course I will stand by you, Elaine, but so far you seem to have managed pretty well by yourself. Everything seems to be coming out the way it should."

"Yes, he is doing exactly as I wish. It won't be long now."

With an effort I reached my arm up to my right ear so as to miss nothing of what was to follow.

"To speak vulgarly, Elaine, you have Hank now about where you want him."

"Don't talk like that, Geoffrey; someone might overhear."

"You know what I mean, Elaine. But I must warn you of one thing. Knowing Henry as I do I can state without fear of successful contradiction that you will be running a grave risk if ever you let him suspect your ultimate intentions."

"Naturally. But I am feeling my way and doing nothing to frighten him. I have already directed his attention to that course in elementary chemistry."

"That sounds like a master stroke."

Every muscle in my body was tensed as I waited for the secret to be revealed.

"Biology and physics should come next, don't you think, Geoffrey?"

"And mathematics."

"Yes, indeed. Henry must begin his mathematics at once, because I feel every man who is a red-blooded man should be well grounded in mathematics. As soon as we are married and when Henry has refreshed his memory of geometry, we will proceed at once to trigonometry and higher algebra."

A cold sweat broke out all over me. My throat felt as if it was paralyzed, while my leg, which hitherto had not attracted any particular attention, began to ache like a sore tooth.

"It opens vistas for you, Elaine."

"Yes, Geoffrey, I feel sure I shall be very happy with Henry. There is so much he does not know. Take physiography for instance."

"Or odontology, Elaine."

I lay there listening and suffering at every pore. Pain in all parts of my body had increased to a point where it seemed impossible to bear same, and my eyes felt as though they were starting from their sockets.

"The fact that Henry is an auto painter shows a definite artistic trend. I have already purchased a standard three-volume history of art, and with that, Geoffrey, I shall begin his art education."

"That will be splendid for him, Elaine."

"And I will enjoy it so, because I love bringing light into dark places, and Henry has so many dark places."

"He has indeed, Elaine."

"Geoffrey, in a roundabout way I have heard the rumor that Henry is really rich and that he has been disguising himself as a poor man because he wished to find someone who loved him for himself alone. Can you tell me if that is true?"

"I have reason to believe it is the truth, Elaine."

"What prospects that opens, Geoffrey; not for myself so much, but for poor Henry. I loved him the first time I talked with him, because, if I may so express myself, his mind was like a virgin field. His formal knowledge was practically zero. And if he is rich, what a wonderful opportunity to make something of that mind of his. Because he is not really a defective, Geoffrey."

"No, indeed, Elaine; he is normal, or almost."

My heart was pounding and the blood was singing in my ears until I felt I was going to burst. My leg was in an agony and so was every separate square inch of my skin. I wanted to say something, but my lungs would not work. All I could do was to lie there.

"That has always been my ambition, Geoffrey: To do good by taking unfortunate and unpromising people and making something of them. And I can think of no pleasanter way of spending my life than by concentrating on Henry. I can already see in my mind's eye the little country place, far from the fevered life of the great city, that will be our home. The most important room will be the library, full of the master works of the master minds. Henry will appreciate that."

"He surely will, Elaine."

"And —— For why should we not aim at perfection, Geoffrey?"

"Why not, indeed, Elaine?"

"And back of the house will be Henry's laboratory, where he will improve his mind under the direction of competent specialists. . . . How many hours a day does Edison work, Geoffrey?"

"Eighteen, as a rule, Elaine."

"I should not dream of starting out Henry like that. Fifteen hours a day ought to be enough at first."

"Yes, at first."

"Then, little by little, we will increase the hours until he is doing a full day's work and is ready to go to bed tired. But, Geoffrey, I am always going to arrange his schedule so that Henry will have at least one free hour during the day."

Lights were dancing before my eyes and my brain was throbbing so hard it seemed it would burst. I was hot all over and yet shivering at the same time. My hands were shut so tight I could not open them, and when I tried to move I merely quivered like a leaf.

"Why do you wish to give him a free hour, Elaine?"

"You may think me light and frivolous, Geoffrey, but ever since I was a young girl it has been my dream to have a husband who played the violin. There is nothing that makes such an appeal to me as a man violinist. I am going to start Henry on the violin at once, and when he is proficient we will spend our leisure moments playing duets together."

At this point I lost consciousness completely. When once more I came to myself Geoffrey and Elaine had gone and I was alone. My previous anguished feelings were no longer present, or rather, though present, they had been transformed into a grim determination. And so grim was this determination that in about sixty seconds I had kicked myself loose from the wreckage and, an hour later, was rapping at the door of Mrs. Leathers' apartment.

"What is the matter, Mr. Barker?" she said, when she saw my clothes and face. "Have you been playing marbles for keeps?"

"No, Mrs. Leathers," I said. "I have just come to ask you to arrange something for me. I have made up my mind not to marry Elaine."

"What is the matter, Mr. Barker? Isn't Elaine worthy of you?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Leathers, I am not worthy of her, and I see now I would not be worthy of her if I lived to be a hundred years old. And if she is going to marry anybody, Elaine ought to marry a certain party she knows is worthy of her, and I wish you would fix it up so she can marry this perfection party; but I don't care who she marries so long as she don't marry me, and I would commit suicide first."

The wedding of Geoffrey and Elaine was celebrated quietly, but to the satisfaction of all, including the society reporters. And to point out how well Mrs. Leathers arranged everything without hurting any feelings, I will merely state that I acted as best man. Incidentally, Geoffrey still thinks that the local company of which he is general manager and efficiency expert is the property of a Chicago corporation. He does not know that I am the owner and have left a will so that if anything happens to me it will become the sole property of himself and Elaine, and if Geoffrey dies, it is to go to Elaine, provided she never marries anyone whose last name begins with B.

"Well," I remarked as we threw the last handful of rice, "I am satisfied and I am sure their children will be perfect specimens."

"Tra-la-la," said my wife, for I had got married myself a couple of weeks previous. "Yes, perfect—for a museum."

THE CALKER

(Continued from Page 17)

The man was against the wall, arms extended to block the whirlwind of fists, knees sagging, fear flickering across his face, eyes bulged wide open.

What was it Dan Hogan had said? Oh, yes. "Round eyes that pop out when he feels his back against the ropes"—yellow. A revulsion swept over Lucien Aloysius as he held back his hand.

"Go down," he said grimly. "Down! Go down before I knock you down. Go down before I tear you apart, you yellow quitter!"

The fighter slumped to his knees, nor offered to rise again. Lucien snapped back the bolt and threw open the door. "You can come in now, Mr. Hogan," he said.

Apparently Mr. Hogan had been trying to peer through the keyhole, for he was in the room instantly. He stood still, quickly glancing all around with his triangular eyes half closed, half smiling.

"Well, well," he said. "I wondered what that crash was. Tried to slam you with the cot, did he? Heard you hit the floor a couple of times, kid. You got up. I'd have been in here to help you, only you locked the door."

"Didn't need no help," said Lucien Aloysius, again relapsing from grammar-school standards as to speech.

"I see you didn't," went on Dan Hogan. "Didn't think you could knock him out so quick. Made him quit. That's good enough. It's better. I've got no use for quitters."

Turning to the fighter, Dan snapped, "Get those tights and shoes off and hand them to the kid here. Dress and get out. You better get a job digging a ditch. You're through fighting."

"I gotta fight tonight," whined the fighter.

"No, you haven't," said Hogan. "I said you're through. The kid gets your tights and your shoes and your job. Move, now, before I finish you myself. If I have to argue with a fighter I use a blackjack—so move fast."

In the next half hour Lucien Aloysius had his first lesson in scientific fighting. And it was thorough, though short, for Dan Hogan knew his game and how to play it.

"I knew, the minute I saw you, that you could fight, kid," said Dan. "But you're green. This guy you're going to fight is a sap. That's why I picked him. He knows a little and he's had some experience, so you've got to get him in a hurry or he'll get you. In the ring isn't on the street, kid. Any professional pug is a champion beside a street fighter. But now you're a professional—you just licked one. Remember that. You just licked a better fighter than the one you're going to lick out there. Now you fight this way: The moment the bell rings you jump across the ring right at him. Try to catch him before he can move out of his corner. Go in straight up, and just as you get to him, duck lower and let his punch go over your head, and hit at his stomach with everything you've got. Some

(Continued on Page 113)

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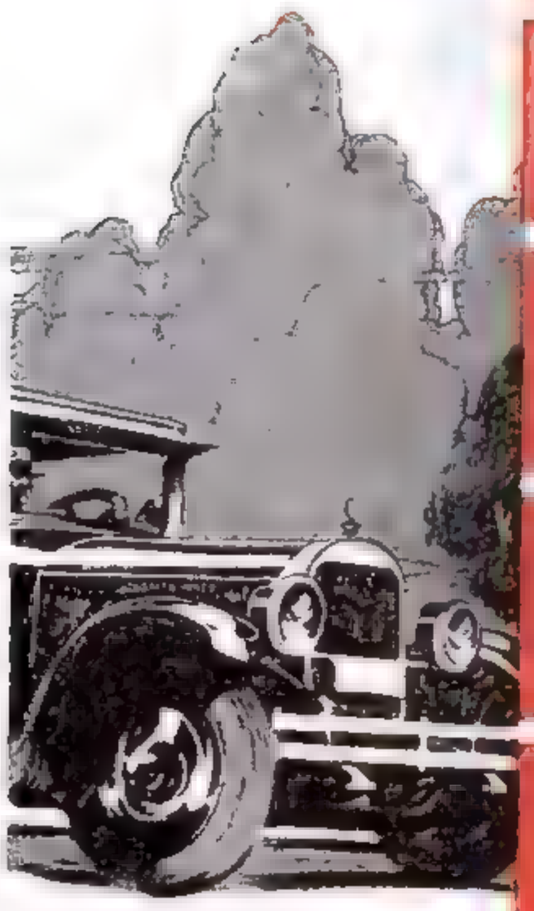

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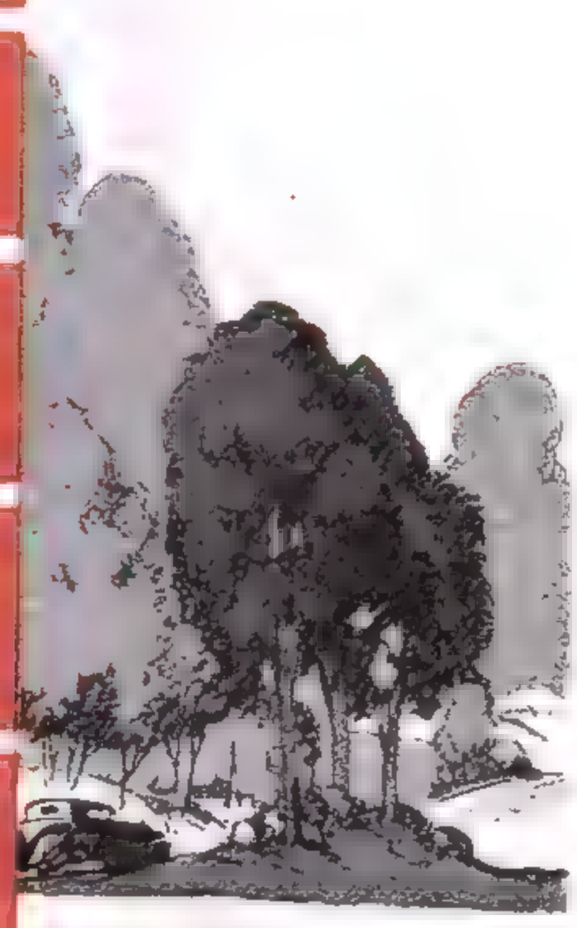

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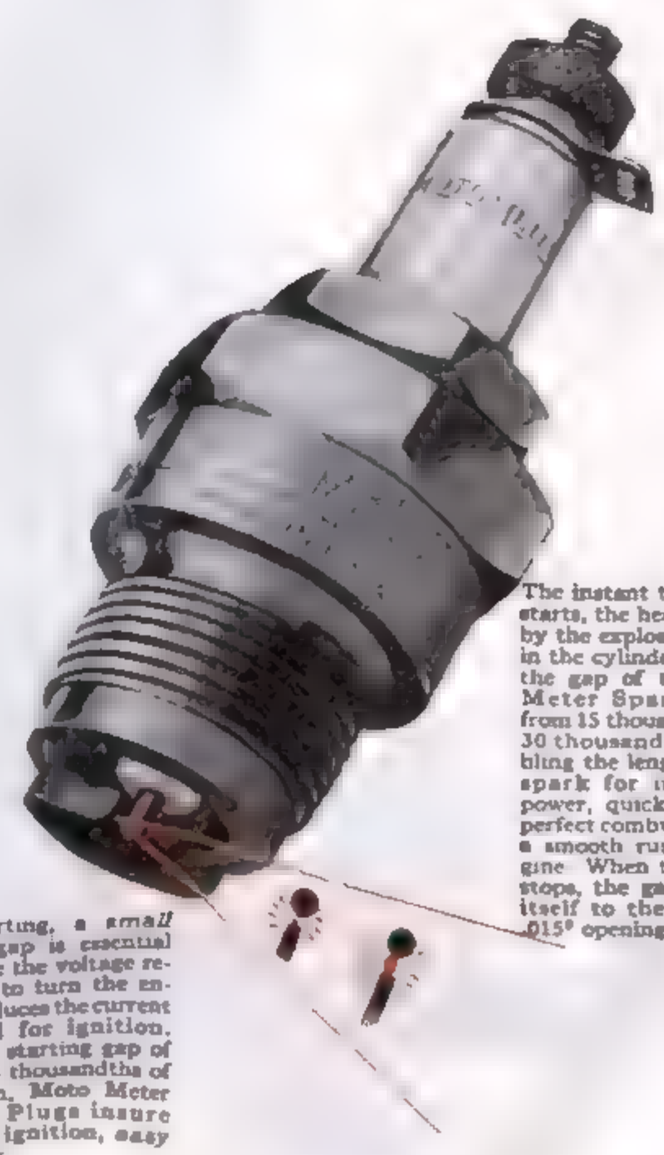

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(Continued from Page 110)

of these pugs have so much solid ivory around the dome they haven't brains enough to know they're hurt when you hit 'em on the jaw, but they're all soft around the edge of the ribs. Hit down a little bit, because a grazing blow does more damage. If he stays up, fight as fast as you can. Crowd him. Stick close. Keep pasting. If you put him down, run around behind him. If he doesn't see you he may forget to get up, if he's half out. If he does get up, you can nail him back of the ear before he finds you and gets set to fight. That's all you can remember this time. By a month from now I'll make a regular fighter out of you. How old are you? Eighteen? Not old enough. If they ask you, you're twenty-one. And I'll give you a name so they won't line you up by stories in the papers, kid. A good Irish name. I'll think of one and give it to the announcer."

So, a little later, as Lucien Aloysius stood in his corner of the Coal Dock Athletic Club ring, for the first time in his life gazing out over a crowd of eight hundred that looked to his novice eyes like as many thousand, he heard the announcer call loudly, that all might hear:

"In this corner Pete Smith, the Elizabeth Iron Man. In the other corner a substitute brought here under cover by Manager Daniel Hogan—a fighter unknown to this fair city, but famous in his own part of the country as Crasher Kiley. Let 'er go!"

The bell, jangling for silence. Instructions, quick return to corners, scraping of chairs and undertone of excitement from the crowd, glaring lights flashing on overhead. Bewilderment of it all seemed to inclose Crasher Kiley, who only a moment before was Lucien Aloysius Milligan, in a gray fog.

A single harsh, ominous clang of the gong. Instantly, as it happens in dreams, the scene changed for Lucien. No more smoke wreaths were drifting from the ringside across his eyes. There was no more swaying crowd with the queer phenomenon of flat pale faces staring at him from the semidarkness beyond the ropes. He didn't know that his legs had moved under him like the twinkling limbs of a Paddock or a Locke; that he had crossed the ring.

There before Lucien was the face of Pete Smith, the Elizabeth Iron Man, apparently rising from the haze within arm's reach as Pete came up slowly and kicked his chair back between the ropes.

Pete's broad face was a little pale and his expression anxious. No one ever before had come to meet him with that lightning flash of speed. He struck out, more to defend himself than to do damage. It was just as Dan Hogan had said it would be. Through the mind of Crasher Kiley, *né* Lucien Aloysius Milligan, Dan's words shot so swiftly that they crackled. Down bobbed his head under the uncertain lead and crash went his right fist against the Iron Man's ribs, driving a little bit downward, with a most distressing effect that made the Iron Man feel as if he'd been scrambled like an egg.

The Iron Man bent in the middle and fell forward on his face. He rolled over to his side, kicked out spasmodically. Across his sprawling legs leaped the newly christened Crasher; leaped two strides away and turned to wait while the bewildered and startled referee, forgetting to drive him farther cornerward, counted slowly. At "ten" the Iron Man was still curled up like a leaf.

Dan Hogan, catapulting between the ropes, caught the Crasher in his arms and dragged him back, hustled him from the ring, down through the gaping, astonished crowd to the small door, through the dank and gaping passageway to the fetid dressing room. He closed the door, bolted it. He danced a few steps of what in polite East Side society might have passed as a genuine Irish jig.

"Crasher!" exulted Mr. Hogan. "Do I know a fighter? Oh, boy! Did I name you, or didn't I?"

Lucien Aloysius Milligan, or Crasher Kiley, now in such a state of bewilderment over the surge of events that he hardly knew what his name was in truth, admitted that Mr. Hogan might be right. He was shaking all over, and his trembling legs could hardly bear his weight as he pulled the dingy red tights down over his shoes. He sat down more than willingly to get the shoes off in turn. He threw the red tights into a corner and groped for his own discarded clothing, the familiar feel of which convinced him that he was still alive and on earth, and awake—not in the whirl of a nightmare. To make sure, he went carefully through his pockets. A knife, three pencil stubs, a frayed handkerchief, a nickel and a thin, battered dime. Yes, that was just as he remembered the contents, two or three thousand years ago, before all this happened. He was really Lucien Aloysius, grammar-school graduate and looking for a job that would be better than driving a truck. Or was he looking for a job?

Mr. Hogan, still inclined to jig a bit, paused in front of Lucius Aloysius Milligan Crasher Kiley, stared at him through his pale-blue triangular eyes, from the corners of which tiny wrinkles now turned humorously upward.

"And you wouldn't let me have my seat," said Mr. Hogan. "Now you see what comes of it. Obstinate you are, and quarrelsome. You was going to knock me for a loop—was that it? And I had to promise you forty dollars to inveigle you out of there, and you licked my fighter for me. I don't mind telling you a secret. I wasn't a bit sure but that he'd lick you and throw you out and let me go back and enjoy my seat in peace. But it's all right. Crasher, you've got it in you to be a grand fighter, with my brains to help you. It's a champion I'll make of you before I'm through, or kill you in the trying. Tonight you'll go home and sleep, and tomorrow you'll come where I tell you and we'll start learning you how to use science."

Mr. Hogan stopped and began feeling in his pockets. He pulled out a roll of bills, as the saying is, "big enough to choke a horse."

"Here's your forty dollars," said Mr. Hogan. "That's for beating the Iron Man. This time you get all of it, which will never happen again while I'm in my right senses. And here's sixty more for ridding me of a cheese fighter. Go home now. See me tomorrow. Good night."

Lucien strolled down the street and turned into the Avenue. And although there was no moon shining and the street lamps glimmered fitfully through smoky globes and the cars had stopped running except at long intervals, it seemed to him that in all his eighteen years he'd never seen a brighter evening. What was it Mr. Hogan had said about a champion? Why, Lucien had heard that champions of the ring earned immense sums. They even got as much as—now—a thousand dollars for a single fight! Lucien Aloysius whistled. He began a swift mental calculation involving figures, the first practical application of what he always had regarded as an entirely useless art. A thousand dollars for a fight; and a fight, like tonight's, might not last more than four or five seconds after the first bell, with a ten-second count thrown in. Cripes! Rockefeller didn't make money faster than that!

Lucien held in a tighter grip the small, hard roll of bills in his trousers pocket. He felt very prosperous, even rich.

Lucien awoke early the next morning and as soon as he was dressed went out and bought a newspaper from the Greek on the corner. Sitting in the kitchen, waiting for breakfast, he turned to the sporting pages and was almost startled to find a story, under a double-column head, relating his exploit of the night before. For the first time in his life he saw his name in print—his new name. He felt as if he was reading about some stranger as he perused the lurid description of that short and bewildering

Architects of Sturdy Feet

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for Boys HEALTH SHOES for Girls

WATCH your children at their strenuous play. You marvel at their boundless energy. "My goodness," you exclaim, "I don't see *how* they do it. They're never still a minute."

Think what a burden rests on their tender growing feet, which must bear the brunt of it all. If these feet are to stand such strain, and develop to a sturdy and useful maturity they must be carefully shod. Shoes are the architects of growing feet. They should be selected with utmost care.

The large illustration is of a little men's blucher oxford, which is very much like Dad's. Made in both black and tan calf.

Misses' and girls' Whippet Grain sport oxford with Tan Russia trimming. Misses' sizes 11½ to 2. Girls' sizes 2½ to 7.

Girls' Patent leather one-strap with collar of Tan Calf or black lizard. Sizes 2½ to 7. Comes also in Misses' sizes 11½ to 2 with three quarter inch heel, and in Child's sizes 8½ to 11 with spring heel.

Somewhere near you is a store that features *Buster Brown Health Shoes*. Take your children there, and have them fitted. You will instantly recognize the obvious points of superiority of these shoes. They embrace a child's foot as smoothly as a glove fits the hand. The children will enjoy a cushiony freedom that is both delightful and new. And their pride in the captivating smartness of their new Buster Brown shoes will be unbounded.

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adventure. And after the story of the Iron Man's downfall the fight expert added this:

Dan Hogan has worked another of his famous stunts. He has brought into New York, under cover and from some unknown part of the country, another Stanley Ketchel. He started this socking stranger in the Big City by slipping him into a semi-final with the Elizabeth Iron Man as a victim. It was a cruel joke on the Iron Man, but doubtless Hogan planned to bring his wonder fighter crashing into publicity and deliberately picked the Iron Man because he'd never been knocked out before. Hogan is an adept at the well-known ballyhoo and could be counted upon to pull off an original trick of this sort. . . .

It seems likely to the writer that Crasher Kiley is being masqueraded under an assumed name. The writer is even inclined to hazard a shrewd guess that Dan Hogan tacked on the name Crasher to hide the identity of his new ring terror. . . .

One thing is certain. No fighter who knocked out the Elizabeth Iron Man in seven seconds, breaking the world's record of a knock-out in eight seconds established by Dal Hawkins when he flattened Martin Flaherty at Carson, Nevada, March 17, 1897, is any novice in need of nursing. Under that name or another Crasher Kiley is famous somewhere. Time will prove that the writer is right.

There were also pictures. For the first time Lucien saw himself as artists see him, or at least as they drew him in the frenzied hour before press time. Lucien stared goggle-eyed at the crayon action picture, with the printed line below informing the palpitating world that this was "The Crasher's Crusher." He could easily identify himself from the Elizabeth Iron Man in the picture. Not that there was much difference in the portraiture. Both young gentlemen were depicted with huge shoulders and muscles that bulged out anywhere and not necessarily according to the laws of anatomy. Both were shown with low foreheads, wildly glaring eyes, protruding jaws, lips drawn back from teeth in a fighting snarl. As an added realistic touch the artist had given both the Iron Man and Crasher Kiley abruptly caved-in noses and formless tin ears. Lucien noted these details with interest. For a moment he felt unflattered. But although his clean Celtic profile had been slandered, there was the punch, just as Dan Hogan had told him to hit. The Iron Man, knees sagging, was about to collapse. Apparently Lucien's right arm was thrust halfway through the Iron Man's body, with only the wrist of his glove showing. Lucien felt that to be high art. He was sure his glove had sunk in at least to the wrist.

Coming in to breakfast, Lucien's father saw the sporting page in his son's hand and promptly confiscated it.

"Wasting your time reading about fighters, hey?" he remarked. "You'd better be thinking of a job where you can earn three meals a day."

Folding back the paper after delivering this ultimatum, the elder Milligan immediately was lost in perusal of the fight story. He looked at the pictures and read the story again, evidently impressed. At last he laid the paper down and remarked:

"Here's a boy with ambition. He'll make something of himself. I haven't a doubt he got a hundred dollars for a fight like that. Ambition is a great thing, Lucien. I wish you had more of it."

Lucien was so startled that he almost pulled Dan Hogan's hundred-dollar roll from his pocket. He visualized himself slapping that hundred heroically down on the table, and the astonishment of both his father and his mother at this display of wealth. But there was a streak of caution in Lucien's character. He hadn't quite decided what to do with that hundred. He had no guiding precedent. This was before the day of the newspaper yarns about the great champions who always ran all the way home after a fight to give their earnings to their mothers. Besides, Lucien wasn't quite sure his parents wouldn't object to having a professional fighter in the family. So he said nothing, ate his breakfast, put the newspaper into his pocket and slipped out. At noon, on the minute, he opened the door of Dan Hogan's office, stepped inside and closed the door behind him. Dan was waiting. Grinning, he locked the door and motioned Lucien to a chair

"How's the champ?" queried Mr. Hogan.

Lucien recognized this form of address as more or less jovial. "Out hunting for a job," he said.

"You got a job. You got something to show for it already. Didn't you give that hundred bucks to your mother this morning?"

"I was afraid they wouldn't let me fight again," blurted Lucien.

Hogan looked thoughtful. "Well," he said, "perhaps there's something in that. But it'll be more than a hundred next time. Have you seen the papers? We got 'em winging, Crasher. Mystery stuff. They think I dug you up somewhere in the sticks and I won't tell 'em where. They're all guessing. Give 'em something they can't solve and they'll spread it over their pages for a month, and by that time you'll be ready to fight again. Meanwhile you follow instructions, see? You do exactly what I tell you, every day, and don't do anything else. You've got to be a mystery until I'm ready to let 'em know you're a New York boy. New York's a funny town, kid. It takes pride in being broad-minded and above the native-son stuff, but show 'em a native son who can wallop the guys from Chicago and San Francisco and other towns, and New York goes wild. I'm going to make 'em crazy over you as a stranger, and then the joke's going to come out that you were born and brought up in the shadow of the gas house.

"Then you'll get the real ballyhoo! You'll be a native-son White Hope. More than that, you're Irish. The Wops and the Dutch and the Danes and the Jews have almost chased the Irish out of the money. You'll be a new harp hero. The heavyweight champion is a dinge, the middleweight a Polack, the lightweight a Dutchman. You'll put the Irish back on the map. A year from now you'll be a heavyweight, and with my brains behind you, you'll be a good one. In two years you'll lick Johnson, if somebody else hasn't licked him. My brains and your fists are going to make us a million dollars. I'm telling you this so you'll follow instructions. If you won't, say so right now, and it's all off, and you'll drive a truck yet."

Hogan stopped and waited.

"I'll do whatever you say," said Lucien.

"Then that's settled. First, nobody is to find out who you are. You mustn't show any money or buy any swell rags. On the Avenue and at home you're Lucien Milligan. With me you're Crasher Kiley. You're under cover from the moment you leave the ring until I bring you back to fight again. You won't be interviewed or photographed, because if they photograph you it's all off, and they'll find out you're a kid just out of school and there isn't any mystery. Maybe you heard of the Masked Marvel. He packed 'em in, wrestling with a black mask glued over his face, until somebody found out he was just a bum grappler from out in the sticks, fooling the big-town boys with the mystery stuff. He was a marvel for two weeks and they forgot him in two minutes, as soon as they learned his real name. You're going to be a mystery until I make a fighter of you.

"I'll take you out of town until I'm ready to start you again. You tell 'em at home you've got a good job in the leather trade and have to travel around. You'll be a leather pusher, so that's true enough. You'll send home twenty-five dollars every week. I've got a quiet place in the Adirondacks where you can train. I'll be with you now and then. My brother Jack will stay with you. He used to be a fighter. Between us we'll work you over.

"I've got it planned, Crasher. You'll never be a clever boxer. You won't be a boxer at all, because I'm never going to show you how to pull any fancy ducking or sidestepping. The woods are full of boxers and people are tired of looking at 'em. You

(Continued on Page 117)

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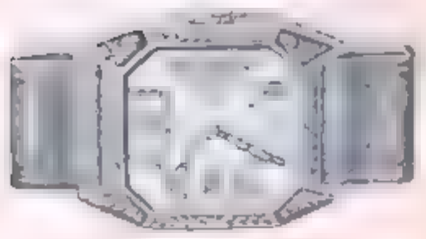

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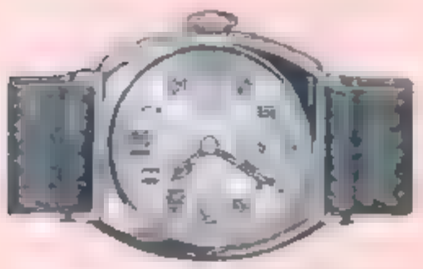

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Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap; 15 jewel, radium dial $37.50

BULOVA *Debutante*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap [illegible] jewel $28.50

BULOVA *Vassar*
Ladies' Sports Model with Leather Strap [illegible] with [illegible] enamel. $37.50

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"That's sensible", commented the motorist, "I'll try it!"

"You'll find", said the Dealer, "that you'll get better compression and more power, that you'll get greater security and economy of operation, more mileage from your gasoline—you'll have less dilution and sludge, less carbon trouble, less wear and lower repair bills—you'll get increased pleasure and satisfaction in driving! .... And don't think 'piston-seal' is the only reason for using Opaline—it also cushions the bearings and all moving parts in the engine, reducing the noise of operation!"

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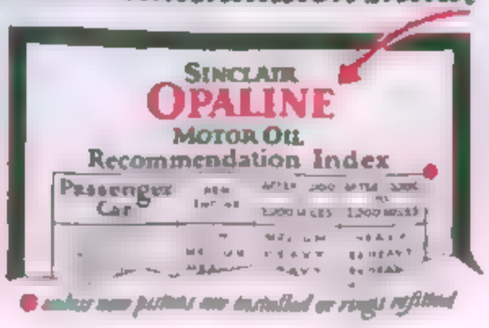

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(Continued from Page 114)

won't need any clever stuff, because you're always going to land first and land hardest, and I'll study the men you fight and tell you how to do it. Sock 'em hard enough and they can't sock you—that's what wins fights. After one or two more you'll have 'em scared. I'll help that with the ballyhoo. You're going to do the fighting and I'll furnish the brains. In every fight I'll tell you what to do, and you'll do it. I'll handle all the business. That's settled."

Next day Lucien, with Dan Hogan and Dan's brother Jack, were at Hogan's place. It was quiet there, miles from a traveled road. Work began at once. Any fighter or manager of a fighter would have been puzzled if he could have watched Lucien, for his training was unlike anything ever seen in gymnasium or camp. There were no sparring partners and there were no boxing gloves except the small, hard gloves used for bag punching. There was a light punching bag, a mattress stretched against a wall, a football tackling dummy stuffed with sawdust and hanging from a beam. There was also a wooden mallet lying on a log near the door.

Hogan explained the mallet.

"You'll use that two hours a day," he said. "You've heard people say a fighter is a corker, haven't you. Fifty years ago they used to say 'fights like a calker.' A calker was a guy who drove oakum into the seams of wooden ships. He used an iron and a calking mallet like that one, all day, day after day. A calker always was a terrible fighter, because of the wrist and forearm he put in a punch. They thought any calker could kill a man with a blow. Two hours a day you'll use that mallet, hammering on a log with little wrist strokes, one hand and then the other, up and down wherever you can reach, waist high, overhead: You'll get tired of it. Then you'll think that every blow is a dollar—a dollar—a dollar making your fortune. Remember that."

Lucien Aloysius went grimly through the hardest month of his young life. He never had dreamed life could be so hard, but he was young, resilient. He thrived on the clean mountain air, rough food, weeks of work all designed to develop a blow like the kick of a mule. Hogan's brother directed everything, taught Lucien how to drive a punch with the speed and shock of a bullet. He taught him to hit with either hand, and he tied Lucien's right arm down to his side and made him hit with his left until one hand was as good as the other. He made Lucien practice driving blows into the mattress, against the swaying tackling dummy, and then at the light fast bag. An hour each day Dan's brother strapped on a heavy pad that covered his body and a pneumatic mask that protected chin and eyes and ears, and made Lucien punch at him as he moved in and out. He taught Lucien how to use his feet, coming suddenly in to attack, plunging straight or circling swiftly in a dodging, zigzag course. He had Lucien practice short sprints to increase his speed. And two hours each day Lucien hammered, one hand and then the other, with the calker's mallet, until he could feel his forearms swell and his wrists harden and become as iron.

Monotonous? Of course it was. But not as monotonous as you might think. The novelty of an entire change of life and surroundings can't wear off in a month. Besides, every Saturday night Lucien wrote a letter home and inclosed a check for twenty-five dollars. He said he was well, enjoyed his work, and would soon be home for a visit, all of which was no strain on his imagination, because it was true.

Then, a month gone by, Dan Hogan appeared in camp one morning.

"You won't work today," said Dan. "I've matched you for tomorrow night. Main event. The ballyhoo has been wonderful. They're crazy down there, because they can't find you. Jack says you're ready."

"Ready!" exclaimed Dan's brother. "He's tearing me apart. The pads don't save me. I'm a wreck—nothing but skin and bone and covered with bumps, and this young wildcat here has gained ten pounds!"

Lucien won that fight. Afterward he remembered little about it, except that Dan drove him to New York in a car, slipped him into the club through an alley door, guarded him from dressing room to ring and whispered hasty instructions in the corner.

He was fighting a bulky man, with blue eyes and yellow hair and a heavy jaw, who grinned confidently as he sat in his corner. Lucien wondered what his name might be, for he hadn't asked Dan and Dan hadn't told him. As he sat down Lucien looked at his manager, and noted, with some surprise, that Dan Hogan's mouth was drawn to a thin, straight line and his sharp triangular light blue eyes looked almost black in a face pale as marble. Then the crowd caught Lucien's attention—a sea of white faces turned toward him, seen dimly through smoke wreaths; a mass that vibrated and hummed tension and excitement—yells, cheers, laughter, shrilled offers of ringside bets.

The referee motioned the fighters to the middle of the ring for instructions. More ceremony this time. Lucien stood in front of the bulky man, who towered above him. Lucien didn't look up. He stared steadily at the bulky man's body, the edge of the ribs over the heart. That was Dan Hogan's order. The referee was saying something. Lucien didn't listen. Hogan had told him what to do.

Back to corners; then the sudden clanging of the bell. As in his first fight Lucien flashed straight across the ring. Faster, perhaps, on his newly trained and more nimble legs. But the bulky man wasn't slow getting up from his chair, like the Elizabeth Iron Man. He was already standing. The bulky man was expecting that fierce rush—waiting for it. Lucien dived at him headlong, crouching, eyes fixed on the bulky man's body. The bulky man, grinning, drove his right fist savagely at Lucien's chin. But Lucien, swerving swiftly to the right, was out of the line of attack.

The bulky man's fist swished harmlessly through the air, and in the same instant Lucien's left came up under the bulky man's rounded jaw, the wrist turning slightly as his padded knuckles struck.

The calker's blow! The thin pad of glove and flesh between hardly softened the sharp crack of bone against bone. The bulky man, arms outflung, stiffened up. Lucien's right hand flashed over his shoulder and sent the big man reeling back, to fall at full length in his own corner.

The referee, counting "eight," leaned over and after glancing at the bulky man's glazed eyes didn't trouble to finish. He motioned to the bulky man's seconds. Lucien ran back to his corner. An instant of absolute silence, and then a roar broke from the crowd and Lucien was startled to see a wave of spectators rise and sweep over into the ring. In front were several men flourishing pencils and paper tablets, shouting at him. Lucien felt a grip on his arm and looked around. It was Hogan, flushed now and shouting something that was lost in the tumult. Hogan turned and leaped from the ring. Lucien leaped after him. Hogan was just in front, struggling, fighting with fist and elbow for room to move. Lucien swung his fists and the crowd gave way. A wild scramble and they dived into a passage under the ring and ran back toward the dressing room. But Hogan didn't stop there.

"Come on!" he yelled. "They'll mob this place in a minute! They'll interview you sure. They'll bring the photographers. I put your clothes in the car. You can dress on the way."

In his new red silk trunks Lucien ran across the sidewalk, dodged a startled and doubtful policeman, leaped into the car before anyone could stop him. As Hogan stepped on the throttle the car careened and swerved violently into a side street.

(Continued on Page 119)

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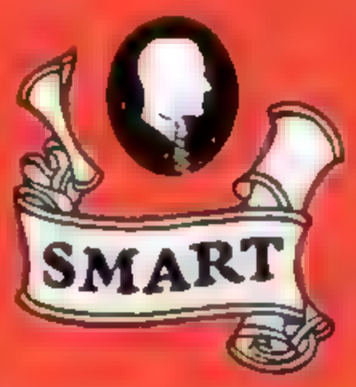

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(Continued from Page 117)

With no one following, they headed north.

"You wasted one, Crasher," grinned Hogan, turning around.

"Huh?"

"You calked him with the first one—what I mean. That right-hand punch was gravy."

Next morning Dan Hogan drove away and came back to camp with an armful of newspapers. He spread them over the table and called Lucien. Hogan was jubilant. Lucien looked at the sporting pages, the black headlines, the drawings. He read about his skill, his speed, his terrific punching. The man he had beaten was a White Hope—not one of the best, but good—a Minnesota farmer who had clubbed his way through a White Hope tournament. The sporting writers wrote of the Swede's clumsiness and commented on Crasher's cunning in finding the first opening for a knock-out blow. Crasher was clever—another Ketchel. He had brains. No one could tell what he'd do in the next fight. He was original. He was like old Bob Fitzsimmons, whose mind no other fighter could fathom.

Lucien read and thought. Thinking is a dangerous novelty for a young fighter—especially thinking about one's own superior intelligence. Fighters have combined punch and logic, but you can count them on the fingers of one hand. In that moment Lucien changed. But Dan Hogan didn't notice it. He was planning a golden future.

"Your share last night was two grand—two thousand iron men," Hogan told Lucien. "I'll keep it for you. I don't want you to handle money yet." Mr. Hogan's smile of satisfaction was almost a smirk. "You'll go on doing the fighting and I'll furnish the brains," he said. "Go back to the calking mallet, kid. Keep working on that punch and I'll go on telling you how to land it. We'll clean up big."

Again the grind of toil, routine of practice, calker's mallet, food, sleep. It had been all right the month before, when Lucien had not begun to think. But now it was dull, monotonous. In Lucien's thought he was clever, original. He had a mind others could not fathom. He was a Fitzsimmons, a Ketchel. Only bigger and more powerful and more deadly, and even more cunning. He began to feel resentful of the notion that he must follow instructions—even Hogan's instructions. He went through his work, but when he could slip away by himself he found a quiet place in the woods where no one could watch. And there, hour after hour, he danced and dodged, shadow boxed and tapped lightly and swiftly as he had seen other fighters do in the few ring affairs of his experience as a spectator. He felt that he was becoming even more clever than the sporting writers thought. He had heard of the cleverness of Corbett. Lucien decided that he'd be a greater Corbett.

Again Dan Hogan came to take Lucien away to fight. But this time it was a swift barnstorming trip through small towns. Lucien was being given ring experience. Carefully hand-picked opponents stood up before him. Each time Hogan whispered instructions and each time Lucien, hiding his new privately practiced cunning and cleverness, followed instructions to the letter. His bouts were short and the endings abrupt and dramatic, and night after night Dan Hogan rushed to the telegraph offices and sent back to New York sporting editors glowing accounts of Crasher Kiley's skill and speed and his terrific punching. Always Dan played up the punching. That's what draws the crowd. Show the public a man with a wallop, a sock, and you pack 'em in.

Of course, by this time nothing could keep Lucien from being interviewed. But Hogan was always with him, and Hogan did the talking while Lucien grinned and nodded. Only one question Hogan dodged firmly. He would not tell where he found Crasher Kiley. That mystery was to be Daniel's big line for the ballyhoo—the big ballyhoo. Crasher was not to be known as a lad from the gas-house district until the right time came. That, Daniel decided, would be when Crasher Kiley walked back to his corner an accredited, real White Hope, ready to be sent hurtling into the big money that surrounds a throne.

And so, as they say in the movies, in course of time things came about as the cunning manager had planned. Crasher Kiley, who was Lucien Aloysius Milligan in private life, was matched against Gunner Jones. And Gunner Jones, the wide world knew, had knocked into a horizontal position a large and varied assortment of other White Hopes—English, American, French, Australian, or what have you—and a varied assortment of Dark Hopes as well. Gunner Jones wasn't clever. He was astonishingly awkward. But he had one almost magical touch. It was a long, slow, down-curving blow that apparently was going nowhere when it started, but that fell from the sky like a thunderbolt, struck his victim on the side of the head just behind the ear and usually dropped him so hard that his eyebrows bounced in the rosin dust of the ring.

Old Madison Square Garden, where Sullivan and Mitchell and other great gladiators of a half century had fought, was packed that night. Newsboys climbed through the skylights and festooned themselves along the iron girders, far beyond reach of usher or police. A yelling mob filled the street outside when the big doors were closed by Fire Department order. Preliminaries flickered by.

Ten o'clock. Lucien Aloysius, carefully kept in the dressing room until Gunner Jones was sitting waiting in his corner, came swiftly down to the ring at Dan Hogan's heels, followed by brother Jack with towel and water bucket. Lucien leaped through the ropes and looked at the scowling Gunner. Lucien didn't scowl. He seemed to be hiding some great joke. At a word from Dan he went headlong across the ring, slapped the Gunner jovially on the shoulder, gripped the Gunner's right glove and shook it once, went swiftly back again.

Joe Humphreys, commanding silence with uplifted hand, introduced the fighters. The iron beams overhead rocked in a roar of applause. Instructions, and then flat silence while Lucien and the Gunner stood in opposite corners, staring at each other under the arc lights. Hogan was still on the ring platform, leaning over the ropes, his arm around Lucien's shoulder, whispering into Lucien's ear.

"Remember what I told you, kid," he said. "This bird's only got one big wallop. Keep your head leaning over toward your left shoulder and don't bend forward too far, and he can't drop that one on you. He'll shake you hitting you on top of the head, but get close and tear at his body. That's his weak spot. Never stop tearing. He'll drop before you do."

Lucien turned a smiling face to his manager and said lightly: "Forget it, Dan. Watch me. I'm going to box this guy's eye out. I'll make him look like he never saw a glove before."

The bell clanged. Lucien, glancing back, saw Hogan, white-faced, startled, mouth half open as if protesting, fade back as he slipped from the platform to crouch behind the corner. The Gunner was halfway across the ring and the fight was on.

Perhaps you only read about that battle. I saw it. To this day I don't know whether to class it as a tragedy or a comedy. Twice New York had seen Dan Hogan's Crasher Kiley flash across a ring and knock his man cold with the first blow struck. For months New York had been reading accounts of Crasher Kiley's knock-out campaign through such outlying suburbs as Albany, Buffalo, Dayton, Michigan City, Omaha and St. Paul. New York had been panting for another glimpse of the youngster already pictured in cartoon and story as the latest and most virile Hope of the White Race.

Crasher Kiley, smiling fatuously, faced the grim Gunner and began to dance. Ten feet away he feinted rapidly with his left

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hand, with a quick step forward and a leap back, a step forward and a step to one side, just as he had practiced that remarkable bit of strategy in the quietness of the woods. The Gunner edged toward him, and Crasher, the fire eater, leaped away with all the agility of a startled rabbit. The astonished Gunner dropped his hands and stopped to look at this strange phenomenon. Crasher ran around him in a circle. The Gunner lunged and swung a swishing right hand, and Crasher leaped lightly out of range and turned to circle again. As he circled he looked toward his corner, where Dan Hogan's bewildered face peered over the platform edge, triangular blue eyes puckered. Crasher smiled widely at Hogan, waved a reassuring hand. The Gunner, who disliked these running fights, settled down in grim earnest to a stern chase. Flying gloves whizzed past Crasher's ears as he dodged and ducked. The Gunner cornered him, and Crasher dived in under the grazing fists and grasped the Gunner around the legs. The referee pulled him away.

Around the ring rose a storm of jeers, cries, laughter. New York, expecting to see a Homeric contest, a whirl of thudding gloves, a bone-crushing knock-out, was seeing a joke fight, a clumsy amateur trying to be clever. The joke was on New York, and sometimes New York can appreciate a joke—even an expensive one.

Lucien, thinking that the ringside was laughing at the Gunner's clumsiness opposed to his own deft skill, turned his head and smiled at such appreciative friends. The Gunner rushed again. Lucien tapped him lightly on the nose, laughed and ducked under a whizzing right. As he came up he tapped the Gunner again. The Gunner stood still, dropped his hands and sniffed. Lucien tapped once more. Then the roof fell on Lucien.

Came a moment of strange, rumbling noises, flashing lights. Lucien dreamed that he was lying on the sand at the seashore, listening to the pounding surf. He saw a big white moon slowly rising—a full moon. He opened his eyes wider and found that he was staring at a patch of white canvas, shimmering under the brilliant arc lights overhead. The rumbling surf became a roar of voices, cut sharply by one close to his ear that seemed to tick like a big clock.

"Tick-tock—six—seven—eight ——"

Lucien rolled over on one side, looked up, saw the referee's form outlined against the banked lights overhead. Instinctively he rolled farther, pulled his knees under him, rocked to his feet and staggered back. His clearing vision saw one thing. Gunner Jones, grinning, was advancing slowly. The Gunner's left arm was half raised, his right swinging loosely down beside his leg. Lucien recognized the threat in that right hand. He stumbled back and half fell into the ropes. And then—clang!—the bell rang.

Dan Hogan leaped into the ring and dragged Lucien back to his corner, pushing him into the chair that brother Jack shoved between the ropes. He leaned over Lucien.

"You fool!" he said sharply. "One more like that and you're cooked. What's the matter with you?"

"That was an accident," mumbled Lucien. "I'm boxing rings around him. I'm making him look like a sap."

"Where do you get that stuff?" demanded Hogan. "He's making you look like a sap. Fight the way I told you, or, by cripes, I'll croak you after this guy's through. Go now—go!"

Dan Hogan pulled Lucien from the chair and shoved him out into the ring as the bell rang again. He scrambled back through the ropes.

Lucien stood up. The Gunner was walking out deliberately. There was confusion at the ringside; protests, exclamations, a disturbance in the press row as a pale-faced, excited man ran down the aisle and climbed over the typewriters and telegraph instruments to the edge of the platform.

"Lucien Milligan—Lucien! Wake up—wake up! Fight him! Fight him! Don't let him hit you again!"

The voice was shrill with fear. Lucien looked around, and the white face he saw was that of his father. His father, drawn by desire to see this Crasher Kiley he read about in the sporting sheets every morning—who had discovered from a far gallery that Crasher Kiley was his own son.

Lucien gawked, stood hesitating, with arms down, staring. The press row rose and pulled Milligan senior back. A swirl—he disappeared. The reporters, grinning at one another and rattling their papers and pencils, were chortling that name:

"Lucien—Lucien Milligan! His name's Lucien—can you beat that?"

Gunner Jones had crossed the ring. He was standing in front of Lucien. He took no advantage of Lucien's bewilderment. The Gunner had a sense of humor. Smiling widely, he chuckled, "Come on, Lucien; let's get this over so you can go home with the old man."

The Gunner stepped in and swung his right hand. Bewildered, cornered, Lucien didn't think at all. He had no time to think, or he might have tried to dance away and circle and tap lightly, as he imagined a clever boxer would dance and circle and tap.

Not thinking at all, Lucien fell in toward the Gunner. The Gunner's swinging right went around his neck, the jar of the circling arm nearly throwing Lucien from his feet.

Half blindly staggering, acting purely by instinct, Lucien struck out with left and right, at close range, his arms crooked at right angles, his wrists twisting with the blows. The calker's hit. Again, the calker's hit!

Lucien realized that the Gunner was down, the referee counting over him. The Gunner was up. Lucien closed and knocked him down again. The Gunner was getting up, more slowly. Lucien looked around at Hogan, saw his face thrust through the ropes, saw his arms waving frantically, urging Lucien to fight—fight—fight! The air shook with the roar from the spectators, startled, joyful. This was a battle!

And then, because the Gunner rose slowly Lucien's mental processes had time to function again. It came to him that he'd show Dan Hogan how little he needed instructions. He'd win his own fight, his own way, using his own skill, his own brains.

The iron rule of the ring demanded that Lucien should close with his weakened opponent and crush him down with furious blows. The crowd, goggle-eyed, waited. But Lucien stepped back. He regarded the Gunner with scientific interest. Blows had flattened the Gunner's nose. His face was a red smear. He snorted loudly to clear his clogged nostrils and a thin red mist hung around him in the air. Doggedly the Gunner came forward, reeling a little. Lucien jabbed him and leaped back. The Gunner's swishing right missed by a full yard. Again Lucien jabbed and danced away. Another right missed. Too far. That wasn't clever. He'd make the Gunner miss by inches next time, then finish him.

Lucien stepped tantalizingly within range, watched the Gunner's right arm go back and start in a clumsy, wide, slow arc. Lucien pulled his head away just a little bit, poised his right hand for the counter hit.

Then the roof fell on Lucien again. And this time he saw no moon rising, heard no referee tolling seconds in his ear. When he awoke the Gunner was gone. The ring was empty. All around him was laughter, jeering laughter. The crowd was already scattering toward the exits. Lucien painfully pushed to his feet and staggered cornerward. He was sick, dazed. He must ask Hogan what happened. Where was Hogan? Lucien leaned heavily on the ropes and looked down into the white, drawn face of his manager.

For a long minute Lucien looked.

Then Hogan spoke.

"You're smart, aren't you?" asked Hogan, staring blankly at Lucien with his triangular eyes drawn to narrow slits. "You're clever. My brains weren't good enough for you. You thought you had brains yourself. Huh? Was that it? You're through, you poor joke! You've given them a good laugh. That's your finish. Find papa now and go home. Tomorrow you can get a job driving a truck."

Lucien stood staring down at Hogan. An idea was struggling somewhere to break through the bewilderment that seemed to inclose him like a heavy fog. An idea that eluded him. Oh, yes. That was it. He turned to Hogan again.

"I ain't gotta drive no truck," exclaimed Lucien Aloysius almost belligerently, again in the stress of the moment lapsing from his grammar-school standard of speech. "I ain't gotta drive no truck. I got money."

"Money," shrieked Hogan. "What d' ya mean, money? Every dollar you had I bet on you to win this fight, and every dollar I had, and the purse too. You haven't got a nickel!"

At this pronouncement Lucien Aloysius felt his knees bend and he sat down heavily on the lower rope of the ring there in his corner. They had forgotten to put the chair back for him. The crowd was milling toward the exits. It had forgotten him too. It had even stopped laughing at him. Without looking he knew that Hogan was walking away. Soon they'd be coming around putting out the lights. Lucien felt alone in a great world—a hostile world that laughed at him when he wanted to be clever. And he wasn't clever. He was a fool.

Lucien heard a thin voice at his side, "Come on, Lucien. Get dressed and we'll go home. Mother's keeping supper. She'll be mighty glad to see you, boy."

Home! After all this nightmare!

Lucien reached down between the ropes and caught his father's hand. He held it tight as he stumbled, half blinded by tears, down the dark and narrow passage to the dingy dressing room that was to know him no more.

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BLAH! BLAH! BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 23)

"G-g-g-golly! I don't know nothin' 'bout fightin'."

"Co'se you don't, but you can learn, cain't you? Heah's a chance to make a million dollars an' it woul'n't take a 'vestment fum fust to last of th'ee hund'ed dollars." Mr. Ricketts drew a deep breath. "I wonder, Jasper, does you know how much money cullud fighters makes nowadays."

"N-n-n-nos-suh. I don't hahdly."

"Well, listen. Right heah in this town is where Tiger Flowers come fum. An' until just recent he was the middleweight champeen of the world an' they say he made 'bout two hund'ed thousan' dollars in the ring. An' Harry Wills is a cullud boy an' folks claim he made mo'n a quarter million dollars cash money. Joe Gans was cullud an' so was Joe Walcott an' George Godfrey an' ——"

"Yeh. B-b-but, Anopheles ——"

"Knock-out is sayin' that does you advance him one hund'ed dollars an' manage him, he gives you half of ev'ything he makes. An' you can see fo' yo'self that no better cullud fighter ever drawed on a glove."

"Tha's the truth, sho nuff."

"'Tain't nothin' else." Mr. Ricketts sighed. "If I on'y had the money ——"

They talked late into the night. Mr. De Void was more impressed than he cared to admit. In the first place, he didn't see how he could lose, unless Knock-out Bitts turned out to be utterly mediocre, and Jasper had seen with his own eyes what a man-eater the gentleman was. For hours his friend and the pugilist talked with him. They spoke of the money to be earned in the fight game; Knock-out Bitts made it quite clear that once the managership was assumed, his interests were identical with those of Jasper. Each dollar that came in belonged equally to both.

The following morning they visited a leading colored attorney and contracts were drafted. And Knock-out Bitts returned to Birmingham under the management of Jasper De Void. Mr. De Void immediately ordered some cards.

KNOCK-OUT BITTS

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JASPER DE VOID
His Manager

Mr. De Void was exceedingly strutful. He moved magniloquently through Darktown with the broad-shouldered, square-jawed Mr. Bitts in his wake. He visited Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, and suggested that his protégé be given a chance at one of the monthly boxing shows sponsored by that organization. Mr. Gethers did not declare himself positively, but he was interested, provided Jasper was willing to take a percentage of the gross.

Meanwhile, after Knock-out completed his daily training grind and went with his manager to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room and Billard Parlor, a meeting was being held in the home of Anopheles Ricketts. Mr. Ricketts was beaming. He gazed at the eager, dusky faces surrounding him. Semore Mashby, Florian Slappey and Acey Upshaw.

"Well, fellers," announced Anopheles, "I done it!"

"What?"

"Jasper De Void is managin' Knock-out Bitts!"

"Honest?"

"Honest as anything can be which Knock-out Bitts has got anythin' to do with."

The listening trio broke out into exclamations of glee. "Boy, I hunch we got Jasper hog-tied an' he'pless. All we got to do now is build up ——"

"You said it. We sees Isaac Gethers an' uses our 'fluence to have Knock-out Bitts put on in the lodge's boxin' shows. An' at first he wins ——"

"S'posin' he don't?"

"Pestimism what you talks, Florian Slappey. I seen that feller in action over in Atlanta the other night against Kid Blossom. Now you know good as me that Blossom ain't no bum, an' what Bitts done to him was a sin an' a shame. He done ev'ything but polish the floor with his face. Way he sloughed that feller was somethin' terrible, an' all the time Bitts was complainin' 'cause he wasn't in no trim."

"You reckon," questioned Semore cannily, "that he's willin' to listen to us?"

Anopheles smiled in superior fashion. "Listen at me, skinny man. I been knowin' Knock-out Bitts fo' th'ee years, an' this much I is suttin about him—any time he sees some real money hangin' roun' he's gwine git it no matter what happens."

"S'posin he double-crosses us?"

"He ain't gwine to. Not so long as he stan's to win money. His conscience woul'n't let him. Nor neither the itch of his palms."

Semore nodded. "Soun's like there coul'n't be no slip, less'n he sold us out, an' I reckon the fust thing we'd have to do would be to git Jasper De Void so hooked he coul'n't afford to buy out. Then us'd be sure ——"

"You bet we would. Nothin' cain't happen now, Semore. It's a puffeck scheme previded us gits away to a good start. An' the fust-off thing we does is to git Knock-out Bitts booked up against Henry Gland."

"What?" Florian raised a hand in protest. "Tha'd be murder."

"Sholy it would. An' so will his secon' fight an' his third. By that time Jasper is gwine know he's got the best fighter in the world an' he's gwine be lookin' aroun' fo' some ways of makin' mo' money than he gits fum the box office. Then is when we pull our s'prise package."

They were all in high fettle, but their bliss was no more complete than that of Jasper De Void, who was riding high, wide and handsome as a manager.

The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise booked Bitts against one Henry Gland—a colored gentleman weighing nearly two hundred pounds.

Two things impressed Jasper the night of the bout—one was the immensity of Henry and the other the slimness of the house. He inquired of the ticket seller the probable size of the gate.

"Less'n two hund'ed dollars," murmured that gentleman. "It's 'bout what us usually draws."

Mr. De Void carried the sad news to his fighter. He had envisioned a gate of a mere thousand, as against the glorious future when he would be fighting main bouts in New York. "'Tain't hahdly nothin', Knock-out," he complained. "Two hund'ed dollars gross—that means fifty fo' us, which half of it is mine."

"Tha's plenty," grinned Mr. Bitts. "Now you run out yonder an' ask 'em fo' our share in advance. Then bet it that I knocks out Gland inside of fo' rounds."

"O-o-oh golla! Knock-out, has you seen this feller?"

"Nope."

"Ise scared. If you ever seen him you'd bet the other way sure. He's two times as big as Red Mountain an' as tough as some of Sally Crouch's steak. 'Tain't no sense ——"

"S'long as the lodge is willin' to pay his ambulance fare, I don't care how big he is, and I loves 'em tough. If you don't want to bet yo' ownse'f, then lay my share that I stops him inside of fo' rounds. Now, beat it!"

With vast reluctance Mr. De Void borrowed twenty-five dollars from the box office and found a ready taker. He returned lugubriously to his man.

"Knock-out, you sho is gwine die broke."

"What you mean, Jasper?"

"I done bet that twenty-five like you tol' me an' Ise worried how yo' fun'ral espenses is gwine be paid when Henry Gland finishes whippin' you."

Knock-out laughed uproariously. "Humorous feller what you is. You is the one which loses money, 'cause ev'y cent you don't bet on me is just that much th'owed away. You watch!"

And Jasper did exactly that. In Bitts' corner were Anopheles Ricketts and Florian Slappey—experts both. Jasper sat at the ringside and mentally decorated his left arm with black.

When the rivals met in the center of the ring for final instructions, Henry Gland towered over his more lightly complexioned adversary. They went to their corners and the gong sounded. Mr. Gland came out with huge arms flailing. Jasper closed his eyes to shut out the horrid sight of his investment being annihilated. Then he heard a shout and looked up.

A miracle was in the process of happening. Knock-out Bitts ducked two wild swings and planted a left to the body and a right jolt to the jaw. Mr. Gland up-ended with amazing suddenness. He took the count of eight and staggered to his feet. Knock-out measured him, feinted, then slammed another hook to the head. Once again the man mountain went down.

Thrice more Mr. Gland proved to the populace that he possessed plenty of gameness. But all his courage was not proof against the dynamite power of Knock-out Bitts' wallops, and thirty seconds before the scheduled end of the first round, Henry Gland closed his eyes, folded his arms and went to sleep.

Jasper De Void was hysterical with delight. Having watched Knock-out Bitts annihilate two men without the slightest difficulty, he was now convinced beyond argument that Anopheles Ricketts had understated the case in claiming that Mr. Bitts was the greatest colored boxer of all time. He had not a single regret over his failure to bet his twenty-five dollars on his protégé, but on the occasion of Knock-out's next engagement, two weeks thereafter, Jasper rushed to wager his share of the purse and had the keen pleasure of seeing Knock-out send his opponent to dreamland in four hectic rounds.

Meanwhile, Knock-out's two sensational victories had caused Birmingham to sit up and take notice. It seemed that this pugilistic person was really some punkins, and he and his manager came in for a world of adulation. Jasper De Void was treading on air. He gazed into the future and saw that it was painted in rose tints. He avidly studied the lore of the prize ring and immersed himself in the printed histories of colored pugilists of the past. He even acquired a modicum of the jargon, and by the time Knock-out Bitts won his third victory under Jasper's management, the gentleman from Dothan, Alabama, was convinced that he was traveling the glory road to millionairedom.

For Knock-out's third Birmingham engagement they imported a negro scrapper from Nashville—a mild-appearing gentleman who brought with him considerable cash to wager on his chances. So confident was he of victory—even in view of Bitts' impressive record—that Jasper entertained doubts. Not so Knock-out. He intrusted Jasper with fifty dollars to bet on himself at the prevailing odds of 2-1. The fighter from Nashville covered all bets. Mr. De Void could not bear to see so much good money going begging, wherefore he wagered a hundred dollars of his own money.

The battle was a fairly hard one. The fighter from Nashville was in no way a set-up. But at the sound of the ninth-round gong the Nashville pugilist was unable to clamber to his feet and his seconds mercifully tossed a towel into the ring in token of defeat.

(Continued on Page 124)

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Blistering SUN BURN the price of gay hours *—eased instantly*

There is no joy like the beach under cloudless skies

WHITE sand or grassy bank —the glimmer of cool water —light-hearted friends: Summer's in the saddle, riding high, wide and handsome . . .

But then—all too often—sleepless nights, days of stinging discomfort, a skin that cringes at every touch . . . sunburn!

You need not pay this penalty today. For sunburn—as for *any* burn—you can be ready as physicians are—with Unguentine!

At the first sign of redness, apply Unguentine liberally. The pain is soothed at once—smarting stops. Infection cannot live in Unguentine. Swiftly the skin becomes normal again. All summertime is yours!

Do not neglect sunburn—as with *any* burn sickening toxic poisons are developed by the injured tissues. Outdoor people spread Unguentine on *before* exposure, too; you tan quickly, but burning is prevented.

Wherever you are—on links or court, on ocean, lake or stream—you will find Unguentine a guardian of priceless hours. Keep a tube ready. At your druggist's—50 cents. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York.

Blistering sunburn need not steal the precious hours! Soothe the smart, ward off infection with this famous dressing.

FREE—*a generous tube of* UNGUENTINE

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Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

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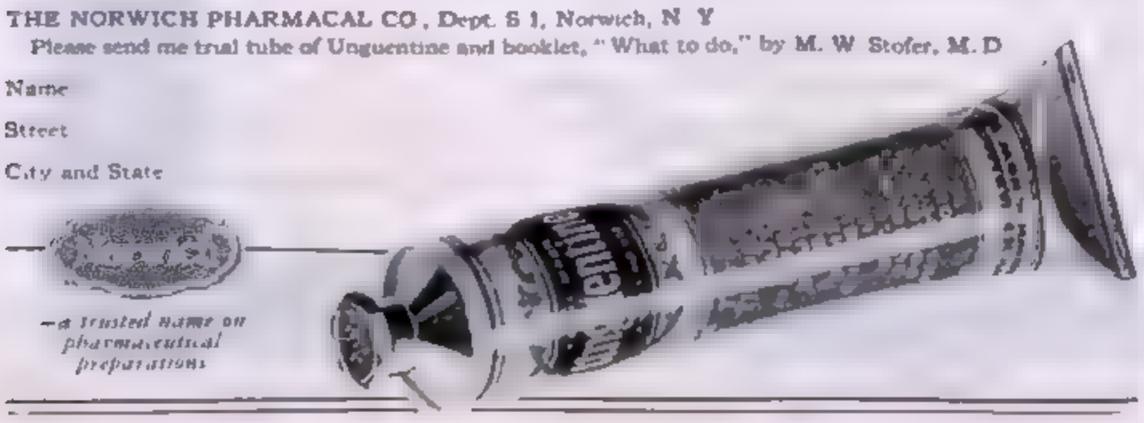


—a trusted name in pharmaceutical preparations

(Continued from Page 122)

It was then that the group of conspirators swung into action. A meeting was called in Mr. Ricketts' home, and the guest of honor was no less a personage than Knock-out Bitts himself. To Mr. Bitts the proposition was explained in detail. He was to be booked against a fighter whom he would outclass. Mr. De Void - now enthusiastically converted to the idea that the real money in small-time pugilism was to be earned by the making of side bets—was ripe for a killing. It was a certainty that he would rush forward with a great deal of money to wager on the chances of his man.

"An' me ——" inquired Mr. Bitts.

"You flops!"

Mr. Bitts blinked. "I wiches?"

"You takes a dive."

Knock-out did not possess a conscience. "Whaffo'?" he inquired.

"'Cause we pays you fo' same!"

"Ah-h-h! You pays me cash?"

"Not so's you could notice it, big boy. We takes no such chances with you. What we gives you is betting tickets sayin' that you loses. In other words, us bets on this other fighter to win an' we gives you the tickets. Then if you lose, you colleck about th'ee hund'ed dollars. An' if you win, you don't git nothin' 'cept run out of Burminham."

The fighter gravely considered the proposition. It was annoyingly plain to him that he was not dealing with rank amateurs. He saw clearly enough that there would be little profit in attempting the double-cross. He spoke slowly:

"Boys," he said, "Ise gwine be honest with you. I ain't got ary objection to doin' what you requesses so far as th'owin' the fight is concerned, but I got to be awful sure that I ain't gwine git into no trouble. Jail ain't the fondest place I is of."

Florian Slappey hastened to reassure the cautious bruiser. "We is gwine be in the same boat with you, Knock-out. You is in the clear all the way round. There ain't no fighter wins all his battles. Besides, you ain't gwine bet on yo'se'f to lose. We does that fo' you. So even was somethin' said, they coul'n't prove up on you. Ain't that a fack?"

"Uh-huh. It soun's so ——"

"It is so. Now I asks you final: Does you th'ow this fight, or don't you?"

Mr. Bitts did not hesitate. "I does!"

"Good!" Florian's eyes narrowed. "An' the on'iest way you gits into trouble is by two-timin' us. Understan'?"

"I gits you. But you can trus' me. Ise always honor'ble with fellers which pays me fo' same."

The fighter left and the conspirators rocked with glee. Florian Slappey, Semore Mashby and Acey Upshaw had all been rather disastrously treated in the past by Jasper De Void. They felt that the gentleman from Dothan was fair game. Hadn't he matched his wits against theirs? Hadn't he proved so far that he was either their superior or else the luckiest man in the world? Hadn't he invited them to shoot again at this three-thousand-dollar-cash bank roll?

They did not regard the proposition as being other than shrewd business. They themselves were taking a not inconsiderable risk; they had already invested plenty of time and some money. If, then, Jasper De Void walked into the yawning trap, that was his lookout.

Instead of having an ambition to keep the thing secret once it should have been brought to a successful conclusion, the four men reveled in the prospect of letting the public know all about it. There was fame as well as fortune awaiting the man who could triumph over the gangling Mr. De Void. They sought prestige almost as eagerly as they sought money. This was a game of brains—and the fact that they were taking only the slimmest sort of a chance ——

"In fack," remarked the canny Semore, "I don't see how us could lose 'ceptin' on'y if Knock-out Bitts done us dirt."

"He won't," promised Anopheles Ricketts. "I got enough on that feller to make him mis'able seven yeahs longer than he's ever gwine live. Once he said he'd play our game we ain't got no need to worry."

Birmingham's colored sporting fraternity eagerly awaited word of Knock-out Bitts' next fight. He had risen in popularity until now he was grossing around four hundred dollars a fight at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. The fans, male and female, idolized him. He was a flagrant and marked figure along Eighteenth Street and in Bud Peaglar's place. His friends believed that some day he would become a figure of international repute.

The matchmaker at the lodge summoned Jasper De Void and asked him whether he would accept a ten-round decision with Frankie Flange of Atlanta; weight one-seventy-two; record negligible. Jasper did not hesitate. The bout was booked for the following Monday night and Jasper consulted with his fighter.

"I got you booked with Frankie Flange fo' next Monday night, Knock-out."

"'Sall right. I'll kill him."

"Who he is?"

"Ain't never heard of him. N'r neither no one else ain't goin' to after I hangs one on his jaw."

Jasper beamed pridefully. That was fightin' talk from a fightin' man. He patted Knock-out's shoulder affectionately.

"Boy," said he, "I an' you is some day gwine be champeen of the world."

Mr. Bitts settled down to the rigid training which Jasper insisted upon. He did road work in the morning, gym work at noon and shadow boxing and bag punching in the late evening. Mr. De Void scrutinized his training closely and was very happy. He even invested in a sport sweater and a derby hat, as regalia befitting the manager of a coming champion.

On Wednesday afternoon something happened. Into the training quarters of Mr Knock-out Bitts there burst a wild-eyed skinny gentleman who clutched the arm of Jasper De Void.

"Sweet sufferin' tripe!" ejaculated Anopheles Ricketts wildly. "Come along with me, Jasper."

Mr. De Void hung back. "Cain't!" he averred. "Ise busy."

"Doin' which?"

"Watchin' Knock-out train."

"Boy! After what I shows you —— This is impawtant. On'y danger is you is libel to die laughin'."

"In a minute ——"

"Minutes is valuable. There's money in this."

Jasper reconsidered. He donned his derby and accompanied Mr. Ricketts down the street. It was apparent that Anopheles was laboring under great and joyous excitement. Every moment or two he gave vent to an audible chuckle. "Just wait till you see," he said. "Just wait'"

"See which'"

"Nemmin'" Then, apropos of nothing: "Frankie Flange is in town."

"Uh-huh." Jasper was not particularly interested.

"Ise takin' you down to see him."

"Shuh! Anopheles, I don't crave to waste my time lookin' at that almost cawpse. What Knock-out is gwine do to him ——"

"Just the same," grinned Mr. Ricketts, "it don't do you no harm to inspeck the feller yo' man is gwine fight. He's workin' out at The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise hall right now."

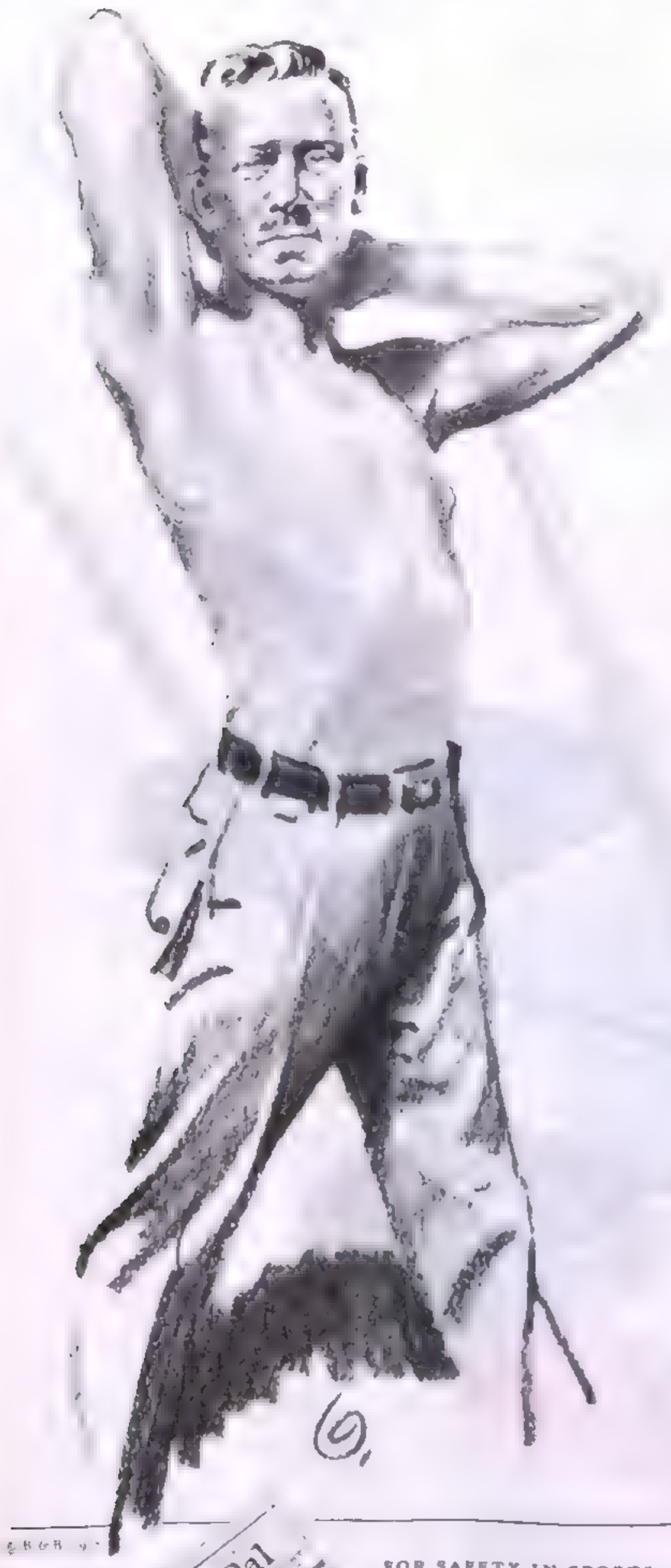
Jasper permitted himself to be led into the spacious hall. A crowd was gathered—a critical but applauding crowd—which watched the training antics of Mr. Flange. Jasper experienced a moment of doubt. "Some of them fellers look as if they think this Frankie Flange could fight," he murmured apprehensively.

"Wait'll you see." Anopheles drew Jasper into the crowd.

And then Mr. De Void obtained a fair view of the imported pugilist. He stared.

Continued on Page 127

Even in the morning Setting-up Exercises - *you must guard the* DANGER ZONE



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(Continued from Page 124)

His jaw dropped. His knees trembled. He turned a wild stare upon his friend.

"Th-th-that ain't Frankie Flange!" he murmured.

"Yes, it is. Tha's Frankie! Mistuh Flange himself in person. Now what do you think?"

Mr. De Void was thinking aplenty. From out of the recent past came memory of a night in Atlanta; of a crowded hall and the reek of liniment; of Knock-out Bitts slaughtering an ebony gentleman with neatness and dispatch. He blinked slowly, then backed out of the crowd.

"Good golly," breathed Jasper, "that Frankie Flange is Kid Blossom!"

"Right-o!" Anopheles Ricketts was overflowing with enthusiasm. "He ain't nobody else. Now come along with me an' le's us talk."

They went to Bud Peaglar's place and ordered Brunswick stew. Mr. Ricketts was watching Jasper closely. Mr. De Void was engaged in a process of thought, and slowly and inevitably was arriving at the very conclusion for which Anopheles prayed. Eventually he put it into words.

"Why, dawg-bite it, Anopheles, Knock-out Bitts will kill Kid Blossom. Us seen him do it once, an' he wasn't even in condition then."

"Right you is, wizzid! When I stumbled into that hall yonder an' they pointed Blossom out to me an' said it was Frankie Flange, I like to of died."

Jasper shook his head unbelievingly. "I cain't hahdly understan' it."

"Humph! Tha's easy. Blossom is just one of them bozos what runs aroun' the country gittin' knocked off ev'y week or two an' makin' a pretty fair livin' at it. He never was no good an' he's gittin' worse fast ——"

"My gosh, Brother Ricketts, ain't that a terrible way to make a livin'?"

"Tha's his lookout, not ourn. But when I seen him, boy, right away I says to myse'f: 'All yo' life, Anopheles, you has been a poor man with rich tastes. An' fum now on you gits to be wealthy.' Tha's what I says to myse'f, Jasper. An' b'lieve me, it's true. I is goin' out an' bet ev'y nickel I got on Knock-out Bitts. Ise gwine hock my watch an' my dress suit. Ise gwine git money any which way I can, an' when that fight is over Ise gwine have twice as much."

Jasper's eyes were shining. "I never heard of nothin' so easy. Why, Knock-out Bitts could lick this feller while he was asleep."

"An' Ise the baby gwine make money on it!"

"I guess not. Folks heahabouts ain't gwine bet on no such of a bum as Frankie Flange, or Kid Blossom, or whatever his name is."

"No? Tha's where you talks foolish as you looks. This feller has came over heah with a whole lot of fake clippin's 'bout how he has licked a lot of fighters. Besides, he's got him a new manager an' that manager has brung a whole lot of money to bet that Flange will lick Bitts."

"I don't b'lieve it," said Jasper positively.

"A'right, le's see."

Anopheles walked back to the lodge rooms. The training session was over, but in the corner he spied a flashily dressed stranger. Jasper followed in the wake of Mr. Ricketts and therefore did not see the faint drooping of an eyelid which signaled Flange's manager that discretion was to be employed. The stranger identified himself as the mentor of the visiting scrapper.

"You think he's gwine win?" questioned Anopheles.

"Ise shuah of it!"

"How much worth?"

The manager sneered. "More than you has got! You Bumminham cullud folks is cheap sports, an' ——"

"How much?" snapped Anopheles.

"Two thousan' dollars!" came the electrifying answer.

Mr. Ricketts gulped. "I—I'll take twenty dollars of that," he said lamely. The manager laughed derisively as he produced a huge roll.

"Piker money! Tha's all what you folks has got. An' if there's any mo' idjits that thinks this Bitts is gwine lick Flange, just let 'em look me up. Ise full of cash an' willingness."

Jasper stood two paces to the rear, giving close attention to the dialogue. He was trembling with eagerness. Finally he grabbed Anopheles' arm. "Can I bet him a hund'ed?" he inquired. "Ise scared to wait."

The manager was quite willing. Jasper and the manager posted their hundred-dollar bets with Isaac Gethers. Then they departed, after listening to a eulogy from the stranger on the subject of Frankie Flange's pugilistic prowess.

Once outside, Mr. De Void heaved a tremendous sigh. "Boy," he breathed, "you was sho right. This is gwine be too easy!"

Mr. Ricketts, thoroughly elated at the working of his scheme, fairly shouted with happiness. "You don't know how right you is, Jasper."

"Yes, I does. Ise gwine bet half my money on Knock-out Bitts, previded that feller don't back down."

"He won't. But you got to git there early. 'Cause when word passes aroun' town 'bout how he craves to bet ——"

Jasper proceeded straight to the vicinity of the fighter and imparted his information. Knock-out seemed not particularly impressed.

"Guess you seen what I done to him befo', Jasper. This time it's gwine be twice as terrible."

Mr. De Void lowered his voice to a whisper. "You reckon it's a chance to make a killin'?"

"'Tain't nothin' else. Ise gwine kill him an' you ought to clean that fool manager what wants to bet on him."

"You is shuah?"

"Man! You seen with yo' own eyes what happened befo'. An' I wasn't in no condition then."

That decided Mr. De Void. He returned to the flowery and optimistic manager of Frankie Flange and placed five hundred dollars at even money on Knock-out Bitts. The bet was accepted with alacrity, and further talk made about piking. Within the hour an additional five hundred was bet, making eleven hundred in all.

That night a celebration was held in the home of Mr. Ricketts. Present were Anopheles, Florian Slappey, Semore Mashby, Acey Upshaw, Knock-out Bitts, Frankie Flange—*né* Kid Blossom—and that gentleman's manager. They were all in high fettle and quite frank in their comment on Jasper's gullibility.

"All you fellers got to do," said the manager, "is to keep on supplyin' me money to cover these bets with. I got a hunch I ain't seen the last of Mistuh De Void yet. He's got the gamblin' itch an' the money to scratch it with."

Two days later Jasper wagered an additional four hundred dollars on Knock-out. The more he reflected on the situation, the more apparent it became that failure to plunge on his man was no less than downright theft from himself. He walked blindly and gleefully into the great, yawning trap so cleverly laid for him.

News of the betting became bruited about Birmingham. Wise ones journeyed to the lodge rooms to watch the stranger work out. Almost without exception they declared Flange a hopeless dud—no possible match for the redoubtable Knock-out Bitts.

The result was that an additional thousand dollars in bets was wagered on Knock-out's chances, every cent of which was covered by the manager of Frankie Flange with money furnished by the Ricketts-Mashby-Slappey-Upshaw pool.

Word of the enthusiastic betting came to the ears of L. Jupiter Jones, a tall and lanky individual who professed a deep and sincere friendship for Jasper De Void. Mr. Jones was by no means gullible. He investigated, thought, and came to the room of his friend.

"Jasper," he announced, "you is ridin' to a fall."

"What kind of foolishment is that you talks with yo' mouf, slim boy?"

"Bettin' on Knock-out Bitts thisaway. He ain't got a chance."

Jasper was overcome with mirth. Between bursts of laughter he explained the details to Jupiter. He told of the evening in Atlanta where, with his very own eyes, he had seen Knock-out Bitts commit near-slaughter on Frankie Flange. But instead of being converted, Mr. Jones' face grew doubly long and he waggled his head dolefully.

"That proves it," he announced. "This is all a frame-up."

"What you mean—frame-up?"

"I mean this," snapped Mr. Jones. "Anopheles Ricketts is a friend of Florian Slappey an' Semore Mashby. They is all aimin' to git yo' money. An' when you tell me that Flange's manager is doin' the bettin'—boy, it's ten to one that all the money he's bettin' comes fum them other fellers."

"Good!" Jasper rubbed the palms of his hands together. "I don't know nobody's money I would rather git than theirs."

"But," exclaimed Jupiter with exasperation, "you ain't gwine git none. They on'y bets on shuah things. An' they got yo' fighter fixed some sort of way."

"How do you know?"

"I know it, tha's all."

"Has anybody tol' you such?"

"No. But I got brains."

"You got pestimism, tha's what you got. Knock-out is gwine kill that feller fum Atlanta."

Jupiter shook his head. "Sooner you loses all yo' money the happier you is gwine be, Jasper. I never seed a man with such a yearnin' to be broke. So far you has been lucky, but fum Monday night things will be diff'ent. They is fixin' to trim you good an' proper."

"Gwan with you. You utters silliment. An' just to show you how foolish I know you is Ise gwine right down yonder now an' bet another five hund'ed dollars on Mistuh Bitts."

Jupiter argued, begged, pleaded and cajoled. Jasper De Void refused to listen. A half hour later he stood to win two thousand dollars, or lose a similar amount. L. Jupiter Jones rambled off in supreme disgust. He was genuinely fond of the gangling negro from Dothan and hated to see him so hopelessly enmeshed in the web which had been woven for him

He urged Jasper to hedge, and Mr De Void laughed the suggestion aside. And because Jasper seemed to be so direly in need of a real friend, Mr. Jones set himself the task of investigating. That night at eleven o'clock he dashed into Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and dragged Jasper from his bed. Wild-eyed, he fidgeted about the room while Jasper dressed.

"Just come with me, Brother De Void," he urged, "an' leave me show you somethin'."

"What?"

"Nemmin' what. But remember that the big fight ain't on'y two days away. Tha is Saddy night."

The two tall dark figures moved southward on Eighteenth Street. Eventually they reached a large tree opposite the very modest home of Anopheles Ricketts, where Jupiter bade Jasper wait. Shortly after one o'clock the front door of the Ricketts home opened. Five persons emerged. First was the dapper and debonair Florian Slappey. Immediately behind him was Frankie Flange on the arm of his manager. The next person to appear was Semore Mashby. And last, but far from least, came the squat, broad-shouldered Knock-out Bitts!

Jasper could scarcely credit the evidence of his senses. His reedlike figure swayed in the chill breeze. He stared through the gloom at this display of perfidy. The two men remained motionless until the conscienceless conspirators disappeared into

(Continued on Page 129)

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GIFTS THAT *LAST*

Consult your Jeweler

(Continued from Page 127)

the night. It was a crushed Mr. De Void who wandered away with his friend.

"'Tain't true!" he murmured. "It cain't be."

"Fool what you is! Ain't you see with yo' own eyes?"

"Oh, lawsy! An' me havin' bet two thousan' dollars! What can I do, Jupiter?"

"Hedge, Jasper, hedge! Go out quick tomorrow an' bet ev'y dollar you can on Frankie Flange."

"O-o-o-o! S'posin' they won't take them bets?" He thought for a moment. "Ise Knock-out's manager. Ise gwine call off the fight."

"Humph! Wisdom what you gits too late. Won't do you no good to call it off. Knock-out will go ahead an' fight anyway—an' he'll git licked—an' then the stakeholders pays over the money what you loses."

Mr. De Void spent an abysmally miserable night. Too late he saw with startling clarity what had happened to him. Already two thousand dollars of his worldly capital had been officially posted. He sat by the window and stared into the deserted street below, speculating upon what manner of miracle might save him from the catastrophe which threatened.

The following morning the extent of the disaster became apparent. He tried to bet on Frankie Flange, and the very fact that it was himself—Knock-out's manager—who was trying this, put the final vestige of confidence to rout. The rumor flew through Birmingham that Jasper De Void was seeking to bet on Knock-out's rival, and what little betting money remained, shifted instantly to the Flange standard. Jasper mourned through the city. He sought an interview with his fighter.

"Is you sho you is gwine win, Knock-out?" he inquired pleadingly.

The fighter grinned. "That fight is the surest thing in the world," he announced cryptically.

"I hope so. 'Cause if you loses, Ise ruint!"

That night Jasper De Void and L. Jupiter Jones held a lodge of sorrow. There was nothing Jasper could do and he had only a short time in which to do it. The friends considered the situation from every devastating angle. Mr. Jones was too genuinely sorry to say, "I told you so."

But on Monday Boston Marble, a professional betting agent, brought tidings to L. Jupiter Jones which caused that gentleman to froth at the mouth and fly in search of Jasper De Void.

"Wha's this I heah, Jasper?" he roared.

"'Bout which?"

"Boston Marble said you just bet another two hund'ed dollars on Knock-out Bitts."

Mr. De Void grinned into the face of the noonday sun. "I sholy did," he confessed.

Jupiter gave vent to much language. "Is you crazy? Is you absotively plumb loony? Has you went cuckoo?"

"Reckon so, Jupiter. But honest, I seen Knock-out Bitts 'most kill that feller Flange an' I don't b'lieve he could lose."

"Oh, lawsy, idjit what you is!"

"Besides," said Jasper with much logic, "what's the diff'ence of bein' most broke an' ontirely busted?"

Jupiter's eyes narrowed. He scrutinized his friend closely. "Jasper," he said positively, "you has schum a scheme."

"Reckon I has, Jupiter."

"You is shuah Knock-out is gwine win?"

"Positive!"

"Humph! I hope you is right, 'cause if you ain't, them creditors ain't gwine even leave you a pair of pants. Somethin' just seems to tell me that you has bit off mo'n you can chew. S'pose you esplain."

"Uh-huh. But I advises that you bet on Knock-out Bitts."

"Fumadiddles! I ain't got no money to th'ow away."

"'Tain't th'owin'. It's takin'."

L. Jupiter Jones shook his head dejectedly. "Maybe so you is a wizzid, Jasper, but less'n you is, somethin' terrible is gwine happen to you—hard! I just wishes you luck, tha's all."

Early that evening the crowd commenced gathering at the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, where the great battle was to be held. Anopheles Ricketts had held a brief conference with Knock-out Bitts.

"You in good trim to lose, Knock-out?"

"Never felt mo' like it."

"Fine. I wishes you lots of luck—all bad."

They grinned and separated. Later Knock-out was joined by his elongated manager and the pair took a taxi to the hall. They went immediately to the cubicle which had been marked off as Bitts' dressing room.

The first preliminary was on and the crowd in high good humor. Stories of the sensational betting which had been in progress were everywhere. Fans who believed that Bitts was invincible now talked of nothing save Jasper De Void's effort to bet on Frankie Flange. There seemed to be an Ethiopian gentleman concealed in the woodpile.

Jasper watched his fighter undress. It seemed a shame that a person with so magnificent a physique should sell himself for a mess of pottage. Mr. De Void rubbed Bitts with some alcohol, then rambled out to inspect the house while Knock-out climbed into his ring regalia. The place was jammed to the rafters. Jasper wandered into the hall and stood watching two colored youths in the ring who seemed intent upon committing mayhem upon each other. L. Jupiter Jones joined him.

"Still think Bitts is gwine win?" he inquired.

"Uh-huh. Twenty-two hund'ed dollars' wuth."

"Well," murmured Jones, "I got a good job all staked out fo' you, startin' tomorrow mawnin'."

They continued to talk. The prelim ended violently, and so did the one which followed. The semifinalists started off on their eight-round route. And because the fight was exceedingly interesting neither Jasper De Void nor L. Jupiter Jones noticed that something very peculiar was occurring in the rear of the hall. A gentleman of color entered the place and inquired for the dressing room of Knock-out Bitts. He knocked lightly on the door and was bidden to enter. The stranger remained in the dressing room precisely two minutes with Knock-out Bitts. Then he left and found a seat among the audience.

At that moment one of the semifinalists landed a hard left on the solar plexus of his opponent. The opponent emitted a large grunt, doubled into a knot and subsided. The counting of ten was drowned by a roar from the crowd.

"Bring on them main bout!"

Jasper rushed back to his fighter. He found Knock-out Bitts standing in the middle of the dressing room, incased in a flowered bathrobe. Jasper grabbed the man's bronze arm.

"C'mon, Knock-out, they is yellin' fo' you."

Mr. Bitts seemed reluctant. "But, Jasper — "

"Don't but me, big boy. Us travels!"

With amazing firmness Jasper guided his man down the aisle through the hundreds of screaming, frenzied fans. They clambered through the ropes, where they were faced by Anopheles Ricketts and Florian Slappey, Knock-out's official handlers. Jasper addressed them curtly, "Git out of this ring, boys. I handles Knock-out myse'f tonight!"

They tried to argue. Mr. De Void exhibited an amazing strength of character. "I said git out, an' I mean it. I looks after my fighter sole an' personal tonight, an' I don't want neither of you-all sayin' one word to him. Not even boo!"

They retired from the ring. They looked at each other in bewilderment. "Wh-what you reckon it means?" asked Anopheles.

"Dunno," returned Florian, "but I got a terrible hunch."

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Ask any Philadelphian

What is the name of your Newest Inn . . . . .

Or, forsooth, that of your Largest Guest-house . .

Or, again, that of your most Modern Hostelry . . .

Or, yet again, that of your Tavern most Hospitable?

HE, being a Fair and honest Man, must perforce give to All your Inquiries the one Answer, to wit; The Benjamin Franklin.

For New, indeed, is this great Edifice—built less than Thirty Months ago. And, by dint of Scrupulous Housekeeping, kept ever Fresh and Immaculate throughout.

And, as for its Capacity, here are Twelve Hundred airy, light and pleasant Guest-rooms, each with private Bath and Ic'd Water on tap; three Restaurants; Public Lounging Rooms unstint'd in their variety and dimensions; and swift Electric Lifts in ample number.

So Newly-rear'd an Hostelry is it, too, that every up-to-date Convenience is here Install'd—the more since Comfort is the commodity in which we Deal.

While here is Perpetuat'd, as a Tradition most Cherish'd, that historic Hospitality for which Philadelphia remains Far fam'd.

And, as an Earnest of the Spirit that pervades the House, this Motto is emblazon'd on its Banner—Alive within the Hearts of all who Serve you here:

Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs, and thought upon your comfort—always.

To You then, who plan to visit Philadelphia this Summer, a cordial Invitation is extend'd to avail Yourself of all this great Guest-house offers you.

ROOM RATES BEGIN AT *$4.00*

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They shook their heads. "Shuh! Cain't mean nothin'. Jasper's just nervous."

"He sure is," agreed Florian. "An' he ain't got a durn thing on me!"

Frankie Flange crawled through the ropes. The fighters met in the center of the ring, apparently without recognition. They seemed marvelously well matched—Knock-out Bitts squat and bronze; Frankie Flange tall and lithe and ebony.

The referee, Dr. Vivian Simmons, gave final instructions. They shook hands and went to their corners. At the sound of the gong they followed instructions to come out fighting. The roaring crowd was given a treat. From the moment they slid to the center of the ring the fighters wasted no time. They crouched, sparred, and then Knock-out Bitts brought over a crushing right which landed flush on Frankie's nose. An expression of unutterable bewilderment crossed that person's face and he fell into a clinch.

"Hey, listen," he protested to Bitts, "that wasn't in the 'greement."

"Humph!" grunted Knock-out. "A lot you know!"

They backed away and circled. Frankie was doubtful. He extended a tentative left. Knock-out picked it off deftly and countered with a smashing right to the ribs. Mr. Flange dropped his arm to the sore spot, grunting audibly.

Then a cyclone turned loose. Setting himself firmly and bunching his magnificent muscles, Mr. Knock-out Bitts proceeded to show the dusky fight fans of Birmingham a thing or two about prize fights as they should be fit.

He covered Mr. Flange like a blizzard. He hit him with everything but the ring posts. Mr. Flange was too bewildered to drop. Besides, he had not been instructed to do so; but when the welcome sound of the gong came to his ears he was not the same Frankie who had started that epic battle. He was a battered, war-worn wreck, a derelict of the ring, a poor colored boy who had run foul of a human buzz saw.

Frankie's manager was dazed. Not so Frankie. Mr. Flange looked up through two swollen eyes and made a single remark:

"Man," he gasped, "I know just how a feller feels which is gittin' murdered!"

In the audience four gentlemen sat pop-eyed. Semore Mashby, Florian Slappey, Acey Upshaw and Anopheles Ricketts were too overcome for mere speech. They dared not credit the evidence of their senses. Semore struggled for words:

"The dirty bum sold us out!" said he.

"Nos-suh!" Mr. Ricketts was quite positive about that. "I talked to Bitts just befo' he come down heah an' he was laughin' 'bout how easy he was gwine lose."

"Huh! He was laughin' how easy us was gwine lose."

The second round was a shambles. Apparently Knock-out Bitts had received positive orders. What had occurred to Frankie Flange in the first round was as nothing to the slaughter of the second.

Frankie tried to drop. Knock-out held him up and walloped him. Mr. Flange yearned for the floor. But when he finally got there, it was as the recipient of a punch such as Knock-out Bitts had never before uncorked—a glorious, sledge-hammer blow which started from the floor and traveled upward until its journey was rudely interrupted by the point of Frankie's jaw.

The counting of ten was a mere formality—a bit of swank in which the referee insisted upon indulging. The crowd swept into the ring. The quartet of ruined conspirators stood forlornly aside as they watched Jasper De Void collect forty-four hundred dollars in cash from Isaac Gethers, the official stakeholder. They did not upbraid the victorious fighter. They did not discuss the matter with the grinning, triumphant Jasper De Void. They were crushed.

Outside Knock-out Bitts' dressing-room door L. Jupiter Jones cornered his friend. "Great wiggilin' tripe!" he ejaculated. "How did you do it, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void swelled with pardonable pride. "Di'n't I tell you to bet on Knock-out? Di'n't I tell you he was the best cullud fighter in the world?"

"Yeh. But that don't esplain —— You an' me seen him at Anopheles Ricketts' house, an' ——"

"Listen at me, alim boy," Jasper dropped his voice to a whisper, "an' don't you never tell nobody. Promise?"

"Cross my heart an' hope to be bawn a dog if I do!"

"Good. It was thisaway. I knowed that Bitts woul'n't never double-cross them fellers, so I started thinkin'. An' the mo' I thought the mo' convinced I got that the on'y thing in the world Bitts was scared of was the law. You see, he is givin' alimoney to one wife on account of not payin' no 'tention to her divorce papers, an' another time he got into jail 'cause he didn't do what another law paper said he should."

"Yeh. But ——"

"Well, I went down to see Lawyer Evans Chew today an' got him to draw up a law paper, 'cause I knowed that whatever else Knock-out Bitts might do, he woul'n't forget what that paper said. An' just befo' he got in the ring that paper fum Lawyer Chew was served on him."

L. Jupiter was round-eyed. "An' what kind of paper was it, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void chuckled. "Tha's easy," he explained. "It was a writ of mandamus orderin' him to win the fight!"

"A what?" gasped Mr. Jones.

"A mandamus."

L. Jupiter Jones blinked rapidly. He clutched the thin arm of his triumphant friend.

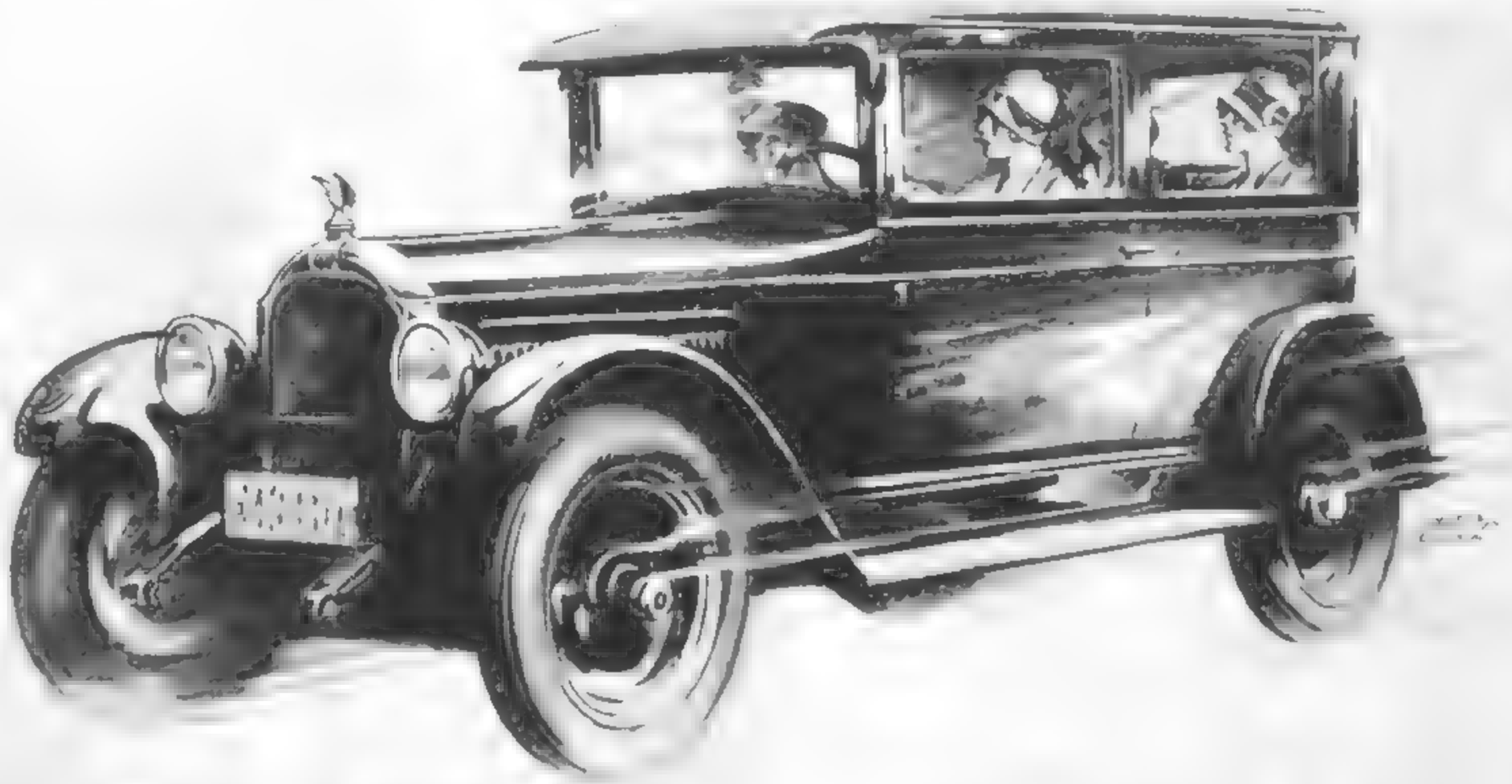
"But, Jasper," said he, "that ain't possible. It's ridiculous. Lawyers cain't write mandamuses, an' besides they ain't never done fo' such a thing as this."

Mr. De Void chuckled. He probed into his trousers pocket and produced a huge roll of bills. "You says that mandamus wasn't no good, Jupiter?"

"Surely I does."

"Well," murmured Jasper De Void triumphantly, "I'll just bet you ev'ry cent of this money you cain't never make Mistuh Anopheles Ricketts believe that!"

Sunset



DRIVING a Knight-engined car

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The reputation of the Knight sleeve-valve engine to deliver quiet, uninterrupted power for years of service, with freedom from valve and carbon trouble, has made this type of engine famous.

The remarkable performance of this engine is becoming so well known that it is actually affecting the trend of the automobile industry.

Falcon-Knight is the first six-cylinder Knight-engined car in the thousand-dollar price group.

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is cooking—if you have a *Kampkook*. It is so easy to set up and to operate, so responsive to every demand—so reliable in every way. *Kampkook* can give you more heat than your gas stove at home and greater satisfaction than any other method of camp cooking.

When you have the kiddies along, it is nice to know that they are perfectly safe with *Kampkook*—it is foolproof. Then, too, *Kampkook* will heat your tent when days are cool or damp.

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Kampkook burns ordinary motor gasoline and is perfectly safe in every way; in fact, its use is permitted and recommended where open camp fires are prohibited. The tank cannot be filled while the stove is burning, but is instantly detachable and easily filled through its built-in funnel.

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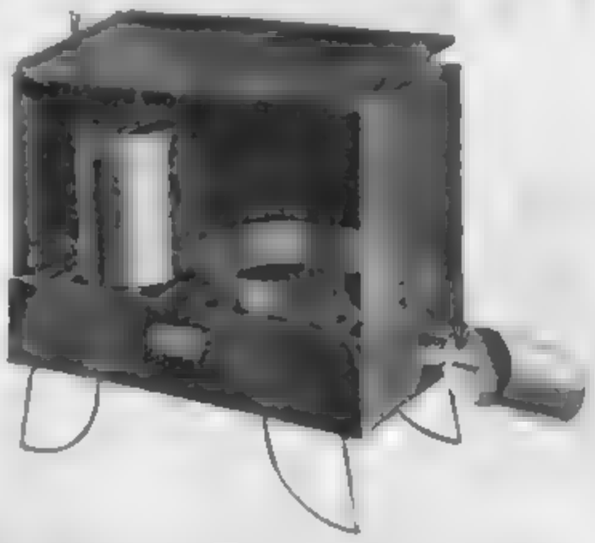

Kampkook No. 8, with built-in oven and heater. America's finest and most complete camp stove. Does anything you can do with your kitchen range. Complete, with built-in pump. Price in U. S., $11.00. Other models $6.30 to $14.50

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO

AFTER THE FLOOD IS OVER

(Continued from Page 8)

of charge. Without charge, they have moved stock, feed stores, household goods, and are willing to move them back. The Red Cross workers and doctors and nurses ride in coaches or in Pullman cars free.

Such are the indications of the extent of the disaster; such is the drama of the rescue work and its magnitude; such is the tragedy of living things—men and beasts both fleeing or driven in herds to escape destruction.

And still this is not the main tragedy. The main tragedy is not excitement or the crisis, not the desperation of a moment; in the mass, the main tragedy is the dull struggle to make life over again, to return to desolation, to gather the courage to prevent drifting toward cities, to go back and start afresh with a bag of seeds and an empty purse and a squatter's cabin.

Ruined and Free

In the valley I have seen heartbreaking terrors, fears of the loss of children, panic-stricken youth looking in vain for parents, old men shivering with fever, old women dropping down from weariness. It is all repeated over and over until relief workers in a ten days' treatment of the repeated vaccine of emotion become immune, and then they are kindly by the technic of their activity rather than by the pangs of sympathy.

The story is the same old story. The newcomer—the man or woman who never before has seen great groups of refugees—is tremendously shaken. He sees at first not the mass spirit of refugees but individual crises, and to him the cases of unusual sorrow or suffering or terror appear typical of the whole. Having seen some of the millions of Russians who were set adrift after the Russian retreat from Warsaw during the war, and famine refugees in China, and Greeks cast out of Turkey, and Italians driven from villages on the side of Mount Etna, I have learned to recognize that peculiar anæsthetizing, rather intoxicating, spirit which saturates the mass. Men and women, and even young children, particularly if they have been more or less isolated, find excitement and diversion in those jarring events which take them out of the round of monotony and cut the ruts of routine. The devil may be waiting for the squirrel that has escaped from the wheel in his cage, but for a moment at least the squirrel will feel a thrill. So do human beings.

I once saw an Italian watch the lava flow engulf his home, his vineyards and all his land. He turned to us as the lava flux in the valley gave its last hot swallow, and exclaimed, "How magnificent! I am ruined and I am free!"

Then, too, there is the satisfaction of a new fraternity of disaster; those who are used to hearing only the owl and the whippoorwill in the evening, find a temporary joy in new scenes, where at night—in a refugee camp—some of them get their first glance at a moving picture and hear the buzz of hundreds of voices from neighboring tents, or the chorus of negroes over yonder making some old melody sound like magic fingers on a great responsive harp. There are new faces in thousand lots and not a one of them which may not be the mask of destiny. There is a new overture, a new back drop to life, new flies and wings, new calciums, new acts, new actors. It may be a dark house when the curtain descends and they face the reality of the world to which they must return; but the audience not only has the gorgeous fillip of change from the grind of old colorless days but each can take his or her own part on the stage. For the mass of the thousands of refugees the tragedy is not the pass to which they have now been brought; the tragedy is the grind to which they must return — unprepared, solitary, isolated, baffled, poor, desperate. Not during but after the flood is the period of need for the greatest help, for remembrance, for sympathy, for the nation's profound consideration.

Just now one who has been in these refugee camps, plunged into them from the sophisticated atmosphere of a metropolis, longs wistfully to be back in a refugee camp, where artifice and pomp are not, where the mere stripping away of pretenses and the mere gathering of many human beings produces an unparalleled gayety of temporary freedom from everything coarse, everything pretentious, everything ungenerous.

So they all talk incessantly. Those used to silences talk on like the proverbial rivulets. Like everyone else in the lower reaches of the Mississippi—those on trains, in offices, at the supper table, in hotels, on barges—the refugees talk not of the flood but of the water.

They talk of it as I have heard Russian refugees talk of the snow, and Italian peasants talk of the lava, and Armenians and Greeks talk of the orders.

And this is the way it goes:

"They—the menfolks—cut a hole in the roof. It was just in time, and we crawled out. At daylight we heard a chugging motorboat. Our cows was all drowned."

"Is that so? Well, back of us there was a settlement of a church and about twenty cottages, and—would you believe it?—the whole lot got afloat; and I don't know what did it, but the cottages all gathered close to the church and it looked like a hen with a lot of chickens and the whole thing was turning slowly around and around in twenty feet of water, and you could hear the crevasse roaring still."

"Yes, I heard one too. But you say you didn't have no levee you could go on, eh? Well, I come from up where I said, and the levee that weren't gone was crowded with stock, and the barges came to take us off, and I'll say it was a thing to make a girl cry to see the niggers. You know how a nigger likes a dorg. Before we got out of our home, when the motorboats got us first, I seen niggers break down an' cry to leave a dorg. Yes'm, just bust out cryin' - grown niggers too! An' I seen 'em build rafts when they knew they couldn't take the dorgs, an' set the dorgs on the raft an' float 'em off downstream!"

"That ain't a thing! I saw an old nigger woman tying corks on a pet hen's neck and I saw the hen paddle off good!"

"We lost everything."

"There, look at her—that old lady passing. Know who she is? Well, she's Mademoiselle ——. Who knows how old she is? She's from the Acadia district. Look at her! Ain't them features? Old maid. Look at that silk jacket all mended up. Educated in Paris. Water took everything, year after year—lands—plantation—gone. Nothing left her but manners. Go talk to her."

A Half Century of the Water

I did talk to Mam'selle, whose forbears came out of Acadia. Speak of grand dames! And in a refugee camp! Telling evening stories to a circle of children—anybody's children. Gentle—not a word of passion—alone—a refugee. The half century of The Water! And now a gentle measured voice, white hair parted in the middle, indomitable blue eyes still aglow with a kind of eternal youth.

And the old negro doctor who says emphatically but gently that he is not a voodoo: "No, suh, I doan make magic, suh. I jes touches 'em wif my han'—this ole han'. An' in my heart—I doan speak it—dey's a prayer an' faith, an' dey who has faith is made clean an' well. I doan do it. God does it!"

He administers to those who have had vaccines in the arm and are suffering in hundred lots from "de chills" and the "misery in de muscles."

(Continued on Page 134)

States famous for their rugged, outdoor men—*yet*—

THE "GLADIATOR"

A sturdy athletic Keds. The special non-skid sole is stoutly built. Made in both white and brown.

THE "SPOR-TIE"

A Keds novelty number for growing girls, misses and children. The uppers are a sport cloth of tan mixed basket-weave, trimmed in brown with brown sole.

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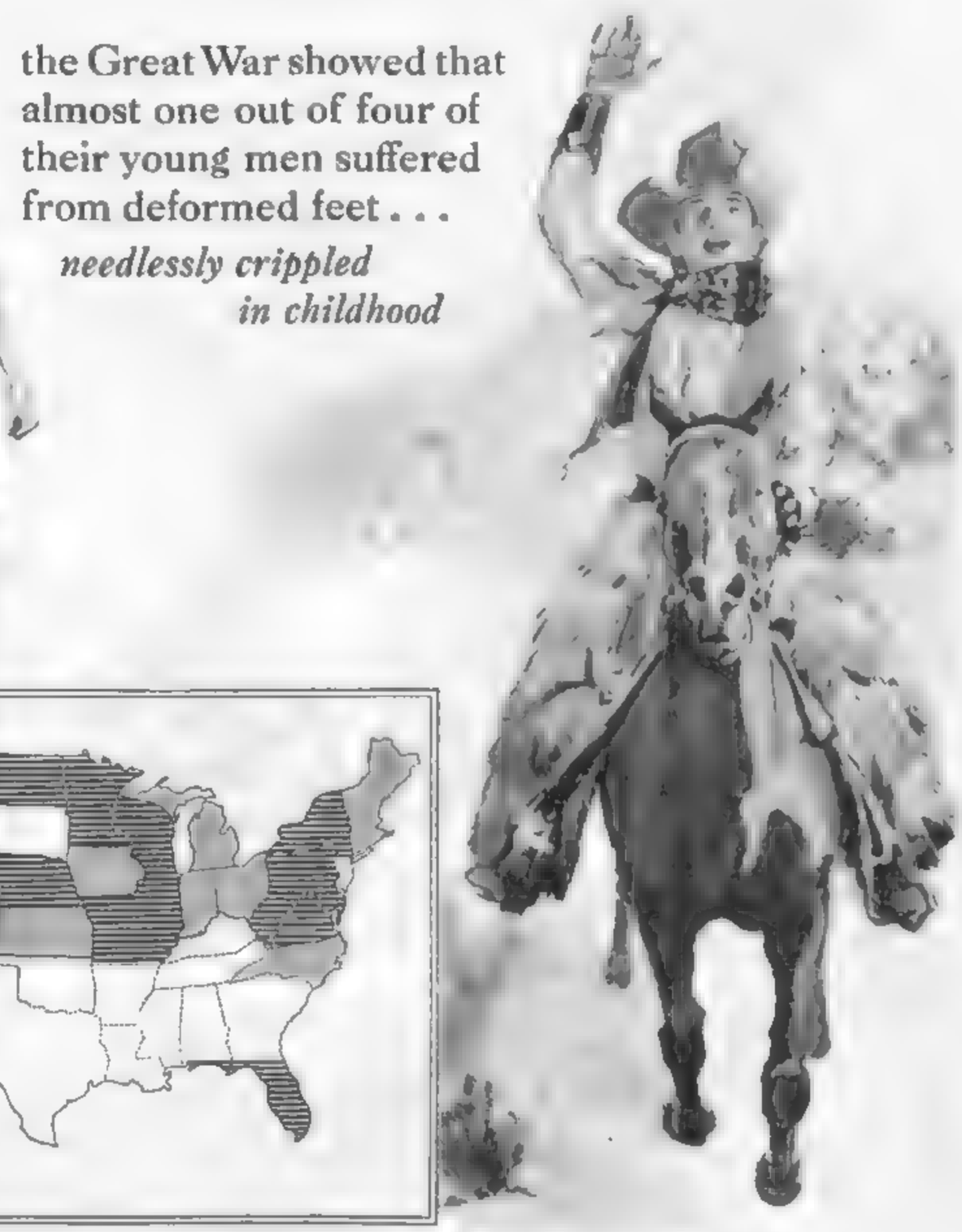
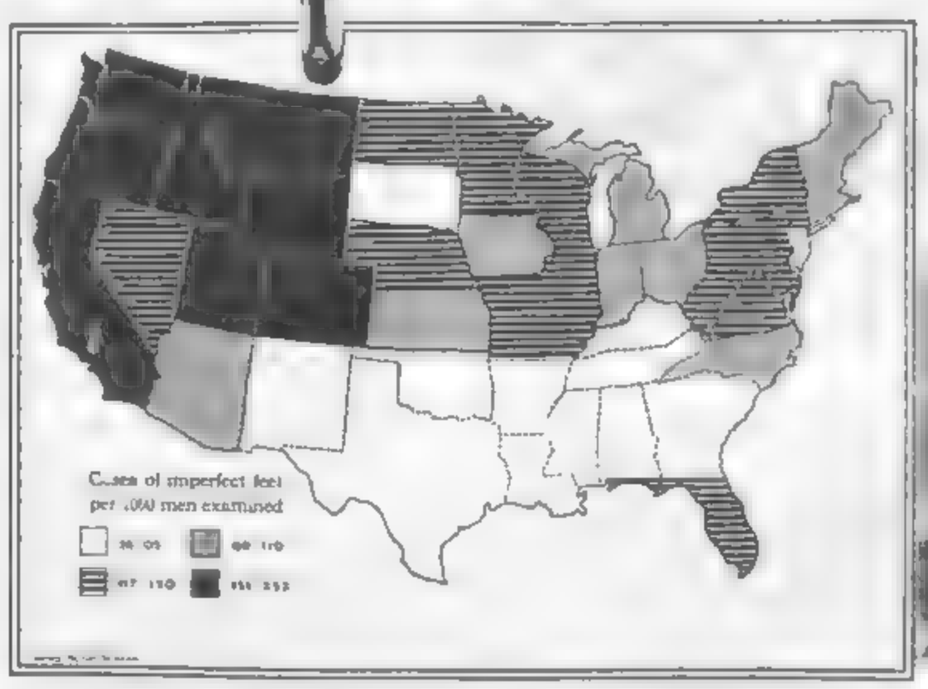
A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—built for hard wear. Comes in lace-to-toe style—white with black trim or brown with gray trim—both models with gray soles.





In most Northern and Western states where heavy, ill-fitting shoes are often worn in childhood, Draft Boards found that as high as 25% of the men examined had serious foot defects. Even men who spend most of their lives on horseback frequently have seriously deformed feet because of heavy, high-heeled shoes.

the Great War showed that almost one out of four of their young men suffered from deformed feet . . .

needlessly crippled in childhood

STRONG, VIRILE YOUNG MEN, the flower of states that have always pioneered, always won their success by conquering the forces of Nature—

Yet Medical Boards during the War found that almost one out of every four men examined in many of these great Northern and Western states had serious foot defects.

Celebrated foot specialists put the blame for this condition on heavy, ill-fitting shoes worn in childhood.

And in most Southern states, where men are traditionally of slighter build, only one—at most two—out of every twenty had important foot troubles.

For in the South children seldom wear any but light, well-ventilated shoes which give the benefits of "going barefoot" while protecting against barefoot dangers.

That is why doctors today recommend that children wear Keds just as much as possible.

Keds soles of tough, pliant rubber are as flexible as the naked foot, yet resist cuts, wear and tear. Keds uppers support the feet snugly, yet allow easy freedom. Keds insoles of Feltex keep the feet cool.

Put your children in Keds and give them this greater chance of permanent foot health.

Keds come in over thirty models, for men, women, and children, at prices from $1.25 to $4.50. Keds are made only by the

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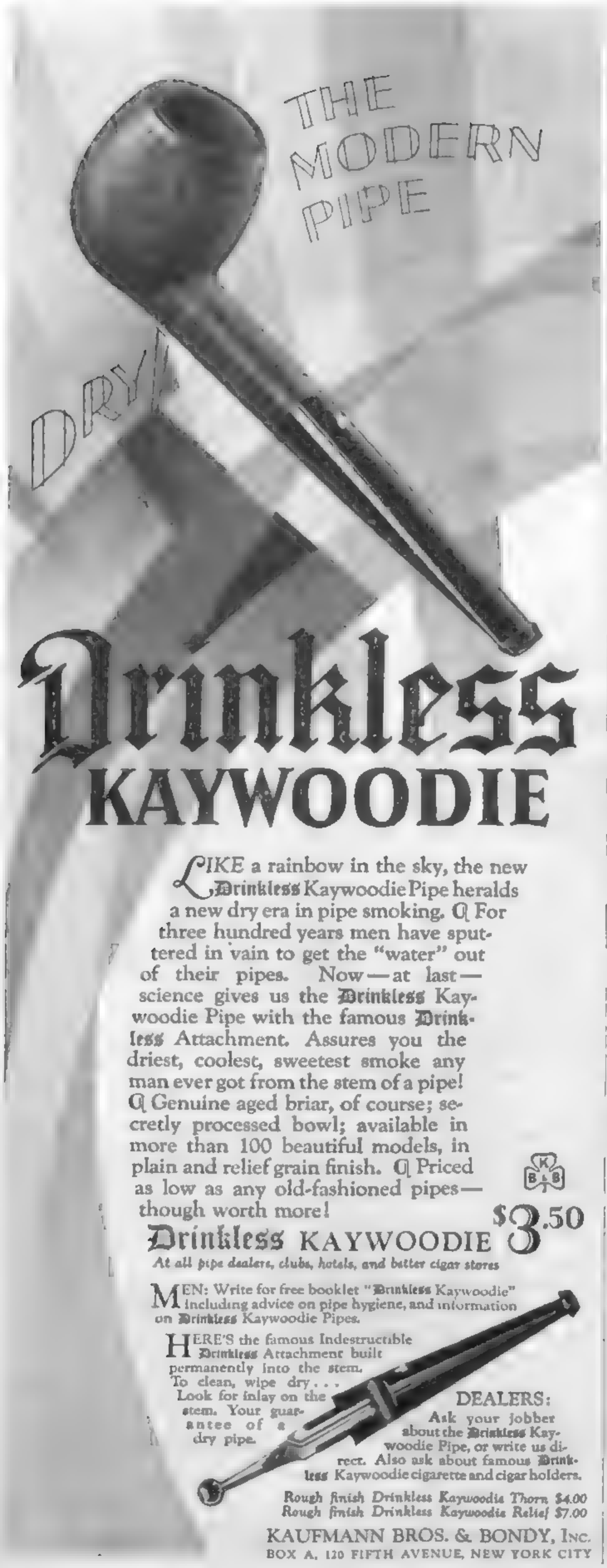
They are not **Keds** *unless the name* Keds *is on the shoe* . . .

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LIKE a rainbow in the sky, the new Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe heralds a new dry era in pipe smoking. ¶ For three hundred years men have sputtered in vain to get the "water" out of their pipes. Now—at last—science gives us the Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe with the famous Drinkless Attachment. Assures you the driest, coolest, sweetest smoke any man ever got from the stem of a pipe! ¶ Genuine aged briar, of course; secretly processed bowl; available in more than 100 beautiful models, in plain and relief grain finish. ¶ Priced as low as any old-fashioned pipes—though worth more!

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MEN: Write for free booklet "Drinkless Kaywoodie" including advice on pipe hygiene, and information on Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipes.

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Rough finish Drinkless Kaywoodie Relief $7.00

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, INC.
BOX A, 120 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

(Continued from Page 132)

A voice speaks up: "I went to de doctah an' he give me a shot. An' he shot me de second time, an' I say, 'Doc, I doan wan' to be shot no moh.'"

And there are—as in Russia, as in China, as in Turkey, as in Sicily—the rumors. The whole valley is seething with rumors. When I go walking for a full day about a section of threatened levee, I go into a corner tobacco store a few miles up the river and a large man with a face like a flat platter comes in to announce: "Just heard from my brother Tom. He says the whole levee at X went out day before yesterday. . . . What's the trouble, brother?"

He is addressing my astonishment. I have to say: "If it did, I am astounded. I walked five miles of it after dark just last night."

And every refugee camp has its oracles. Someone has said President Coolidge ought to come down into the valley—the Valley of Death, as the oracle calls it. And the other oracle under the live-oak tree spits and says, "Wha' for? He sent Hoover. Hoover, he's an engineer. If the President came, everybody, includin' you, would say he was tryin' to get our votes. If he don't come, we cuss him; an' if he did, we'd cuss him worse. We're Democrats an' nothin' will satisfy us, an' that's all I gotter say." Followed by a long silence.

The trucks come in groaning with food and with hay for the mattresses. And candy is being given out to the children—a long line of them trying to climb over the little backs of those in front. A private in the Army lies like a pirate as he says: "I know every one of you! Don't anybody try to be a repeater! I know every one of you!" He addresses himself solemnly to a five-year-old girl who already has appeared three times!

There is the aroma of magnolia blossoms overhead; the moon shines down on the long moss drooping from the trees, and the army camp tents glow like giant lightning bugs that have rested for the night regimentally.

An orderly comes to report, with a paper from the commissary in his hand—3000 mouths. Corned-beef hash, 1000 pounds—half a ton; peas, 150 pounds; bread, 650 loaves; coffee, 70 pounds. Sirup, twelve cases. And not a fly or mosquito in sight!

Tantalus in the Cottonwood

The colored end of the camp is praying and singing again. A bean-pole negro, with a strange guttural that reminds one of the lilt of the howling dervishes of Stamboul, prays with deepest sincerity for the safety of an expectant white mother who has just gone to town in the ambulance—not for prosperity, not for safety for his own, but with a circle of forty rocking, amen, yes, sir, please-God kneeling figures about him, he pours out his beseechings to the dome of the night sky for the one who has just left the white settlement with the clang of the ambulance bell.

And a woman rocking back and forth intones. She addresses God as a friend: "Oh, my little town! We has been wicked an' we has sinned, little town. Oh, Lord! Please, suh, the Good Book says, 'This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me: how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! Everyone that passeth by her shall hiss and wag his hand.'"

The strength and breadth of the superstition that the water is a visitation of God's wrath is amazing—for 1927. And yet ——

Over across the river in Arkansas, they say a negro settlement built an ark. Some preacher was going to do Noah again. But the ark failed to float. So it was wholly a matter for the Coast Guards.

"Yes, sir," says a voice, "there was a black woman in the top of a cottonwood. She had a pickaninny in her arms and she was most starving. And she was so stiff, like lots of us who learned to perch like sick buzzards, that later it took her two days to straighten out her left arm. And while she was waitin' and prayin'—dog-get!—here come a table floating with a hot meal on it. Yes, ma'am—a hot meal—floated right out of somebody's kitchen. Pot of smelly coffee, hot hog back, sweet pickles! And she reached for it and touched it—and down it went like lead, I'm tellin' you-all! It kinder gave a hiss as it dropped below the water!"

There is the post office at the camp. It is pathetic to see the hovering about the mail. But a brother writes from New Orleans.

"Listen to what my brother Ed says. He says: 'We've been through something almost a panic. There was a conference, and Hoover from Washington was here, and when there was a proposal to blast out the levee south of here the merchants went crazy with joy, and there was next to a mob on the streets to force it through. The papers hushed it up. Run on banks and foolishness, and it was hushed up too. And the governor agreed to make the state responsible for the damage in Poydras. And then the merchants began to put signs in their windows saying that New Orleans was safe, and then all the people from the country were sore because nobody gave a thought of them.'"

A Makeshift Bridal Suite

An old man comes to a Red Cross volunteer worker. It is Miss Winifred Callahan, over at Harrisonburg, Catahoula Parish, who has given fine service in several other disasters.

"Cain't you give my son an army tent?"

"Why doesn't he ask for it?"

"He didn't want to; he was shy of doin' it. But—you see he wants to—he wants to git married. An' jes now there ain't any other place to take a bride."

The old man himself reddens. And he adds: "You see, we are ready. I bought their shoes for 'em yesterday." He pauses. "The bride—been married afore; married to an old man an' made him a good wife, an' that's a good sign."

"How old a man?"

"Oh, goin' onto fohty!"

"Forty? Old?"

"Yes, ma'am. And I bought the shoes for 'em both—my son an' her. Cain't we get an army tent? They'll be all right when the water is gone."

"You bet!"

So life and the incessant talk goes on.

The persistence of the human instinct to construct is breath-taking. There is the home-making instinct. Tent after tent in the refugee camps is transformed by some genius for nest building into a little laboratory in the art of living. There are endless examples. The morning after a hard rain, when the whole camp had been awash in the night, I found one Mississippi east-county negress sitting puffed up with pride because she had cleaned up and had things runnin'. There were spotless sheets on the army cots. The blankets were rolled in fancy shapes like a Nashville waiter's art in napkin folding; an orange crate, upside down, next the tent pole, served as a table. A piece of red chintz was over it in imitation of the Sunday-night red damask of the days of clipper ships and hoop skirts; white doilies cut from paper received the tin plates of the Red Cross breakfast. Her boy, like 'most everyone else suffering from the typhoid shots, nursed his right arm; and a painted girl, taken under the wing of the housewife, drank superciliously from the tin cup of coffee. But rebuilding of life had begun. It was not yesterday on which these old eyes were fixed. It was only yesterday as a keeper of tradition. Tomorrow was written all over the place.

And then there is the magic of authority in these new temporary communities. Give a slab-sided farm hand a commission to clean the camp of orange peels and waste paper, and in an hour he will have every boy in the place, between four and fourteen, provided with pointed sticks and cartons, drilled like Boy Scouts and ready to carry on a brisk offensive against all refuse.

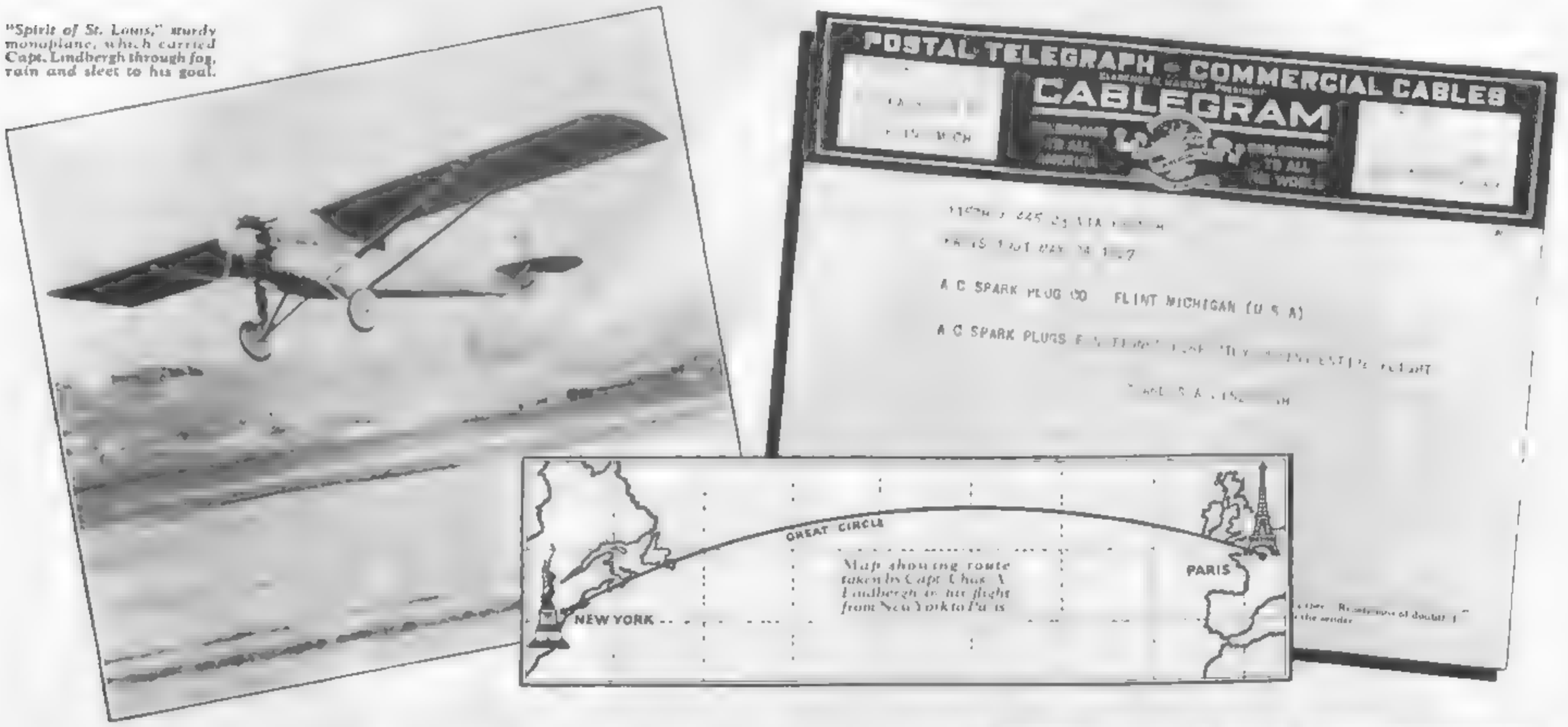
(Continued on Page 137)

A focal point of the world's attention is now the revealed knee. It is superbly covered with lovely color and sturdy silk if it is clad in

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

Lindbergh has been called "Lucky" but he took only the necessary risks. He used every safeguard, not only to protect his life and plane, but to assure the success of his undertaking


POSTAL TELEGRAPH • COMMERCIAL CABLES
CABLEGRAM
A C SPARK PLUG CO FLINT MICHIGAN (U S A)
GREAT CIRCLE
NEW YORK
PARIS
Map showing route taken by Capt. Chas. A. Lindbergh in his flight from New York to Paris

"Spirit of St. Louis," sturdy monoplane, which carried Capt. Lindbergh through fog, rain and sleet to his goal.

For his epoch making flight, AC Spark Plugs were the deliberate choice of Capt. Charles A. Lindbergh.

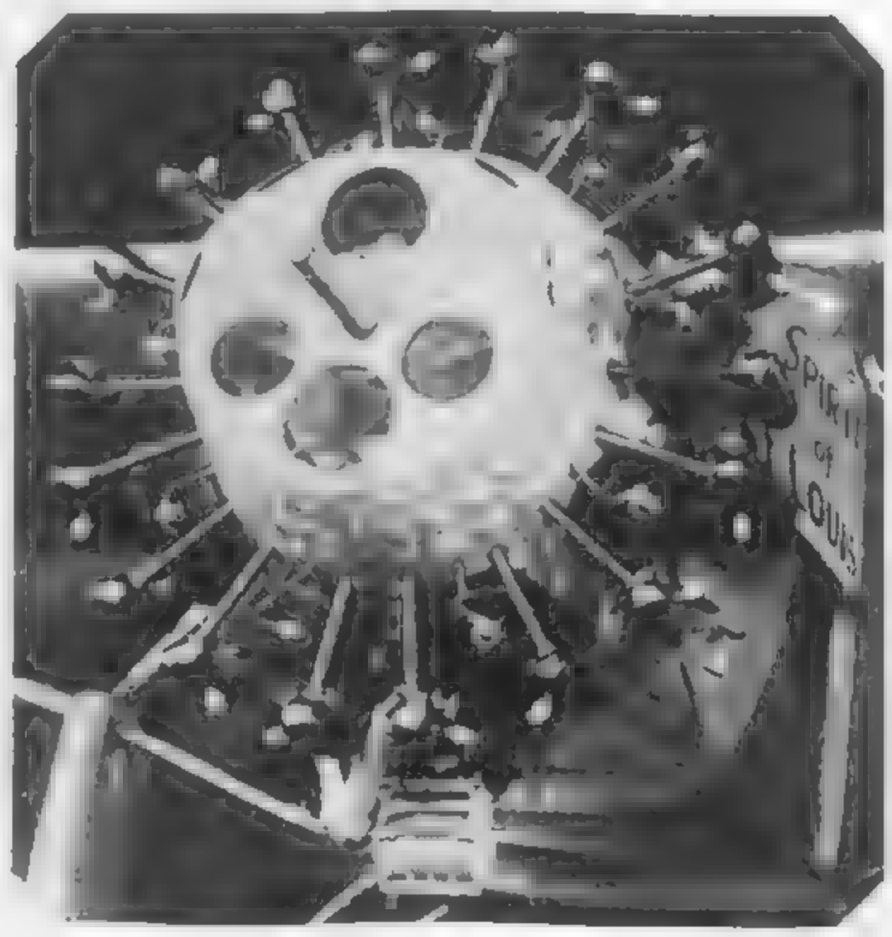
AC Spark Plugs were also used in the Bellanca plane piloted by Bert Acosta and Clarence D. Chamberlin, which established a new world's record for continuous flying of 51 hours, 11 minutes and 25 seconds.

Both of these flights were made with Wright "*Whirlwind*" engines.

From the work done to meet the requirements of aviation, has come the development of such highly efficient units as AC Spark Plugs. The net result is the attainment of higher and still higher quality, from which the public gets a real and lasting benefit.

Remember these facts and insist on AC's—they are all made with the same insulation, the same quality of electrodes and embody the same basic design as used by Capt. Lindbergh and other record breaking aviators, racing drivers and speedboat pilots.

Your dealer can give you the correct type and size for your engine.



The Wright "Whirlwind" engine in Capt. Lindbergh's plane "Spirit of St. Louis," showing AC Spark Plugs used on epoch making flight. — Photograph © 1927, P & A Photos

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, Michigan

AC-SPHINX
Birmingham
ENGLAND

Makers of AC Spark Plugs
AC Speedometers—AC Air Cleaners
AC Oil Filters—AC Gasoline Strainers

AC-TITAN
Levallois-Perret
FRANCE

Over 200 of the world's most successful manufacturers use one or more, or all of these AC Products
AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS

(Continued from Page 134)

And a voice of one of those who is waiting to see the doctor rises sharply to say: "It's funny we didn't all build skiffs. The water may come any year. One man near us built hisself a boat, and they say it floated off away from him in the night with his only lantern already lit in it. When I go back I'm thinking of building a house like a house boat and a barn with a barge under it, and anchors and everything. Then let her rise!"

That was a Coast Guard's idea. It is not a bad one for those districts which show map marks of the floods of 1912, 1913, 1922 and 1927!

"Up in Arkansas they are going back to their lands," says a weary voice.

Back to the grind! There is the shock!

In Arkansas, nearly 3,500,000 acres are draining off, so that returning owners and tenants can see under a stagnant film what is left of planted crops and, under the grease and grit veneering everything, what remains of property.

The Tragedy to Come

In Kentucky, nearly 40,000 acres; in Missouri, nearly 1,000,000 acres; in Tennessee 500,000 acres; in Louisiana and Mississippi the river has not quite decided how many acres, but it will be nearly 2,000,000.

Back to the grind! This is the grim reality which those on the spot must face.

The Commercial Appeal, of Memphis, foreseeing that the nation at large, though it may feel all the tragedy of the flood and of the crisis, may miss the deeper tragedy of the aftermath, emphasizes this paragraph:

> The most pathetic phase of the Mississippi flood has just begun. It is the return of almost half a million refugees to their desolated homes, where a dreary prospect awaits them. Mud-crusted walls and floors, livestock gone, provisions lost, farming implements rusted and awry, household goods soaked or washed away, fields untouched and the season late for planting. That is the scene they will behold upon their return. For some of them it will be more and as they count vacant places in the family circle and mourn for those who lost their lives.

The flood has made it clear that in mental attitude human beings are very much alike. There has been little variation in the psychological processes which take place in different districts and different individuals.

Everywhere the work of relief was made difficult, and sometimes dangerous and discouraging, by the strange complacency and the reluctance of people to move. Levees will leak into the resident's front yard. The river will rise to the top of a dike. Competent engineers will tell with rough accuracy the height of water a week or ten days ahead, and its pressure, and may state categorically that the battle line will not hold. I have been over districts a few days before the levees broke and in spite of every warning have heard on the steps of general merchandise crossroads stores and on barn sills and front porches voices saying:

"No, sir! I know the river. I've seen it in 1912 and 1922 and I ought to know it. You listen and you'll hear my cows chewing their cuds and stomping. And I tell you they'll stay right there and be as dry as Wayne Wheeler from now till the trumpet!"

Within four days the same cows were floating up from the overturned barn and tossing over and over in twenty-five feet of water, while the formerly complacent owner and his wife and children were huddled on a piece of levee, still standing as an island, praying for the rescue boats.

The Weather Bureau gives some indication of the completeness of the warnings:

"Of course there were warnings issued for all these floods before they began. As the rains kept on, the Weather Bureau soon found it necessary to issue additional warnings every two or three days for the lower Mississippi, from Cairo to its mouth, that still higher stages than those previously forecast would be reached. About April thirteenth the Weather Bureau found that every indication pointed to the greatest flood in the history of the lower Mississippi Valley, and at once bulletins were issued to that effect, warning everybody interested to take all possible precautions to protect life and property.

"These warnings were later repeated and emphasized, and since that time the Weather Bureau has issued daily advices of stages to be expected and the time when they are due. Beginning at Cairo, it has been possible to make predictions of flood stages nearly a week in advance, and on going down the river warnings have been given at gradually increased periods in advance. On April second the Vicksburg district was advised that the crest of the flood would be reached by the end of the month. People at New Orleans were advised on April eighth that the crest would be reached there during the first week in May, and at the same time the probable crest stages were given. Later rains made it necessary to increase the forecasts of crest stages and to delay dates thereof by five to ten days. Otherwise there has not been much change made in the forecasts.

"Thus far the flood has exceeded all previous records from Cairo to Natchez, and with the additional rise that began April twenty-seventh at Vicksburg from the overflowed waters of the Yazoo Basin, the stages below that point will yet exceed all previous stages, except possibly where extreme corrective measures may be taken to prevent it. Previous to this flood, the 1922 flood was the greatest flood except between Cairo and Memphis, where the 1913 flood was slightly higher. Before 1913, perhaps the greatest flood was in 1882, although then the levee system was not nearly so extensive as at present and a much greater area of land was subjected to natural overflow."

But the complacency and disbelief and optimism are almost universal. And so also are the philosophical good nature, the yarn-spinning ego, the talkative, gregarious and docile spirit of the refugee while he remains a refugee.

One old negro woman watches her husband, who shines like a tall hat, clearing up around the tent. She says: "He suttenly was uppety all his life twill the water come. Now he's like all on us. The water rolled him ovah, an' the doctah stuck that needle in his ahm, an' now he's one of the most subsidiary men I ever see!"

The Temptation of Cities

And finally there is the weary sigh that comes of the thought of going back. The landowner regards going back as inevitable; the tenant, white or negro, finds it more difficult to make up his mind. The latter attitude gives concern to men who not only have the welfare of the planter at heart but also the welfare of the tenant and the farm laborer himself.

Ex-Governor John M. Parker, of Louisiana, one of the finest, most courageous and uncompromising of America's citizens, organized the flood relief of his state. During the evening I spent with him he expressed sincerely his apprehension that the dislocated, nonlandowning refugees would lack the guidance and the spirit to return to their places. Having lost everything, the temptation is great for them to listen to the call of temporary jobs and to drift northward to cities where they will become indigestibles.

The great majority of all the dislocated population will return to the land with a sigh. And the eyes and the heart of the country must not turn away from them. No one knows that better than the Administration knows it. No one knows it better than the management of the Red Cross.

The flood stage called for rescue work and subsistence; the aftermath, when these people face again the making of the long furrow, will call for a much greater measure of aid. For this more difficult stretch ahead the Red Cross and various state agencies have not lacked vision.

Here it is!

A NEW Pyrene TRADE MARK FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Specially designed for Automobiles

NO longer need you be without fire protection on your car. After years of development, the Pyrene engineers have made for you a special AUTOMOBILE Pyrene Fire Extinguisher—made it small enough to fit in many places in the modern compact car—large enough to stop any incipient automobile fire. Needs no attention. Lasts the average life of three cars.

No longer need you take the chance of destruction of your car by fire—of having your tour spoiled—*even of loss of life.* The new AUTOMOBILE Pyrene Fire Extinguisher puts more *safety* into motoring.

Brass Finish, $9.00 Nickel Finish, $10.00
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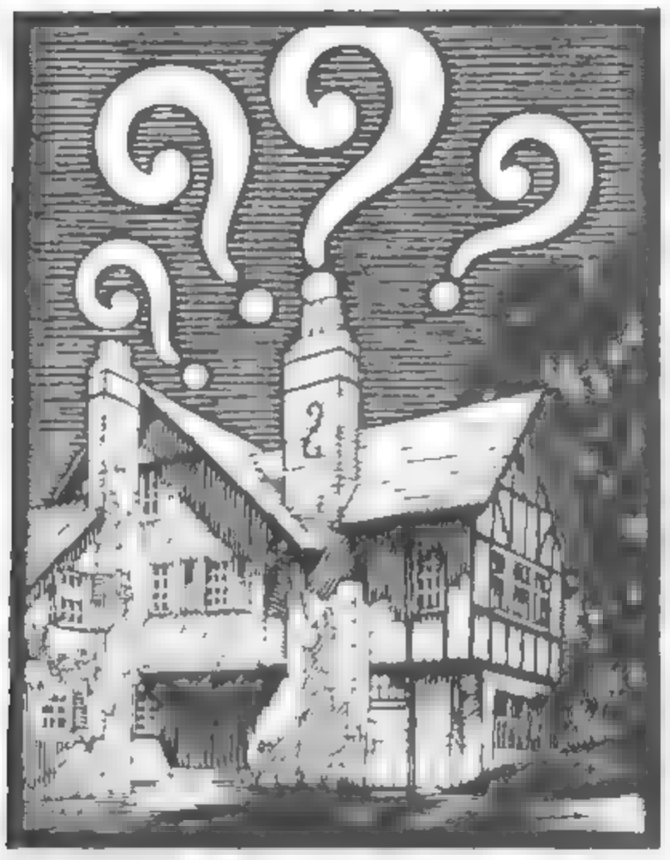
Sold by Auto Accessory and Hardware Dealers

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO., NEWARK, N. J.

Makers of all types of hand Fire Extinguishers, Off'N'On Tire Chains and Chromine Radiator Freeze-Proof

Caution: *Use only Pyrene Fire Extinguishing Liquid (patented) with Pyrene Fire Extinguishers.*



The Alliance Agent extends a standing invitation

1

EVERY property-owner is invited to consult with his nearest Alliance Agent at any time on any matter relating to fire insurance.

The acceptance of this invitation in no way obligates the property-owner, and there is no charge made by the Alliance Agent for his assistance and advice.

This invitation is extended for the purpose of familiarizing the insuring public more thoroughly with the scope and value of the services of the Alliance Agent.

Its acceptance may mean putting your coverage on a more scientific basis—thereby making your protection more complete, or reducing its cost to you, or both.

ALLIANCE *Insurance*

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

One state official says: "For every dollar spent in the flood district for rescues, we ought to spend three or four for rehabilitation. And this, of course, is our understanding of the policy of the Red Cross as to the thirteen, fourteen or fifteen million dollars contributed by the response of the nation.

"In all this clamor for an extra session of Congress there appears to be no realization that the Federal Government through its services, the Red Cross with the bulk of the flood fund available for rehabilitation, and the states ready to do their share, already have provided for much of the necessary work to relocate the refugees on their land and to start them off with at least something to live in, something to work with and something to eat."

There will be the state credit corporations encouraged by Secretary Hoover, and the credit activities of the Farm Loan Board, which, if managed flexibly, will get behind the local banker and at the same time limit the interest the latter may charge.

The states, under a proper understanding with the Red Cross, will probably divide the efforts made into the following:

For states: Finance; business and reconstruction of institutions such as hospitals, asylums, jails, parks and schools; replacing and rebuilding roads, bridges, municipal structures, public utilities, levees; undertaking the work of sanitation and the serious problem of preventing epidemic when the stagnant water and polluted-well stage is reached.

For the Red Cross, much of the following measures: Providing for a period food for families and feed for stock; providing necessary farm implements and seed; providing needed minimum of livestock and poultry; providing temporary repairs to homes and installing furniture necessary; giving to the states' campaigns of sanitation auxiliary aid.

Having desire to know some rough measure of the destruction which must be faced, I selected a single small district of average inundation. The result shows losses as follows:

Residences, 10 per cent; depreciation and damage to residences not destroyed, 25 per cent; cotton houses and corncribs, barns and outbuildings, 50 per cent; cattle stock and poultry, 60 per cent; mules and horses, 35 per cent; feed, nearly 100 per cent; seed, nearly 100 per cent; household goods, 65 per cent.

It was already late in the season when the water fell. The Department of Agriculture reported that in most instances it was too late to replant corn, and that it was not desirable to replant cotton to the extent of the normal planting.

June tenth was the latest possible day, the department believed, that it would be feasible to plant cotton. Corn could not be planted until the land had been out of water for at least ten days.

Plantings of sorghum, soy beans, cowpeas, sweet potatoes and peanuts were recommended for food and feed. The sweet potatoes in most localities had to be started in bits of dry upland to get plants and cuttings.

"Well"—the man on the levee at Memphis speaks—"think I'll take my wife and children and go on back. This won't be a good year, to say the least. Yep, I might as well face it—the wrastle with the mud. If we don't starve, 1927 will stand out as one great big success."

He hitches up his trousers and grins squarely into the face of the flood's aftermath.

That's courage!

THE MOTIVE

(Continued from Page 13)

"You've been lucky, haven't you?"

"I object, Your Honor," the counsel for the defense interjected. "I would point out that trials take place in courts of justice and not in courts of luck, and I ask that Your Honor order the remark to be stricken from the record."

"So ordered," said the judge.

"In any case," continued the district attorney, "you are friendly with criminals, with men who have been convicted, are you not?"

"I know some of them."

"I asked if you were friendly with them. Are you or aren't you?"

"Yes."

"And you go about with them?"

"Yes."

"So that, even if you have not been proved a criminal yourself, you are friendly with and consort with criminals?"

"I have said that ——"

"Never mind what you have said. Are you friendly with criminals and do you consort with them? Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"You admit that?"

"Yes."

"Then we've got that much at least. And now answer the previous question. Were you ever a burglar before the night of February fourteenth?"

"No."

"Then so far as burglary was concerned you were a novice, an amateur?"

"Yes."

"How did you happen to select that particular night and occasion for your debut?"

"I was broke and I had been informed that—he—always kept a considerable sum of money in his safe."

"Who did?"

"Mr. Emmett."

"What happened after you got into the kitchen?"

"I passed through a door and found myself in a passageway."

"How wide was the passageway?"

"About two yards, I should say."

"Then what did you do?"

"I went along it till I came to some narrow steps. I went up them and found myself in the hall. I knew the library, where the safe was, was on the right, so I went in."

"And this being your first work of the kind, what tools did you have with you?"

"None."

"What?"

"I had no tools of any kind."

"Then how did you expect to open the safe?"

"I didn't expect to open it."

"But you went there hoping to get the money that was in it?"

"Yes."

"Without opening it?"

"Yes. That was the job of the man I was with."

"The man you were with?"

"Yes."

"Then you had a confederate?"

"Yes."

"Naturally you're not going to tell me his name."

"Oh, yes, I am."

"You say that you are going to tell me the name of the man who was with you on the night of February fourteenth—the night on which you say you killed Richard Emmett?"

"Yes."

The district attorney was a wary and wily man. Experience had taught him many things. One was to regard with suspicion a gift from an enemy. In consequence he hesitated before reaching for the prize so temptingly dangling before him, and paused to review mentally the situation.

The court room was crowded now. In the mysterious grapevine fashion by which such things become known, the news that there was something unusual taking place in this particular room had spread rapidly. Every seat was taken and the standing

(Continued on Page 141)

Keep cool ∾ look smart ∾ *swim* in a perfect-fitting Jantzen

Join the happy seaside throngs that welcome summer holidays. Get yourself a Jantzen. Go in for the coolest kind of fun in all creation—swimming! Words cannot express the fascinating sport of swimming in a Jantzen. Really, you must wear one and learn for yourself.

As you plunge through the water, garbed only in a Jantzen, you feel as free of raiment as a fish in the sea. Nothing to bind; no wet, clingy, dragging skirts.

Pick out the neatest, the smartly dressed swimmers on a thousand beaches, lakes and pools. You'll find most of them wearing Jantzens. And notice, please, these suits not only fit—they fit *without wrinkling*.

There's a definite reason for such perfect fit. The wool is tightly knitted by a process called Jantzen-stitch. Elasticity results. Your suit envelopes you smoothly—form fitting; but extremely flexible. Jantzen *keeps* its shape.

At fashion's domain in many lands—from Buenos Aires to Tokio . . . on the shores of New England and old England, France, Italy, Spain . . . almost everywhere, Jantzens are worn for smart attire and swimming freedom.

Choose now from the varied selection of plain and bright colors and stripes, at leading stores.

Every Jantzen is color-fast; literally dyed-in-the-wool. And Jantzen's size-by-weight system assures getting your exact size.

Ask your merchant for red diving girl sticker, or send 4c for two. Style sheet sent free upon request. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon. Jantzen Knitting Mills of Canada, Ltd., Vancouver, Canada.

Who *says so*?

Four strangers in a Pullman. One is saying:

"... and everybody knows you can't look for volume business from the northeastern farm market. There's nothing there but stony land and old, discouraged men. No money makers there—all gone West."

As he paused for breath his most attentive listener, over in the corner, nodded gloomily. But the man nearest the window, who had been reading a red-bordered magazine, smiled.

"Friend," he said, "your information isn't quite up to date. As Hetzel of Penn State says, here in last month's Nation's Business, 'the farming East is fighting back.'

"The farms aren't all stony, and the farmers are neither old nor discouraged. The boys are coming home from college with new enthusiasm and new knowledge. The northeastern farmer is on the way up. Hetzel says so, and I believe he knows."

Just so. Ralph D. Hetzel knows. That's why he was asked to discuss the subject in Nation's Business for June. And for the same reason, Ogden L. Mills, Undersecretary of the Treasury, was asked to talk about the country's finances in the same issue. And leading newspapers all over the country reprinted it as authoritative.

Its monthly summary of business and its monthly map of business conditions focus the views of trained investigators in every part of the United States.

WHO says so? That's the question.

Well, let's see. There's John N. Willys. He knows automobile transportation. Senators Borah and Carter Glass know national legislation.

The President of the New York Stock Exchange and the President of the Investment Bankers' Association talk of safeguarding the public's money. Edward A. Filene of Boston certainly knows retailing.

When a Federal Trade Commissioner wants to tell the business world of a new attitude on the part of the Commission he turns naturally to Nation's Business, and its readers as naturally accept him as authoritative. When a member of the Appropriation Committee wants to point out how heedless has been our reclamation policy he knows where he can speak plainly to 250,000 business men.

These men and many others of their calibre, understanding, far-seeing leaders all, have discussed the things they know so well in the pages of Nation's Business these last six months.

Opinions are the easiest things in the world to get, but most opinions are idle repetitions of what some one said to somebody else. Nation's Business gives first-hand opinions from first-rate men.

So, month by month, Nation's Business gives its readers a wealth of fact and valuable opinion on the forces that are moulding and changing business and industry today.

By adding to your correct understanding of these things, Nation's Business can be a valuable help to you in making right decisions in the daily conduct of your own business. Send your check for $7.50 for a full three-year term, to Nation's Business, Washington, D. C.

NATION'S BUSINESS

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 138)

room was filled to the back wall. The hushed eagerness was the greatest tribute possible to the interest in the proceedings. Everyone was mentally on tiptoe.

The district attorney noted the more assured bearing of the witness and sensed his feeling that he was now on safer ground. Both instinct and experience warned him to proceed cautiously, and he had no intention of rushing onward while the danger signal was up. He determined to step backward a little onto the solid rock, rather than push forward into what might prove to be a quicksand.

Consequently he said, "Let me get this straight. Am I really to understand that you will give me the name of the man who was with you the night on which you say you committed the murder?"

The answer was prompt and pointed. It was: "You can have it any minute that you ask for it."

Still the district attorney did not put the question. The witness was too ready, too sure of himself. The questioner proceeded cautiously, as one carefully feeling his way, well knowing that somewhere a trap has been set for his feet. He asked, "The man you were with was a burglar?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"A clever one?"

"One of the best."

"He knew his business, did he?"

"He did."

"Was he well known?"

"Yes."

"To the police?"

"Yes."

Again the interrogator paused. He regarded the witness deliberately and appraisingly. The witness now met him eye to eye. He was like a boxer, ready for his opponent's lead and poised for the counter.

"So this man was your accomplice?"

"Yes."

"And an accessory both before and after the murder?"

"I suppose so."

"Did you know that under the conditions and circumstances he can be tried for murder and, if found guilty, can be sent to the chair?"

"No, I didn't."

"Well I'm telling you that he can. Knowing this, are you still ready to give me his name?"

"Yes."

"You are willing to betray a pal, perhaps send him to be electrocuted, because of this prisoner whom you have never seen before?"

"If you put it that way; yes, I am."

"Wouldn't he be on your conscience?"

"No, he wouldn't."

Again the district attorney slowly regarded the witness, who again met him eye to eye.

"I ask you once more," said the district attorney, "if you are willing to betray a pal for a man you do not know?"

The answer came slowly and composedly. It was: "And I say I am."

Again the district attorney regarded the witness calculatingly. Everyone knew that the time for the thrust and the return thrust had come. The climax of the scene had arrived, but the district attorney seemed in no hurry to bring it to fruition. Finally he measuredly asked the fateful question: "And why are you willing to do it?"

A smile of triumph came to the face of the witness. He gazed about the court room as if wishing to quaff the full measure of his victory. The pause was fatal to his purpose, for before he could say a word the district attorney shouted, "Stop! Don't speak!"

The face of the witness changed as though a mask had been snatched from it. "What?" he asked stupidly.

"I told you not to speak," replied his adversary, "and now I withdraw the question."

"You withdraw the question?" was the almost incredulous rejoinder.

"I do," said the district attorney. "And now, instead of you answering it for me, I will answer it for you." He laughed softly, and then continued. "You were going to say that you were willing to betray your accomplice because he is dead." He paused, but as the witness did not reply, he added, "That's what you were going to say, isn't it? Well, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And that he was known as Boston Joe?"

"Yes."

"You have been acquitted and your accomplice is dead! Very clever! Very clever indeed! In fact, I may say that it is almost perfect."

The prisoner laughed silently.

"You testified," resumed the district attorney, "that you had been informed that Mr. Emmett kept a considerable amount of money in his safe. Was your informant Joseph Gluckster, the professional burglar commonly known as Boston Joe?"

"Yes."

"Was the original suggestion about the burglary yours or his?"

"His."

"How did he come to make it?"

"I told him I was broke."

"And he then suggested that you embark with him on the enterprise of robbing Mr. Emmett?"

"Yes."

"But why should he ask you, a novice at that kind of work, while he could have found fifty professionals who would have been only too willing to be his partner in it? Why you, a penman, an outsider, an amateur, without even one job to your credit?"

"I don't know, except that he knew I needed the money."

"Didn't you think it strange that he should ask you?"

"No."

"Don't you now consider it strange that he should ask you?"

"No. He knew I needed money and it was his way of helping me to get some."

"Did you know that Joe was noted as a solitaire player?"

"He played all kind of games."

The district attorney smiled commiseratingly. Then he said, "I do not wish to expose unnecessarily your ignorance of the second of your chosen professions, and so I will explain to you that a man who takes no partners, and who plays a lone hand, is known among burglars as a solitaire player. You see the application, of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, Boston Joe as far as I know his record, and I know it pretty well, always played a lone hand. He never took either an accomplice or an assistant. He was notorious among his fellows for his secretiveness, for planning his jobs alone and for doing them alone. Having explained this to you, I ask you once more whether or not you think it strange that he should have selected you of all persons to accompany him on his expedition into the home of Mr. Emmett?"

"Whether it was strange or not, he did it. That's all I know."

"You didn't know that Joe was a solitaire player, did you?"

"No."

"Well, what did you know about him?"

"I knew he was supposed to be very successful in his line of work, and that he always had plenty of money."

"Why didn't you borrow some from him?"

"I tried to."

"How much?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"And he wouldn't lend it to you?"

"No."

"When he made the proposition to you and you accepted it, you agreed on the split, of course?"

"Yes."

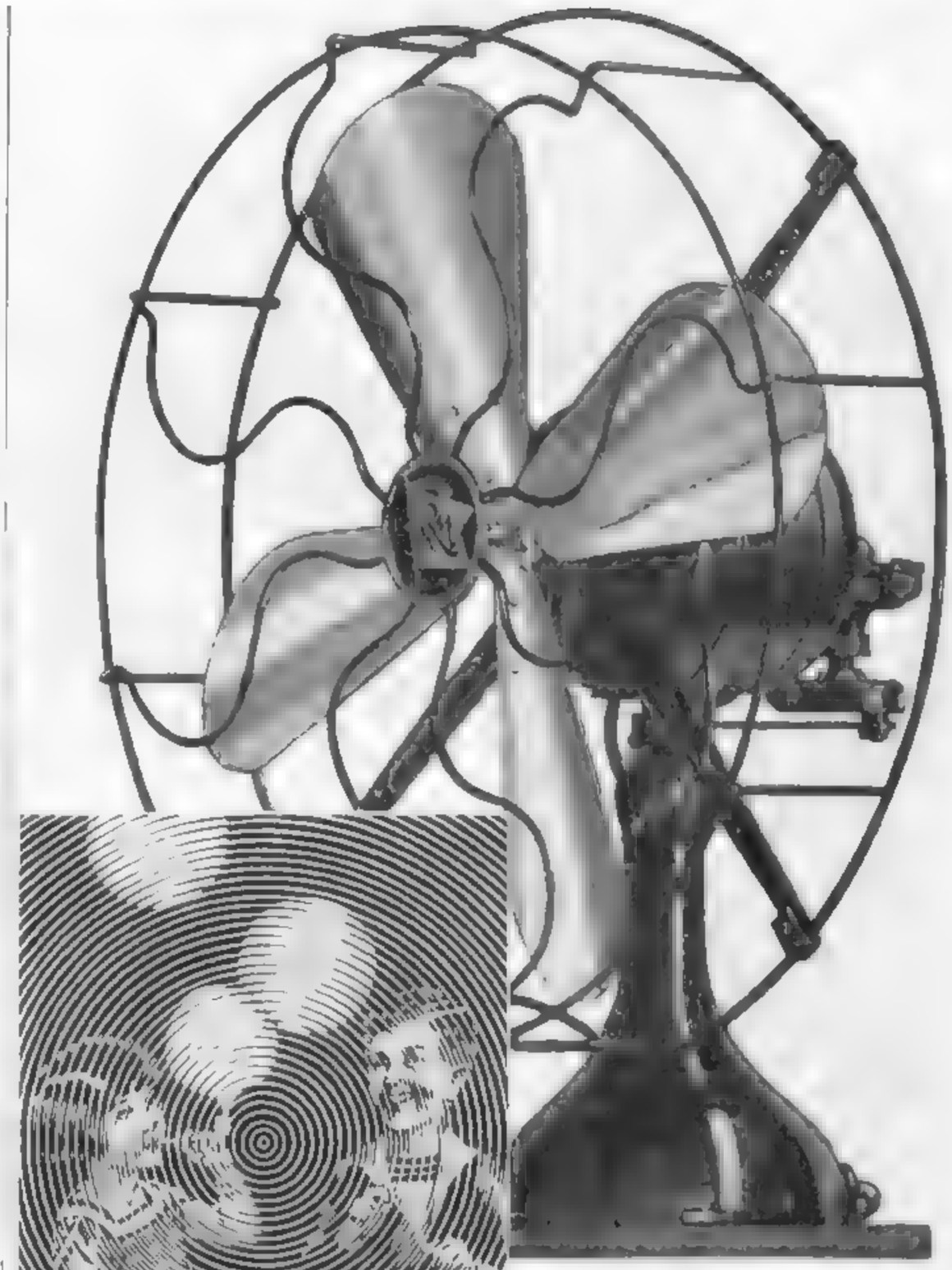
"What was it to be?"

"Two-thirds and a third."

"You being on the short end, naturally?"

"Yes."

"How much do you regard as a considerable sum of money?"



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WOMEN dread hot weather housekeeping. It is too hot to cook; too hot to eat heavy foods. A whole family of fussy appetites to please.

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She never spares the ice. She serves cracked ice on the butter to keep it firm. She knows how ice on a hot day is the salvation of her salad and green vegetables. They must be crisp.

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With plenty of ice she can produce home-made ice cream in fifteen minutes or any of a number of frozen desserts.

One of the best things about ice is its abundance. You can use all you want when you want it. The cost of it is negligible for all the minor uses. Ten pounds are worth only five or six cents.

It is a mistake to stint your ice box. Keep the ice chamber well filled—never less than a half to two-thirds full. That is real economy. It keeps your food much better. The more melting surface you provide, the better refrigeration you get.

Uses for cracked ice

Mix fruits for fruit salad or fruit cup and put into a glass-topped fruit jar. Pack in cracked ice until ready to serve.

To make mayonnaise dressing quickly and successfully in hot weather, see that all ingredients are well chilled. Fit a bowl or saucepan into a larger one partly filled with cracked ice over which is sprinkled a little ice cream salt. You can mix mayonnaise in this chilled bowl with assurance of success.

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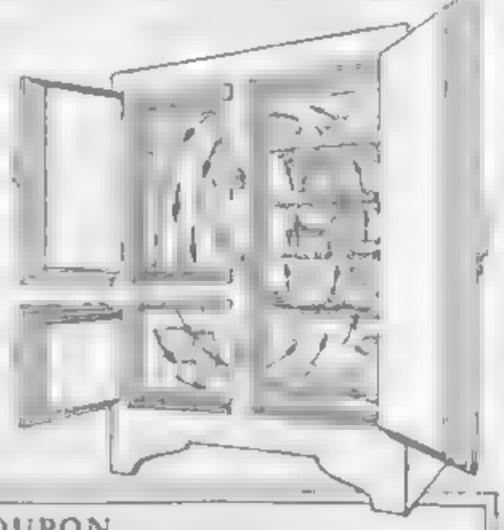
It is important to know just where various foods should be placed in the refrigerator. There are scientific reasons why your food will keep in better condition and its flavor be protected by following the instructions given in our booklet "Where to Place Food in the Household Refrigerator."

It takes only about five minutes to read the directions and understand why milk and butter, for instance, need to be placed immediately below the ice chamber; where to place meats, eggs, vegetables and fruits, in fact, every kind of food that is ordinarily kept in the refrigerator.

This information is given for refrigerators which have the ice compartment at the side, or top. Sent free upon request.



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"I don't understand."

"You said that in Mr. Emmett's safe there was supposed to be a considerable sum of money and that Joe gave you that information. Now what I am trying to find out is, how much money would there have to be there to make such men as Joe and yourself regard it as a considerable sum?"

"I—I don't know exactly."

"I'm not asking you to be exact. Just give me a general idea. For instance, would you think ten thousand dollars was a considerable sum?"

"Yes."

"Would you think five hundred was?"

"No."

"Then somewhere between those two is the minimum. What do you consider it would be?"

"I should say—about five thousand dollars."

"And you were to get a third of it—say, about seventeen hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you consider it strange that a man who could have loaned you two hundred dollars, but who wouldn't, should propose that you join him in an enterprise which would give you, and therefore take away from him, about seventeen hundred dollars in cash and a third of whatever securities might be obtained—a man, mind you, who had always worked single-handed?"

"No, I don't. The two hundred would have been a loan; what I got in the burglary I would have earned."

"How?"

"By helping."

"You were supposed to help in the burglary?"

"Yes."

"And you did help?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Well, I acted as lookout while Joe got into the house."

"Then, as I understand it, you climbed through the window into the kitchen and then climbed out again so that you could act as lookout while Joe climbed in. Was that it?"

"No. He climbed in first."

"But you have sworn that you jimmied the window and then climbed through it."

"So I did, after Joe."

"What was Joe doing while you jimmied the window?"

"He was lookout for me."

"Had you ever jimmied a window before?"

"No."

"But Joe had jimmied many of them. So didn't you think it strange that Joe should let you, the bungler, do the trick, while he, the expert, was the lookout?"

"I didn't think anything about it. He gave me the jimmy and told me to do it, and I did it."

"Don't you think it strange now?"

"Well, perhaps it does look a little funny now, but Joe was a peculiar man."

"Evidently."

"Anyhow, that's how it was."

"After you had opened the window, what happened then?"

"Joe climbed in."

"And you?"

"I waited outside."

"What for?"

"To make sure nobody had seen us."

"How long did you wait?"

"I don't know exactly. Perhaps five minutes."

"And then?"

"Then I climbed in and went upstairs."

"You knew the way?"

"Yes. Joe had given me the layout."

"Joe had had about five minutes' start?"

"Yes."

"What was he doing when you entered the room?"

"Working on the safe."

"And what did you do to help him?"

"I held the light."

"Who'd been holding it before you got there?"

"Nobody. He had it fixed in some way."

"What way?"

"I don't remember. I guess I was too nervous to notice."

"Anyway you held the light which before hadn't needed anyone to hold it?"

"Yes."

"And that was the way you helped?"

"Yes."

"Bit of a Marcelline, weren't you? The clown who helps, but doesn't do anything, you know."

"I did all Joe asked me."

"Did Joe ask you to hit Mr. Emmett on the head?"

"Yes, he did."

"Tell me about that."

"Joe had just got the safe open when he looked up. Then he listened for a second and said, 'I think there's somebody coming down the stairs from up there!' He meant the next floor."

"I understand."

"Then he slipped me a blackjack and said, 'Hide behind the curtains and if he starts to come in here, crack him,' and I went and hid behind them."

"Where were the curtains?"

"Between the hall and the entrance to the room. They were red velvet."

"I didn't ask you about their color."

"I thought you'd like to know."

Had anyone been watching the prisoner instead of the witness at that moment, he would have seen a look of approbation glint in his eyes and a smile of triumph come to his lips, and had he been able to read his thoughts he would have learned that they were: "Smart guy! He put that over all right. Smart guy!"

"And after you had hidden behind the curtains?" the district attorney asked.

"Peeping from behind them, I saw a light shining on the stairs. Pretty soon an old man in a white nightshirt and carrying a candle came down. In the hall he hesitated for a minute, as if he wasn't quite sure what he wanted to do. Then, holding the candle up in the air, he stepped into the room. As soon as he got in he saw Joe in front of the open safe, which was to the right of the big fireplace on the other side from where he came in. Joe was hiding behind a square fire screen—yellow it was—but the old man saw him all right, and before he could say anything I stepped from behind the curtains and did as Joe told me. I hit him with the blackjack on the back of his head. It was almost like cracking an eggshell. I had no idea a man's skull could be smashed like that. I didn't seem to hit him hard. I guess it was because he was so old."

The witness paused and moved his head quickly from side to side as though to shake the picture from his mind. In the prisoner's nearly closed eyes was a glance of triumph. The district attorney neither moved nor spoke. Throughout the court room was a throbbing silence.

Presently the witness resumed his story, but it was evident that he did it only by an effort of his will. His face was pale and his hands tightly clenched. His voice was low and his speech had lost its fluency. Instead of finding his words ready to hand, he seemed now to be groping for them. There could be no doubt that he was in the grip of a strong emotion against which he struggled desperately. He said hesitatingly, and as if he was balancing each word on the tip of his tongue, "The old man gave one low baby moan. It was like a little gasp and a little squeal, both together." Then he seemed to stumble. Then he pitched forward on his face, with his arms spread out like a cross, only his legs were pulled up a bit in a funny way, and from the place where I'd hit him, something kind of red and sticky was coming. It was like ——"

A gasp from one of the women on the jury stopped the speech. She said that she was not going to faint, but that she would like a drink of water. In the mouth of the other woman her handkerchief was partly stuffed.

When the woman had drunk the water the district attorney said to the witness,

(Continued on Page 144)

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(Continued from Page 142)

"I am sorry to dispense with your really excellent histrionics, but I feel that I must do it —that is, if you have any that you have not used. Also please omit the harrowing details, and simply answer my questions."

The witness, on whom the interruption and the delay caused by the bringing of the water had had a bracing effect, said more composedly, "I was only telling just what happened."

"So you say," returned the district attorney; "but from now on let us try to concern ourselves only with the facts. What did Joe do when the old man fell?"

"He got up and looked at him. Then he said, 'You croaked him! We got to make our get-away.'"

"And then?"

"I waited for Joe, because when I went behind the curtains I left the flash light with him and I was afraid I'd make a noise getting out in the dark. When the old man fell, the candlestick dropped out of his hand and the candle rolled on the floor. But it didn't go out and it had begun to burn a hole in the carpet. Joe picked up his bag, and when he started to come he saw the little blaze which the candle had started, so he grabbed a red-looking pillow from the sofa and pressed it over the candle and put it out. Then we went along the hall, down the stairs into the kitchen, and out of the window."

"And then?"

"Joe had his little car waiting in the dark not far away, so we ran to it and jumped in. First we went to where I was hanging out, and on the way I asked him why he had stopped to put out the candle. He said the smoke might have waked somebody and ——"

"Never mind about that!"

"Well, after we got to my place, Joe went ahead, and I never saw him again."

"Why not?"

"I guess he thought it best to lie low for a while, so he went to Pittsburgh."

"What did you do with your share of the loot?"

"I only got two hundred of it."

"Just the amount that he wouldn't lend you?"

"Yes."

"How was that?"

"I was so frightened and nervous I forgot all about it. I'd never been mixed up in anything like that before and it scared me near to death. And I didn't know Joe was going to skip. I thought I'd see him in a day or two and that I'd get my split. But I didn't, and it was about two weeks before I heard from him."

"Through a pal?"

"No. He sent me a letter with two centuries in it."

"Registered?"

"No. By regular mail."

"Dangerous, wasn't it?"

"Not so very. Besides, everybody has to take some chance."

"Suppose the authorities had got hold of the letter?"

"That would have been all right. Joe was too smart to tip anything off. He said he was sorry to hear I was hard up and he hoped the inclosed would be enough till he'd see me again, which he thought might be in a month or so. That was all. But I knew what he meant."

"And you didn't see him?"

"No. A week after I got the letter he was killed at a level crossing in that same little car."

"You destroyed the letter, of course?"

"Yes. Burned it."

"Did you reply to it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It didn't have any address on it. He said he was going for a bit of sight-seeing and didn't know exactly where he'd be."

The district attorney smiled appreciatively and nodded his head approvingly. Then he said, "It all fits in beautifully, doesn't it?"

"I don't know what you mean," the witness replied.

"And yet it's very simple," the district attorney answered. "If Joe had given an address and you had said that you had not written acknowledging the receipt of the money, I should have pressed you for the reason. If you had acknowledged it I should have wanted to know to what street and number your reply was sent. By not sending any address, Joe relieved you of the necessity of answering either question. He was evidently both obliging and foreseeing."

After a moment's pause the district attorney said, "Naturally the men who swore to your alibi were not perjuring themselves. You have an explanation for that, of course?"

"Yes," said the witness. "They made a mistake of a day. The game was on the thirteenth, not on the fourteenth."

"They all swore it was the fourteenth."

"And they believed it. I played cards with them three or four times a week. Not knowing what might happen, I kept planting in their minds that I was there on the fourteenth. When they swore I was with them that night, they swore what they thought was the truth."

"And the instrument with which you delivered the blow? You gave that back to Joe, I suppose, and he drove off with it?"

"No."

"No? Then let me see if I can deduce what happened to it. Having forgotten it in your extreme nervousness, you were horrified to discover it in your coat pocket soon after Joe had gone. Naturally you determined to get rid of that most incriminating evidence as quickly as possible. I should say that two courses were open: One was to burn it, the other to throw it in the river. But if you burned it the rubber would certainly smell to heaven. You therefore discarded that plan, walked down to the river and threw it in. Am I right?"

"Yes. As you say, that was the most natural thing to do. And so I did it."

"And it fell into the water with a loud splash which caused your heart to beat violently and made you look around quickly to see if anyone else had heard it."

"No, sir. The water was a bit rough and I didn't hear it myself. Besides, I'd already looked round to make sure nobody was about."

"And that's your story?"

"Yes."

"And you're going to stick to it?"

"Yes. Because it's true."

"But it isn't true. It's too perfect to be true. It dovetails too beautifully. Its mechanism is too nicely adjusted. It's too well calculated, too cleverly reasoned. No such a succession of correlated events ever happened with so comprehensive a precision. Your story has been built so carefully that if I can find just one loose brick and pull it out the whole edifice will tumble. Now I am going to try to find it."

He did not find it. When the witness left the stand the story which he had told, in spite of all the assaults on it and the vicious battering that it had received, still stood firmly on its foundation.

The address of the counsel for the defense was neither long nor impassioned. He told the jury that he did not appeal to their emotions but to their reason. He said that it was not his duty to prove the prisoner innocent—his innocence was presumed—but that it was, as the judge would inform them, the duty of the prosecution to prove him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. He pointed out the weaknesses of the district attorney's case and then took up the testimony of the last witness. He said that he could have interposed objection after objection to the manner in which his opponent had conducted his cross-examination, but that he had refrained from doing it because he knew that the testimony of the witness rested on the firm basis of truth and that it needed no technicalities to support it. He had allowed the district attorney a much greater latitude than he was compelled to, because he was not afraid of the result, which, he asserted, had justified him in his course.

"The very heart of the testimony of this witness," he said, "is the motive which prompted it. This morning he was a man in the sympathetic position of one who had been unjustly accused of a horrible crime and who had been honorably acquitted. What position is he in now? He is a self-confessed murderer who has proclaimed himself guilty of the most terrible, the most ghastly crime that could possibly be committed. From this day forth he is pariah in the world. No person with even a shred of decency will knowingly breathe the same air with him. The mention of his name will be enough to evoke imprecations from his fellow men and shudders from the women who hear it. And he has placed himself in this position voluntarily. There was not the slightest pressure brought upon him to do it. He did it absolutely of his own volition. And why did he do it? What was the motive? There can be one answer and only one. He wished to see the truth prevail and have justice done. What other motive was possible? The witness has a conscience. On it is one murder, and he could not bear to have it burdened with another, for he would have been a murderer a second time had he allowed an innocent man to be sent to his death when the truth, told by him, could have saved him. Because of this he has immolated himself upon the altar of his conscience. Because of it he has made himself an outcast and his name a byword throughout the world. And he has done it to save a man whom he had never even seen before. If a desire to see truth prevail and justice done were not the motive for such a deed, then what was the motive? Your belief, or disbelief, in the testimony of the witness must hang upon that question.

"In any case," the counsel for the defense continued, "the state must prove its case beyond a reasonable doubt, and I am quite sure, with the testimony of this witness, which so successfully withstood the savage attacks of the district attorney before you, much more than a reasonable doubt must exist in the minds of you all. Knowing this, it is with the greatest confidence that I leave justice and the life of the prisoner in your hands."

The district attorney fought valiantly what he felt in his heart to be a losing battle. He attacked viciously and vehemently the credibility of the principal witness. He pointed out that the many things which had seemed to give verity and credence to his story, such as his knowledge of the house and of the room, the color of the curtains and of the screen, and the snuffing of the candle with the pillow, were undoubtedly learned by him from the testimony given while he himself was on trial and from the diagrams of the house and the account of the proceedings published in the press. He maintained that the story of the witness, from the first word to the last, was manufactured and perjured testimony, but when he came to find a motive for it he knew that he failed. He tried to attribute it to a wish for notoriety and to that unaccountable desire that comes to some men who have seen their names and their pictures in the public prints, to keep them there at all costs, but he could not make his words convincing, because he was not convinced of their truth himself, for he realized the weakness of his theory.

When the judge had charged the jury in the usual manner and they had retired to consider their verdict, the counsel for the defense, who was a busy man, nodded assurance to the prisoner, bowed respectfully to the judge, shook hands with the heaven-sent witness and went his way. When, some minutes later, the witness would have left he was stopped at the door by an officer who told him that the district attorney would send word when he wished to see him and that until that time he was in his charge.

In less than an hour the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The district attorney was in his office, smoking and thinking. His thoughts were not pleasant ones. He knew that the cards had been stacked against him and he was not surprised at the verdict. During his long political career he had withstood many attacks and he could accept them now with grim philosophy. Still, he did not like to contemplate the stories which would be published and the comments which would be made in the newspapers on the coming day and the succeeding ones. The facts were, and he faced them steadily, that he had tried one man for murder and that he had been acquitted. Then he had tried a second man for the same crime, thereby admitting that in the first instance he had prosecuted a man whom he now knew and admitted to be innocent. And yet the man whom he had admitted to be innocent had testified that he was actually guilty, and by so doing had secured the acquittal of the second man. He could see the spread which the papers that were opposed to him would give the story of his double defeat. He also realized the opportunities it presented for sarcastic editorial comment, and he understood fully that nothing could so quickly bury a man in public life as ridicule, especially when the ridicule was based on fact. A man in public life could meet and defy the bludgeons of assault, but against the keen thrusts of the sword of laughter he was naked and defenseless.

Realizing all this, and accepting it as one of the breaks of the game, he could still smile as he contemplated the situation, but his smile, like his thoughts, was not pleasant.

He pressed the button and an officer entered. "They haven't met?" he asked.

The officer said, "No, sir."

"Bring them in one at a time and see that they don't meet."

"Yes, sir," said the officer, and went from the room.

Presently the man who had been the witness was brought in. He and the district attorney regarded each other in silence and in a short time the man who had been accused was brought to join them. At a nod from the district attorney the officer left and the three men were alone.

The man who had been the witness was nervous and apprehensive and he waited with the manner of one who was expecting a trap to be sprung. The man who had been the prisoner had almost a swagger of defiance and he found it impossible to suppress completely a grin of triumph. Seeing the man who had so opportunely befriended him, he said "Shake" and thrust out his hand.

The man addressed looked contemptuously at the outstretched hand and then took a step away.

Puzzled for a second, and then not understanding, the other said, "Didn't you get me? I said 'Shake,'" and still with hand extended, he took a step forward.

The man to whom he spoke said tersely, "Keep away from me," and again stepped backward.

"What's the idea? What's the idea?" the man who was the prisoner said. Then he turned swiftly and looked at the district attorney, who was watching closely. He eyed him for a second and then exclaimed, "Say, I don't get this. What's the game?"

"I thought you two men should know each other and I wanted to see how you would act when you met," the district attorney replied.

"Well, you've seen it. What about it?"

"Among other things, it is quite clear that he didn't perjure himself for love of you."

"Sure he didn't. How could he? I never see him in my life till he went on the stand. And when he said it wasn't me that done it, it was him, I pretty near fell out o' the box. And when he went on with his spiel, it was so damn good, and he done it so well, I half begun to think that perhaps it was him after all; especially when he told about goin' behind the curtains, an' they was red, and the yellow screen, and the candle burnin' the carpet; and the old guy lyin' there with his legs pulled up under him, and his head smashed open and the blood a-comin' out ——"

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"Stop it! Stop it!" screamed rather than shouted the man who had been the witness, covering his eyes with his hands.

"I'm only sayin' what you said, ain't I? Didn't you say you seen the old guy lyin' there with his head ——"

"Stop it, I tell you!" the man screamed again.

"Say, I don't figure you at all. Are you a dope or just plain nutty?"

The district attorney said gently to the man, "Do you see him?"

The man nodded slowly.

"But why should you?" asked the man who was the prisoner. "You didn't croak him. You wasn't even there. I croaked him."

"I know that," the man replied, "but just the same, I see him." Then he paused for a second, looking wonderingly at the other man and asked, "Don't you ever see him?"

"Me? I should say not. Not a chance—not a chance!"

"But you killed him?"

"Sure I did. But what about it? The only thing that kept me awake was thinkin' could they prove it on me."

"My God!"

"You win," the man who was the prisoner rejoined. Then he turned to the district attorney and said, "Gimme a hand. I'm over my head. If that's the way he feels about it, why did he go on the stand anyhow?"

"That's what I want to know," the district attorney answered. Then he said to the man who had been the witness, "Don't you think you'd better tell me?"

The man shook his head and replied, "I've said enough."

"You've either said too little or too much, and I think that it's too little."

There was a short silence; then the district attorney continued, "You know I've got you for perjury, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And that there's no question about my being able to send you up for quite a stretch?"

"Yes."

"Gee!" interrupted the man who had been the prisoner. "That's what I calls tough luck! He jaws me out, but he jaws himself in. That's tough! Believe me, old sport, that's tough."

In his voice, however, there was no touch of sympathy. Instead, it was hard and self-congratulatory.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the district attorney. "Tell me why you did it—the whole story—and I won't press the perjury charge."

The man addressed looked as though he had heard some words come from a great distance, and that he did not understand them, although they were simple, ordinary words with which he was quite familiar.

"I mean it," the district attorney continued.

The man's mind seemed slowly to adjust itself, then he asked, "You'll waive the charge if I tell you?"

"Yes."

"How do I know that you'll keep your word?"

"Because I tell you that I will and because I give it to you in this office. No man can claim I ever broke a promise that was made to him here."

The man hesitated. He wet his dry lips and bit the under one nervously. At last he said, "All right. I'll tell."

"Fine," said the man who had been the accused. "Now we'll get it."

The district attorney touched a button. The officer entered. Indicating the man who had just spoken, the district attorney said, "Take him out."

"Come on now," said the officer. As the man reached the door the district attorney said, "Listen," and the man stopped. "You've escaped the chair this time by the luck of the devil, but you'll go there the next time. You can take my word for that."

"Not me. I know when I got enough. I'm goin' straight."

"You can't go straight any more than a snake can. You're a crook at heart and a criminal by instinct. One more conviction, and even if it isn't the chair, it will be life for you under the Habitual Criminal Act. So hurry up and get caught and I'll be here waiting for you."

When the district attorney and the man who was the witness were alone, the former said, "You see what you've done. You've turned loose a killer. He's a wolf and he'll kill with no more compunction than would a wolf. He'd murder you tomorrow for fifty dollars and never lose a wink of sleep if he thought he could get away with it."

"I didn't know."

"Well, what's done is done. And now let's get at this. Want to sit down?"

"No."

"Just as you say," the district attorney rejoined. Then he lighted a cigar and, after puffing at it for a second or two, said, "Now we'll have it. What was your motive in coming forward and perjuring yourself for a man you had never seen?"

The man hesitated a moment and then answered tensely "Revenge," and there was no mistaking the fact that the district attorney was both puzzled and astonished as he echoed the word.

"Yes," the man continued. "Revenge! On the police! And on you! And especially on you!"

The district attorney was more than puzzled and astonished now; he was bewildered and astounded. He looked at the man wonderingly for a moment, as though doubting that he was in his right mind.

Then he asked, "And why especially on me?"

"The police tried to frame me. I was innocent and they knew it. But they thought they had to get somebody and, for God only knows why, except perhaps because they'd never been able to get me before, they picked me out and tried to frame me. And you knew it was a frame and you helped them!"

The positions of the two men had been swiftly reversed. The district attorney was now in the box and the man who had been the witness was the prosecutor. He pointed his finger accusingly and demanded, in a voice quivering with emotion, "Did you know it or didn't you?" For the space of three or four breaths there was no response, and then the man continued, "I'm coming clean; now you come clean. Didn't you know I was being framed?"

"No, I didn't," the district attorney answered slowly.

"Didn't you suspect?"

Again there was a pause before the reply, "Yes, I think I did," was slowly given.

"And did you try to find out whether it was true or not?"

"No."

"And my life was at stake! Are you beginning to understand?"

"I think that I am."

"For months I was in jail. I won't try to tell you what the life there was like, because you know. But can you imagine what my thoughts were and the agony that I suffered? In the next cell was a man accused of killing a fellow in a row. For three days he was taken away and brought back. But the fourth day he wasn't brought back, and I knew he'd been found guilty and had been put in one of the cells kept for those who have been convicted. And that he'd stay there till one morning he'd be taken through the little green door. Can you imagine what that lonely, dark, deserted cell next to mine whispered to me that night and for many nights? It said, 'Perhaps it will be your turn some morning to have your trousers slit and to be strapped into a chair and be shocked and burned until you're dead! Dead! Dead!' That's what it kept whispering over and over again till I thought I should go mad!"

He stopped to get control of himself. He was shaking like a man taking his first few steps after a long illness, but his breath came heavily, like that of a runner who had just finished a hard race.

(Continued on Page 148)

Portrait of a gentleman buying a cigar

(PERHAPS YOURSELF)

AND

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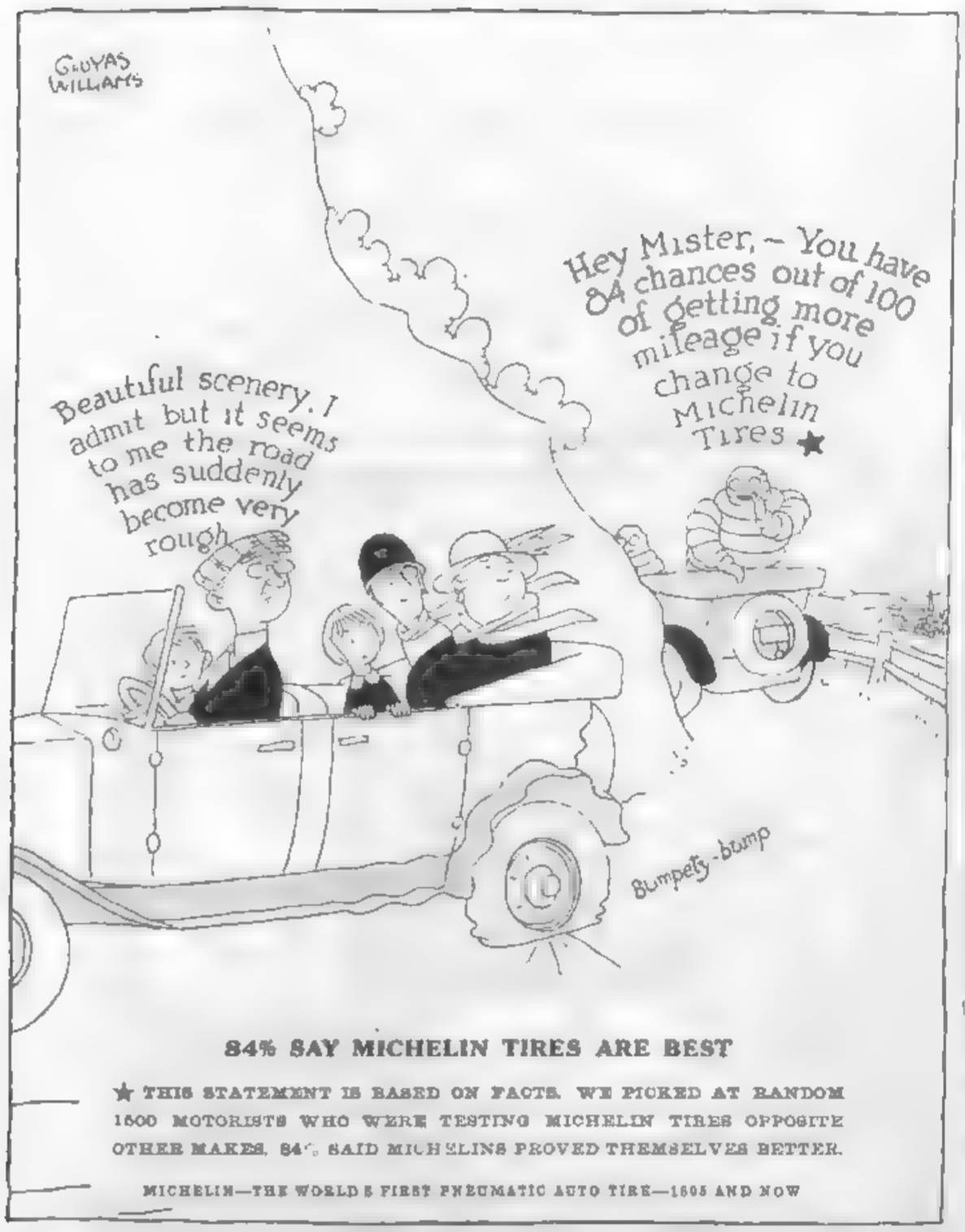
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(Continued from Page 146)

After a while he continued, "At last I was brought to trial. Hour after hour I listened to the lies that were told and to the facts that you twisted against me. Then I was put on the stand, and when your turn came you stood there facing me and trying to turn the truth into lies and to send me to the chair, although down in your heart you must have known that I wasn't guilty. Do you wonder that I hated you? Believing I was innocent, you would have sent me to my death if you could, so how much better are you than that wolf who just left here, and how much more would I have been on your conscience than the man he killed is on his?"

The reply was grave and considered. "You must remember that I do not gather the evidence. That is collected and brought to me and it is my duty to utilize it in the most effective way that I can."

"Even if you think the accused is innocent?"

"Why not? His counsel will do the best he can to acquit him, even when he is sure that he is guilty. Is the rule to work only one way, and that one in favor of the criminal?"

"But what about it being better for a hundred guilty men to escape than for one innocent man to suffer?"

"A very pretty saying, but if any district attorney should allow the hundred guilty ones to escape, what do you think would be said about him, and how long do you think he would last? And what a paradise the place would be for the crooks, and how the virtuous would rave."

Again there was silence. It was broken by the district attorney saying, "You might as well finish it, but take all the time that you want."

"After I was acquitted," the man resumed, "the injustice of what I had gone through still stuck in my mind and the hate was still in my heart. But no actual idea of revenge came until I read that another man had been arrested and was going to be tried. Then somehow, I don't know how, I got the thought, 'They tried to frame you; what a joke it would be if you framed them.' At first it only seemed funny, but somehow I couldn't get it out of my mind. It kept on coming back, and after a while I said to myself, 'If you were going to do it, how would you go about it?' Of course I remembered all the testimony at my trial, but I got all the newspapers that had the accounts in them, and I read them over and studied the diagrams they published of the house and the room with the cross saying 'This is where the body lay,' just as you said I did. The story seemed so straight that I wrote it out like a play and rehearsed it in my room, like an actor."

"It's a pity you didn't try to be an actor, for you would have made a good one. When you told about the old man lying on the floor your emotion seemed so real I should certainly have believed you if I hadn't known that it wasn't the truth."

"That wasn't acting."

"No?"

"No. You see when I was a little fellow I was one of those nervous, easily frightened, emotional kids. In that way I wasn't quite normal, I guess, and things made an exaggerated impression on me. Well, one day when I was about five years old I happened to see a chicken whose head the cook had just cut off. It was hopping about like a blind thing and flopping its wings, and the blood was running from the top of its neck. I fainted and was in bed for over a week, and for quite a long time after I used to see it in the night. Since then the sight of blood has always made me sick. And when I say sick, I mean just that—actually physically sick."

"I see."

"I was all right going over the story till I came to the sight of the old man, but there I had to stop and just drive myself to go on. And it got on my mind so much that I got to seeing it at night, and it got on my nerves as well. Well, I followed this fellow's trial in the papers and I kept thinking to myself what a revenge it would be on all of you if I was to come down here and put it over. But I never intended to do it. I didn't think I had the nerve. Still I was interested in how things were going, so I came down this morning and stood at the back of the court room, and suddenly I found myself going across the room and talking to that lawyer. Well, that's all there is to it. And now you know."

"Yes. Now I know."

"And I can go?"

The district attorney regarded the man for a moment and then shook his head slowly.

"But you said ——" the man continued excitedly.

"I said that I would waive the perjury charge, and so I will."

"Then what is there?"

"Burglary. You confessed to that as well, you know."

"I might have known there was a trick somewhere."

"Just a minute," said the district attorney, and his voice was kindly. "Listen to me and don't get excited. You got yourself into this of your own free will and of your own volition. By your deliberate and calculated perjury you have helped a murderer to escape. Do you think it would be just and fair for you to go unpunished for that? And then there's my side of it. You've made me look considerable of a fool. Am I to do nothing to set myself right in the eyes of the public? Am I to take it lying down or am I to make at least a show of fighting? You see, yourself, that I can't let you get away with this without taking action of some kind. But if you will plead guilty on a burglary charge I will ask for a light sentence. And no matter what the sentence is, I think I can guarantee that you will not serve more than a year."

"Not more than a year?"

"No. The governor is a friend of mine. Yes. He's more than a friend—he's a pal. And in addition, he's under obligation to me. Besides this, he's a real human being, and when I tell him your story and make a point of what I want him to do, I know that he'll do it. What do you say?"

"You'll do your best? You promise it?"

"I give you my word, right here, in this office!"

"All right. And I'm much obliged."

LIGHT CRUISERS

(Continued from Page 4)

their cruisers and the United States will then be forced to build a number equal to those of Great Britain. To maintain the 5-5-3 ratio that applies to battleships, the United States needs to build immediately sixteen cruisers. Thus, a direct result of the Limitation of Armaments treaties is that the United States should build more cruisers. In a war with a power superior in cruisers it would be very difficult for our battleships, even though of equal or superior strength to the enemy, to locate that enemy and force him to battle.

Now let us seriously regard the light cruiser, considering its record as a type of warship; its purpose, its possibilities—in other words its raison d'être. As I have said, it is in effect a small warship which by reason of its limited tonnage and light guns cannot be considered among capital ships. Yet today, because of the conditions brought about by the Limitation of Armaments Conference, which permit the building of only those ships which do not exceed 10,000 tons, it may almost be classed as the capital ship's successor.

Certainly within recent years it has proved itself, in action as well as in discussion, a most important naval vessel. The most widely known, most dreaded of all the

German raiders which spread terror along the sea lanes early in the World War were cruisers—and small ones too. With the exception of the submarines, they wrought more damage to Allied shipping, they made the name of Germany more dreaded on the seas, they performed more daring, spectacular deeds than any branch of the German Navy, including the much-vaunted High Seas Fleet. Naval and maritime interests will long remember the damage to British and other Allied shipping wrought by the ten German cruisers that roamed the oceans in 1914 and 1915. One of the most notable of these, the Emden, a 3600-ton cruiser, sank more than 68,000 tons of British commerce before the Australian cruiser, the Sydney, destroyed her. Another, the Moewe, sent 154,000 tons to the bottom. The Karlsruhe, a light cruiser with a displacement of 4500 tons and a crew of 373 officers and men, sank at least seventeen steamers in the Atlantic before she herself was destroyed by a violent explosion. Operating without a base, virtually without supplies except those taken from captured vessels, without opportunity to refit or to repair machinery, those ten small cruisers continued their raiding careers for months. To capture or destroy them required more than 100 vessels of the British Navy. I know of no other type of naval vessel which would have been capable of so effective a raiding program under the conditions obtaining at that time.

Engaged in Peace

It was the German Pacific cruiser squadron under Admiral von Spee that dealt the heaviest blow the British fleet had suffered for a century, when it defeated a British cruiser squadron under Admiral Cradock off Coronel, Chile. The Germans, it should be pointed out, had the odds on their side. Their cruisers were more modern, better armed and faster.

It was the battle cruisers under Admiral Beatty that first saw and engaged the Germans at Jutland. Beatty was accompanied by light-cruiser squadrons, and, incidentally, the maneuvering of the Second British Light Cruiser Squadron in that battle was a splendid example of tactical scouting. Commodore Goodenough, who commanded it, gained an enviable reputation in the battle. I shall tell later of this incident.

Above all, it was the cruiser and the destroyer—which is only a very small light cruiser—that most effectively opposed the submarine menace. They performed the amazing feat of convoying more than 2,000,000 soldiers across submarine-infested seas without losing one man. Of course other types of vessels participated in this important guard duty, but the main reliance was placed on the cruiser and the destroyer.

In the days of peace which have followed the Armistice, such battleships as are permitted to the great powers engage in war games, maneuvers and practice cruises. On the other hand, light cruisers are actively engaged in necessary operations. They police the seas; they assist in political or other emergencies. As this is written, there are light cruisers of our Navy in Nicaraguan waters and some from our own and other navies are at Shanghai and up the Yang-tse-Kiang. Such are their most important peacetime duties. In peace as in war their mobility is a great asset. In actual warfare a greater variety of duties falls to the lot of the light cruisers than to any other type of naval vessel. They protect commerce against enemy raiders, or they become raiders themselves to harass an enemy's commerce. They may be used to destroy an enemy's line of communications. When rival fleets are at a distance they are the scouts which determine the enemy's position and force, and report back to their own commander in chief. While engaged in scouting operations they support destroyers, submarines, airplane carriers and the smaller ships assigned to similar duty. They are particularly valuable as scouts when an enemy fleet is being closed. They go close to the opposing line, use their planes and then hasten to report the result of their observations. It is from this information that the strategy and tactics for the battle between the main fleets may be properly conceived. All these things are possible, due to their great mobility, their long radius of action, their seaworthiness and their effectiveness against all enemy ships excepting only capital ships.

These are a few of the light cruisers' functions in battle. Often they are detailed as "repeating ships"—that is, ships stationed at certain points to repeat or relay signals and instructions. It is their duty, too, to prevent enemy cruisers, destroyers or other craft from obtaining information or interfering with the battle fleet. In a well-planned offensive this protection to the fleet is assured only when it has light cruisers present.

Very early in a battle it is the duty of the light cruisers, therefore, to destroy the enemy ships of their type or to drive them back to the protection of the fleet. If the cruisers can in this way destroy their opponent's scouts, they will greatly handicap the enemy fleet by leaving it without a reconnaissance force and therefore without adequate knowledge of the opponent's position and formation, and will at the same time deny enemy destroyers any opportunity to attack with the torpedo.

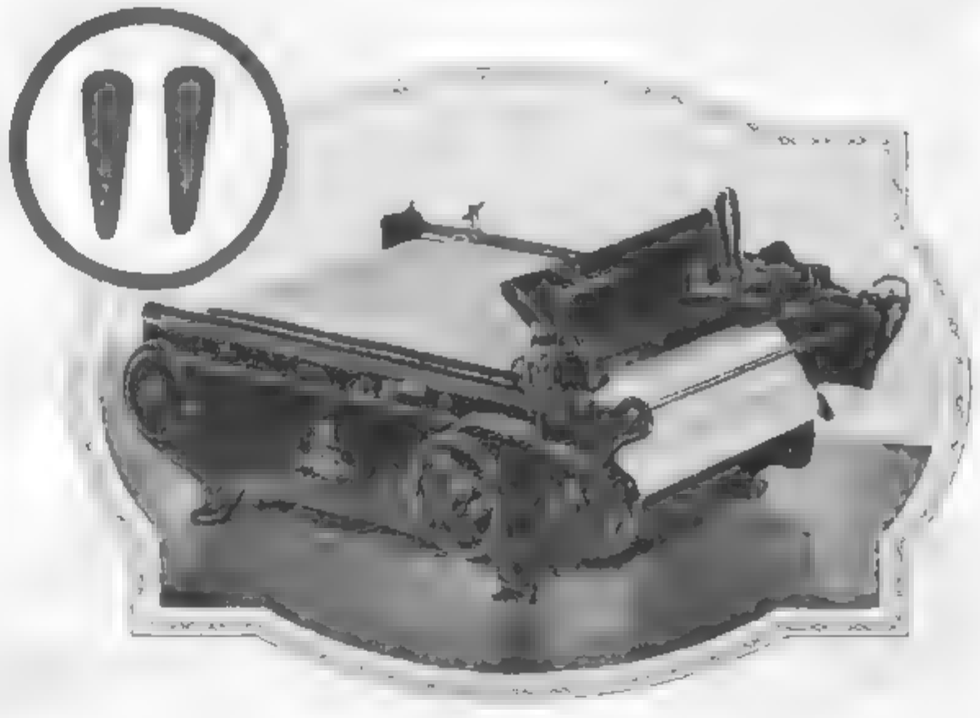
Perhaps this makes clear another reason why naval officers desire a large number of light cruisers. Since so much depends on their use in a fleet engagement, it easily may be seen that the result of a battle may depend on a superiority of light cruisers.

It is a tradition among naval commanders that a victory, to be complete, should result in the destruction or capture of all enemy craft engaged in the battle. The light cruisers may be essential to attain this.

Battleships and Airplanes

There are self-styled strategists with superficial knowledge of the sea who maintain that, owing to advances in aviation, warships will soon become obsolete and that even now the scouting and obtaining of information may be done better by aircraft than by such surface ships as light cruisers. There can be no doubt of the value of airplanes in a supplementary capacity, but at present they cannot supplant the light cruiser. As a congressional committee has recently pointed out, they are more vulnerable than ships; they cannot operate from territory that is not controlled by their own military or naval forces; they cannot reach distant oversea areas under their own power with effective military loads; they cannot supply themselves; they cannot cross either of the great oceans with a cargo of bombs. But, working in conjunction with the light cruiser or other vessel which carries them close to the scene of operations, they can greatly increase the value of the eyes of the fleet by extending the radius of observations. Undoubtedly they will prove their value, too, in dropping bombs and laying smoke screens. As the art of aviation develops, the tactical uses of aircraft will become more and more extensive. The aircraft of today is, however, still a fair-weather weapon, and weather is a variable factor. A fleet relying solely on aircraft for information of the enemy may at a critical moment, due to the weather, find itself without the required information. Nevertheless, the entrance of aircraft into wartime operations must of necessity modify strategical and tactical conceptions. The menace of aircraft will be met by required defensive measures to overcome that menace. This has always been the case upon the development of new weapons such as the torpedo and the submarine. The best naval opinion of today conceives the necessity for aircraft as well as for surface and subsurface craft.

The United States Navy has now actually in service ten first-class 7500-ton light cruisers. Two more are on the ways—the Pensacola and the Salt Lake City. Awards



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have been made for six more of the same type, but the contracts are not yet signed. Thus, of effective light cruisers built, building or authorized since 1911, we have eighteen.

In addition to her ten light cruisers now actually in service, the United States has three small vessels of the Chester class, nineteen years old, which have been out of commission for a number of years. We have also eight armored cruisers now twenty-two years old. They are less effective than certain ships which the British have scrapped. Then there are two ships of the St. Louis class, about twenty-two years old, five 2200-ton cruisers of the Galveston class with an original speed of 16.5 knots, about twenty-four years old. These would have no value in war. Others of the older type of cruiser are the Albany and the New Orleans, which were bought during the Spanish-American War, and the Olympia, Dewey's flagship at Manila, which was launched back in 1894. Finally there is the thirty-four-year-old Rochester, formerly the New York, which was Sampson's flagship at Santiago.

From Shells to Omelets

Our modern cruisers are in what is known as the Richmond class, so called because they duplicate the Richmond. They are, first, the Richmond, then the Omaha, the Milwaukee, the Cincinnati, the Raleigh, the Detroit, the Concord, the Trenton, the Marblehead and the Memphis. Eight of these formed two divisions called the light-cruiser divisions, which it was my privilege to command for more than two years. The Omaha and the Concord are flagships of destroyer squadrons in the Pacific and Atlantic fleets respectively.

The flagship was the Richmond. To describe it would be to describe this class of light cruiser. The Richmond, then, like its sister ships, is a fast, oil-burning, light cruiser, 555 feet in length, 55 feet beam on the water line. When fully equipped and ready for sea with a normal load of stores, ammunition and fuel, it has a normal displacement of 7500 tons; 2500 tons under the maximum allowed by the treaty. Thus loaded its mean draft is fourteen feet, three inches and its speed 34 knots. Since knots means nautical miles an hour and a nautical mile is somewhat longer than a land mile, this means an actual speed of thirty-nine miles an hour! This speed is developed by turbines generating 100,000 horse power and driving four propellers. Its twelve oil-burning boilers have a total heating area of 90,840 square feet. Apart from furnishing the motive power, the boilers furnish steam for electric turbo-generating sets to supply energy for almost every operation on the vessel, from elevating guns and operating the rudder to beating eggs into omelets. The total weight of all this machinery exceeds 1500 tons, and to operate it about 2000 tons of oil may be carried. With this supply the Richmond can, without refueling, steam for forty successive days, traveling halfway around the earth. If she proceeds at full speed she can steam only for a few days on that fuel supply and only one-sixth the distance. With three boilers developing one-fourth of her horse power, the vessel can make about seventeen knots; on six of her boilers, developing one-half of her horse power, she can make about twenty-six knots. To get her maximum speed—thirty-four knots—she must use six more boilers, or all twelve of them, although the difference in speed is only eight knots. That explains why her maximum speed is resorted to only in emergencies. Steaming at high speeds is uneconomical and very expensive.

The Richmond, like her sister ships, is unarmored, but is well armed with both guns and torpedoes. She has a main battery of twelve six-inch, fifty-three-caliber guns, and four three-inch, fifty-caliber secondary battery guns. She carries two twenty-one-inch triple torpedo tubes and two twenty-one-inch twin torpedo tubes.

The Richmond can deliver a broadside from eight six-inch guns and two torpedo tubes. The guns are not protected, but on either side of them is a light splinterproof shield to protect gun pointers and sight setters. Six hoists feed her guns with ammunition.

These cruisers are modern craft. Therefore they carry airplanes. Between the fourth funnel and the mainmast on each cruiser are stowed two seaplanes. Obviously there is not room on deck for the plane to develop sufficient speed to take off, even if it were equipped with wheels. To hoist such a plane overboard is a hazardous proceeding, impossible while the ship is under way or in a rough sea. Therefore the Richmond and her sister ships are equipped with catapults which project the plane forward and into the air with enough initial speed for immediate flight.

To run this complex machine, to man the guns, to groom and fly the airplanes, the Richmond carries a complement of about 460 officers and men. Nineteen of these are wardroom officers, ten are warrant officers, twenty-nine are chief petty officers, and 400 are other enlisted men. Among adventurous spirits the light cruisers are popular ships. The commanders hold the rank of captain, but, because the complement of officers is smaller than on the battleships, there is opportunity for the younger officers to hold more responsible positions. There may be also greater opportunity for travel and adventure on them, for the cruiser may be dispatched to distant shores to protect commerce or our national interests, while the battleship remains in home waters. In time of war the light cruiser will be among the first in battle. The work, the duties, the recreations of the crew are much the same as on the battleships.

Life on a light cruiser means hard work and limited accommodations for officers and men. It is above all, from a seaman's point of view, an interesting and exciting life.

Cruisers, Old and New

The light cruiser, whether frigate in the days of the sail, or oil burner in the days of steam, has played a prominent rôle in the history of the American Navy. It was an eighteen-gun frigate, the Ranger, that received the first salute to the Stars and Stripes in Europe, when Captain John Paul Jones sailed it into Quiberon Bay, France, in 1778. It was a frigate, the Constitution, forerunner of our light cruisers, which served gallantly at Tripoli and elsewhere and inspired one of America's most patriotic poems. The Constellation, sister ship to the Constitution, defeated a squadron of nine Tripolitan gunboats. In a frigate, the Essex, Captain Porter captured the British sloop Alert in the first naval action of the War of 1812. It was in the U. S. Frigate, San Jacinto, that Captain Wilkes removed the Confederate commissioners from the steamer Trent in that historic episode of the Civil War. Incidentally the famous Confederate raider Alabama belonged to the frigate-cruiser class, and, as everyone knows, Dewey's squadron at Manila was composed of cruisers.

The modern employment of light cruisers was most graphically illustrated by the operations of the British and German light cruisers during the World War. The employment of the cruisers of these two nations was very similar and in accordance with sound principles of strategy and tactics.

The opposing fleets, in operating in the North Sea, were invariably accompanied and preceded by squadrons of light cruisers for the purpose of protecting the capital ships from attacks by submarines and destroyers, and also for scouting.

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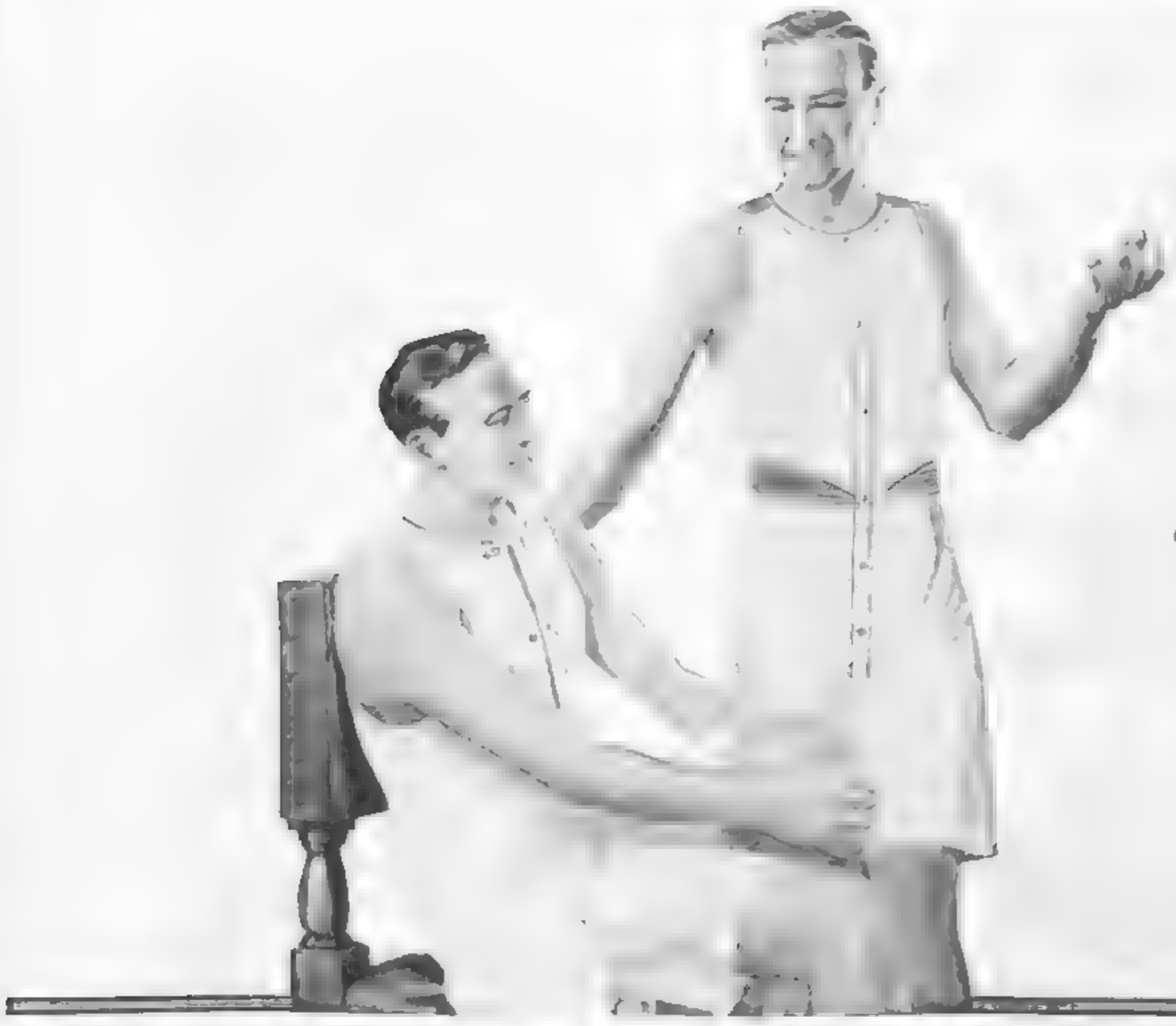
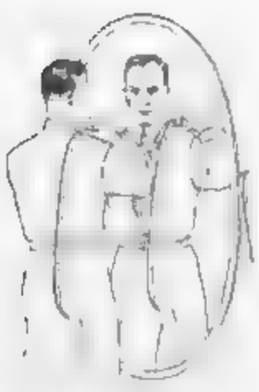


MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

"Next to Myself
I Like 'B.V.D.' Best"

WHERE FIT AND FREEDOM MEET!

BEHIND the red-woven "B.V.D." Label, there's a combination of real fit with roomy ease that exists in no other underwear. The patented features of "B.V.D." Union Suits—the scientific design, ample fulness, and finished tailoring of *all* "B.V.D." garments—give "B.V.D." a cooler comfort as unique as its longer wear. More men insist on "B.V.D." than on any other underwear because the insistence is worth while.



How To Be Properly Fitted

Famous-fitting "B.V.D." Union Suits, with their exclusive construction at shoulder, waistband and crotch, are made in over sixty sizes to fit men of widely varying builds.

Be sure to take advantage of this unequalled size range by being correctly measured. Three simple encircling measurements—chest, waist and trunk—can always determine your proper size.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining your proper size, send your three measurements to the B. V. D. Service Bureau, 350 Broadway, New York, who will be glad to advise you.

DEMAND TO SEE IT'S "B.V.D."
IT ALWAYS BEARS THIS RED WOVEN LABEL

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries)

"B.V.D."
Union Suit
Men's $1.50
Youths' 85c

"B.V.D."
Shirts and Drawers
85c the garment

Extra large sizes obtainable at an additional charge

THE B.V.D. COMPANY, INC., NEW YORK

Sole Makers of "B.V.D." Underwear

© 1927 The B.V.D. Co., Inc.

Old Briar

TOBACCO

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

Can you imagine this surging theatre throng along Broadway all agreeing on *one* star as the greatest? Of course not! Yet this throng is but a fraction of vast multitudes of smokers who are welcoming and praising *one* pipe tobacco—Old Briar—as "the best pipe smoke ever made."

THE most convincing thing in the world about Old Briar is the wholehearted praise of the smoker himself. It's just plain common sense that pipe smokers are turning to the best tobacco they can get. They are entitled to it!

Light up *your* pipe full of Old Briar. Draw in the ripe fragrance of this wonderful tobacco. Enjoy its full, pleasant aroma—its extra smoothness—its comfort. Smoke it awhile. Notice how mild and cool it is—how completely satisfying! Now, you know why vast multitudes of pipe smokers are welcoming Old Briar—why even the ladies enjoy its fragrance.

It has taken generations of tobacco culture and years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, to produce Old Briar. Step by step Old Briar has been developed—step by step *perfected*. Yet the additional enjoyment of a pipeful of Old Briar costs only a fraction of a cent more than ordinary tobaccos.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE OLD BRIAR

Tear out this coupon and mail to: United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER: You are entitled to the best pipe smoke ever made. And you can enjoy it immediately. Directly on receipt of this coupon, we will mail to you the regular Old Briar 50c humidor box. In addition, we will include one 25c pocket package of Old Briar—extra—if you include your dealer's name. Send no money, but pay the postman only 50c when he delivers your order. Tear out the coupon now, while it's handy.

Print Name

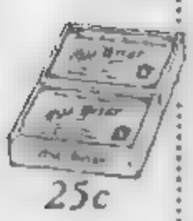
Address

City and State

Your Dealer's Name

Address

If you prefer—send stamps, money order or check with coupon



TO DEALERS: *Old Briar is sold in packages at 25c, Humidor boxes at 50c, $1.00, $2.00. If your jobber has not supplied you, write and we will send you a supply prepaid Parcel Post, regular Dealers prices*

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

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While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index

Giving the public a CLEAR IDEA of what your business is like

HERE are two photographs taken of the same silver coffee service. But only one picture means anything to a woman who wants a coffee service.

The other, far from arousing any desire to own a coffee service, will hardly suggest the idea of one.

Yet a fraction of an inch in focusing the lens of a camera made this difference.

If the same camera can give two such different impressions of the same product—so can the same apparent effort in advertising.

Your direct advertising can give the public you desire to sell an impression of your business that is clear, sharp, and distinct. Or it can give a conception that is hazy and without form.

Direct advertising can focus your product in the public's mind just as a good photographer can focus his camera. The important difference between clearness and obscurity can be corrected by a program of direct advertising that has the double virtue of being well planned and well executed.

And this does not refer alone to pictures or to the way they print. There is obscurity of words as well as obscurity of pictures, and there are hazy selling plans as well as sharply defined selling plans.

The very frequency with which messages are repeated can sharpen their effectiveness.

Your own product, its use and its misuse may be perfectly clear to you, and yet your possible customer may see it from a viewpoint that distorts or misrepresents it.

Are you using a good printer and good printing to give the public a clear idea of what your product or your business is like?

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

A number of books dealing with different phases of the use of direct advertising and printed pieces have been prepared by S. D. Warren Company.

Any of these books that you require may be obtained without cost from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers. Write to him asking that you be put on the regular mailing list for them. Or, if you prefer, write direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

better paper . . . **WARREN'S** *better printing*

STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS

Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

(Continued from Page 150)

The British maintained a squadron of light cruisers based on Harwich. This squadron, under the command of Commodore Reginald Tyrwhitt, was extremely useful in preventing raiding attacks by German light cruisers and destroyer squadrons on the East Coast towns of England. They were so ably handled that Commodore Tyrwhitt was promoted to rear admiral and is now a vice admiral and British commander in chief in Chinese waters.

It was a squadron of light cruisers that gave Admiral Beatty information about the enemy that led to the action of Dogger Bank, which was a success for the British.

In the great naval battle off Jutland the light-cruiser squadrons of both sides distinguished themselves, and their employment in that battle enables one to visualize, naturally, their employment in a future naval battle.

It may be remembered that the Battle of Jutland began by an engagement between two squadrons of battle cruisers accompanied by light-cruiser squadrons and flotillas of destroyers under the command of Vice Admiral Beatty and Vice Admiral Von Hipper. The light cruiser Galatea, flagship of the First Light Cruiser Squadron, first sighted Admiral Von Hipper's squadron. Soon the Galatea had sighted several German light cruisers and destroyers and was forced to turn toward Admiral Beatty's cruisers for support.

At the beginning of the battle between the battle cruisers, the Second Light Cruiser Squadron, under Commodore Goodenough, was stationed on the engaged bow of the Lion, Admiral Beatty's flagship, and was about 13,500 yards from the leading enemy battle cruisers. While in this relative position the Nottingham sighted the German main body and stood for the enemy for the purpose of reporting the position and formation to the British commander in chief, Admiral Jellicoe. Upon reporting the position and composition of the enemy, the Second Light Cruiser Squadron turned to follow the light cruisers which had previously been forced to turn away from the German battleships. In order to get this information the light-cruiser squadron was forced to approach so near the enemy that soon it was under fire from several enemy battleships. For half an hour these cruisers were under fire, and salvo after salvo of eleven-inch shells fell near them, but in view of their speed and zigzagging not one was struck, although the gunnery of the Germans was excellent.

During the Battle of Jutland there were several destroyer attacks by both sides. None of these was successful, for when the destroyers stood to make their attack a counterattack was made by enemy destroyers and light cruisers, and almost invariably prevented the attacking destroyers from getting within torpedo range.

Although many light cruisers were under heavy fire during this great battle, comparatively few casualties took place among them, due to their speed and handiness. These incidents demonstrate the importance of the light cruiser in battle. They demonstrate, also, the necessity for our nation to stand on a parity with any other in this element of naval strength.

The first line of defense is not the Navy. It is diplomacy, and diplomacy includes such conferences on the limitation of armaments as the one in Washington six years ago and the one in session at Geneva today.

These outdoor days your face needs this

After-Shaving Care

TO *keep* the face comfortable all day long—to protect it against wind, sun and dust—means special care after shaving. To make this care quick, easy and comfortable, Williams scientists developed Aqua Velva, a crystal-clear liquid, made expressly for use after shaving.

Aqua Velva gives you these 4 shaving comforts

1. It gives the face a stimulating "good morning" tingle.
2. It helps to heal little nicks and cuts.
3. It aids the skin in its daily fight against sun and wind, dust and germs.
4. It keeps the face feeling and looking "well groomed" all day long. (And remember, Aqua Velva leaves no trace.)

Any druggist will supply you with Aqua Velva. Big 5-ounce bottles—50c in the U. S. A. By mail postpaid if he's out of it.

FREE trial bottle

A generous trial bottle FREE, if you'll send us the convenient coupon below or a postcard.

Williams Aqua Velva

Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

FREE trial bottle ~ SEND COUPON

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 47-A
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address: 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Send me free trial bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

N F P 7-2 27

FOR USE AFTER SHAVING

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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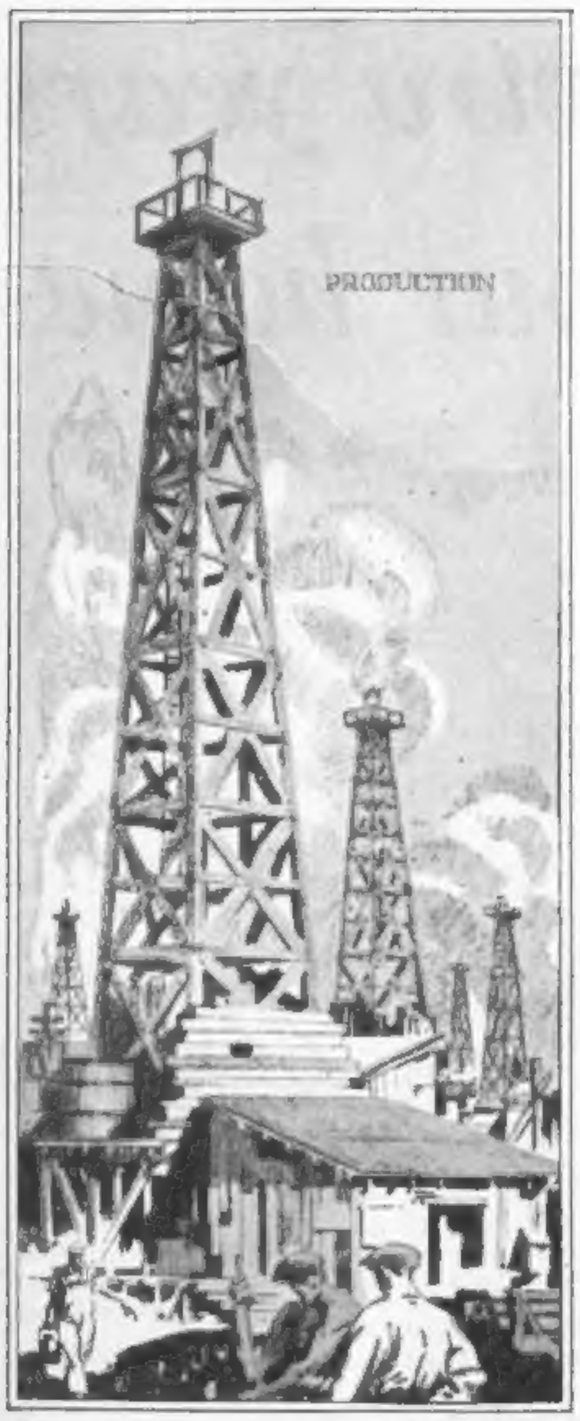
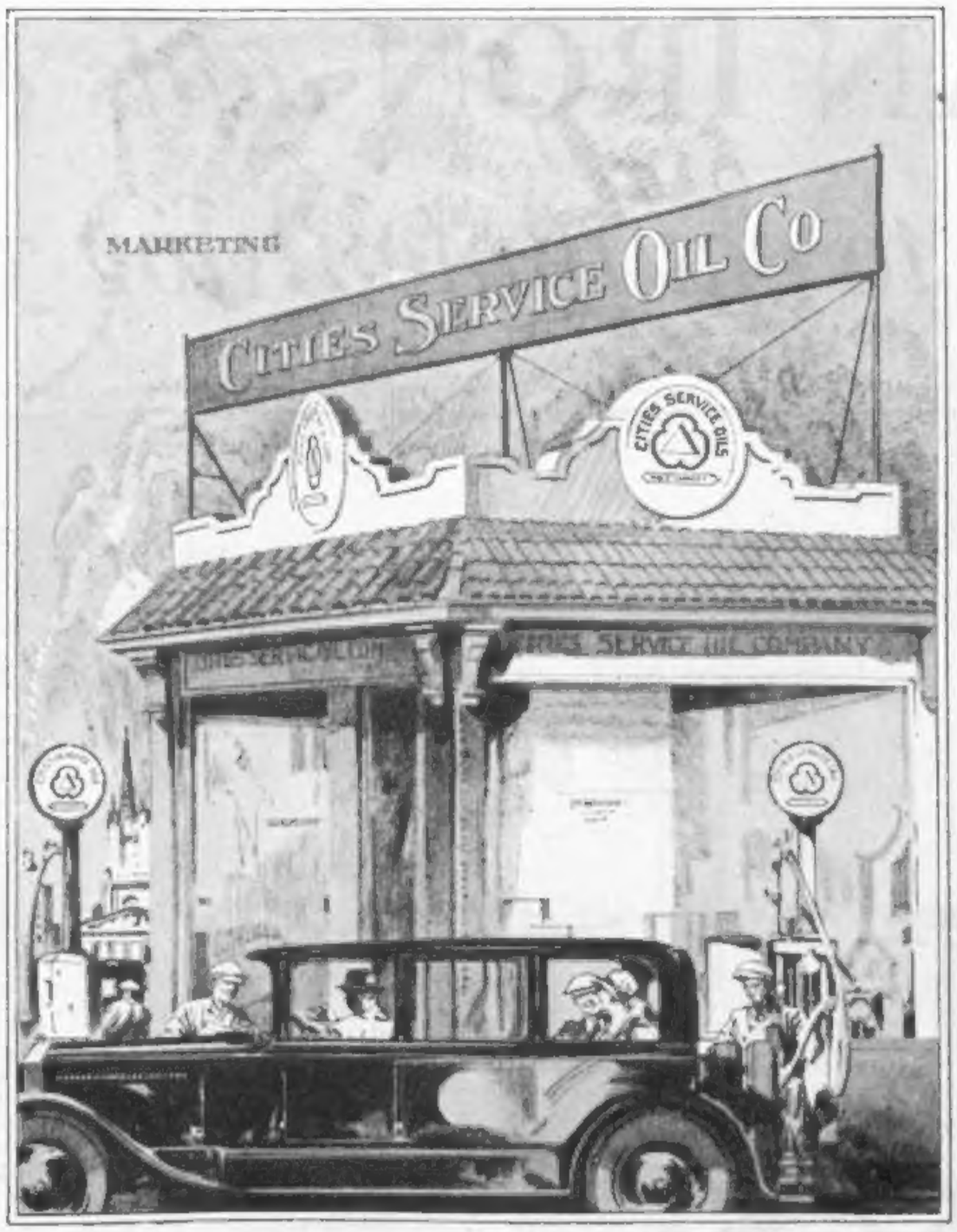




When You Drive Up to a Cities Service Filling Station

A vast and efficient organization is at your command when you buy oil or gasoline at a Cities Service Station or from a Cities Service dealer.

4000 oil wells, 3000 tank cars, 7 refineries, a fleet of tank ships, are some of the features of the Oil Division of the Cities Service organization. They indicate its ability to deliver the best petroleum products that can be made.

In Cities Service oil and gasoline you obtain the perfection of 12 years of technical improvements carried out by a large and capable staff of engineers and chemists.

When you drive up to a Cities Service Station, your car gets the finest oil and the finest gasoline this remarkable organization can produce. Neither money nor men are spared in making them superfine.

CITIES SERVICE OILS

ONCE - ALWAYS

This trade-mark is the official emblem of the Oil Marketing Division and appears on all its service stations and equipment.

Back of Cities Service products stands a $650,000,000 organization which includes more than 100 public utility and petroleum subsidiaries operating in 32 states and many foreign countries.

From a small beginning seventeen years ago Cities Service has grown to be one of America's most important business organizations, ranking as the tenth largest in point of assets, excluding banks, insurance companies and railroads.

Send for a copy of "A Public Service Giant," an illustrated booklet describing the growth and activities of the Cities Service organization. It will be sent free upon request addressed to Cities Service Co., 60 Wall St., New York City.

• • • •

Oil Dealers: *To progressive dealers the Oil Marketing Division of Cities Service Company offers a profitable merchandising connection. Write for information.*

Concerts by the Cities Service Salon Orchestra are broadcast Fridays at 7 p.m. Eastern Standard Time (8 p.m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time) and 6 p.m. Central Standard Time (7 p.m. Central Daylight Saving Time) through the following stations: WEAF, WLIT, WEEI, WGR, WGY, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WLIB, WOC, WCCO, WDAF, KVOO, WFAA, KSD, WTIC.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

TONCAN IRON *adds extra years of service to equipment for your home*

Toncan Oven Lining resists rust indefinitely. After it is rolled into sheets, a special protective coating is applied by a new and patented process. This coating actually becomes a part of the iron itself; it does not flake or peel, but expands and contracts as the oven gets hot or cold.

ENAMELED ON TONCAN IRON FOR PERMANENCE

Look for this label when you buy enameled household appliances. It is a guarantee of lasting satisfaction and a quality product.

Leading manufacturers of household appliances are adopting this super-iron that resists rust and corrosion

ENAMELED household appliances are easy to clean and they stay beautiful as long as the gleaming enamel does not crack or flake. To give purchasers of their equipment many years of satisfactory service, leading manufacturers of ranges, refrigerators, kitchen tables, etc., are now using Toncan Enameling Iron. They know from experience that enamel on Toncan Iron does not warp, flake or peel. This super-iron is so soft and porous that the enamel actually grips and becomes a part of the metal it covers.

Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron resists rust and corrosion indefinitely. It is the ideal metal for use in household appliances. It is made by scientifically combining copper and mo-lyb-den-um with pure iron.

For Oven Lining, too, Toncan Iron has been found best by stove builders whose integrity prompts them to use only such materials as will render their customers the utmost service. Toncan oven lining lasts as long as the rest of the stove, even though constantly exposed to moisture and changing temperature.

Look for the Toncan label on all metal equipment for the home. It assures you a quality product.

There are many other ways in which Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron can serve you. If you are erecting a building of any kind, from a home to a skyscraper, be sure that all sheet metal work is of Toncan. It is ideal for gutters, flashing, ventilating ducts, metal lath, skylights, roofing, siding, cornices, canopies—in fact, all metal parts exposed to moisture and the elements.

Let us tell you more about Toncan, the super-iron. Write for new book, "The Path to Permanence."

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION
Massillon, Ohio

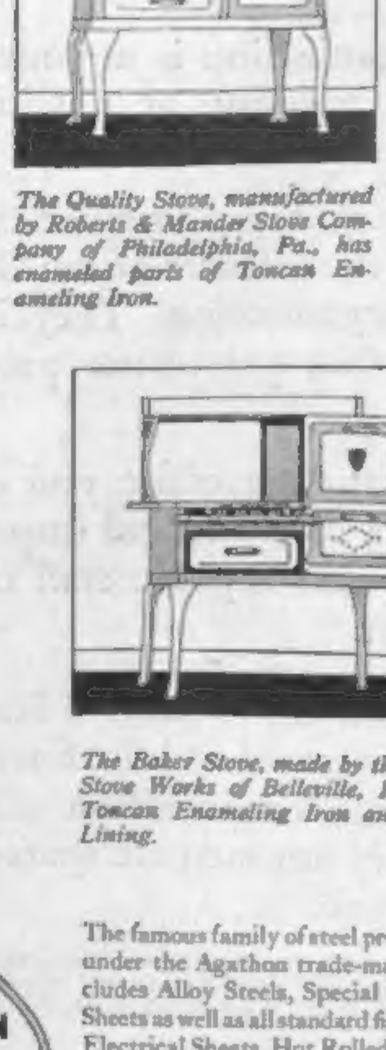
World's Largest and Most Highly Specialized Alloy Steel Producers
Makers of Agathon Alloy Steels

Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Tulsa, Los Angeles, Seattle, Syracuse, St. Louis, San Francisco, Cincinnati

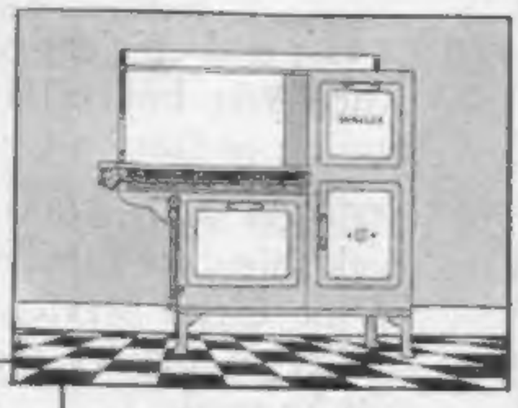
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN COPPER Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

This trade-mark on sheet metal household appliances, etc., is an assurance of quality and long life.

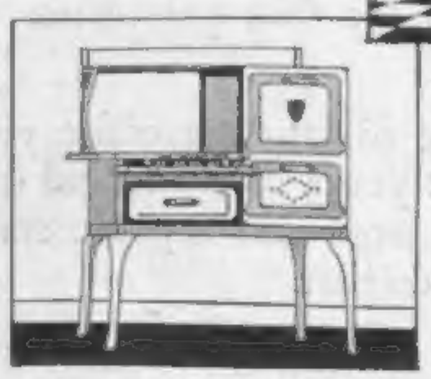
AGATHON STEELS



The Quality Stove, manufactured by Roberts & Mander Stove Company of Philadelphia, Pa., has enameled parts of Toncan Enameling Iron.



The Dangler Stove, manufactured by the Dangler Division of the American Stove Works, is lined with Toncan Oven Lining.



The Baker Stove, made by the Baker Stove Works of Belleville, Ill., uses Toncan Enameling Iron and Oven Lining.

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron.

A few of the leading ranges in which Toncan Iron is used:

DIRECT ACTION
RELIABLE
TAPPAN
ARTCRAFT
DETROIT JEWEL
PENINSULAR
NEW PROCESS
COPPER CLAD
VESTA
GARLAND
LAUREL
NEW METHOD
MAGIC BAKER
CENTURY

TONCAN COPPER Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

You Never Tasted the Equal of Kay

— the new and delightful spread for sandwiches
—— by KRAFT

What has ever been more tasteful or wholesome as a spread for sandwiches than cheese? Although you would never guess it, Kay is mostly cheese—snow-white, rich and creamy—Kraft Cream Cheese. To this we have added relish and choice spices (no meat or oils) which blend so perfectly that we have produced a new product, and a new flavor, wonderfully good, surprisingly delicious. Your first taste of Kay will be a real treat. Try it.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, *General Offices,* CHICAGO

Warning! Kay is sold only in containers bearing the name Kay and the Kraft trademark. Look for both . . . do not accept it as Kay if sold otherwise.

LOOK for the KRAFT trademark. It is your guarantee of highest quality and perfect flavor for every product that carries it. When you see this label on the outside of a package you will know that we have staked our reputation upon the excellence of the product that is inside. When you buy cheese look for this label that means so much to cheese quality.

The following varieties carry the Kraft label:

American, Swiss, Pimento, Grated, Old English, Camembert, Nippy, Brick, Limburger, Cream

and are sold in one-half and one-quarter pound cartons, in packages, jars and the five-pound box.

Kraft Cheese Company

Old Dutch protects the home with

Healthful Cleanliness

— use it for floors

Chases Dirt—Protects the home

Old Dutch makes floors spotless and sanitary. This is a health protection—a distinction of good housekeeping. Most of the dirt on floors consists of impurities that are tracked in. These are often dangerous. Old Dutch removes all such impurities and assures *Healthful Cleanliness*.

Sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor and apply the mop. You will be amazed with the results. Just as Old Dutch so easily and quickly removes all dirt and invisible impurities from the bathtub, sink, cooking utensils, refrigerator, etc., so it does the same service on floors. Leaves no greasy film to collect dirt and show footprints.

There is nothing else like Old Dutch. Distinctive in quality and character, it is free from harsh, scratchy grit and it does not make scratches which are catchalls for dirt and impurities. Under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. Like thousands of tiny erasers they remove all uncleanliness.

Goes farther, lasts longer—doesn't harm the hands

The Symbol of Healthful Cleanliness

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